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THE  
SPIRIT  
OF THE  
PUBLIC JOURNALS  
FOR  
1812.  

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BEING  
*AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION*  
OF THE MOST INGENIOUS  
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS  
THAT APPEAR IN THE  
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

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WITH  
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES  
OF  
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

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VOL. XVI.

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*To be continued Annually.*

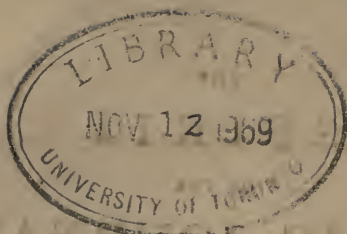
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# CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
THE Two Preachers — — —	1
The Likeness ; or, My Cousin — — —	2
On a late Subscription — — —	ib.
Appointment Disappointed — — —	3
Distance — — —	4
The Moveable Mole — — —	ib.
Love — — —	ib.
Profiles — — —	ib.
Tandem Driving — — —	5
The First of September ; or, the City Sportsman's Journal — — —	ib.
Kate Kearney, of the Lake of Killarney — — —	9
On a grave young Lady who was seen to laugh at Church — — —	12
The Devil and St. Guillim — — —	ib.
The Bet — — —	14
To a Miser — — —	ib.
Simple Pat — — —	ib.
Epigrams, 15, 22, 40, 50, 55, 56, 58, 70, 71, 126, 138, 139, 140, 145, 184, 189, 190, 205, 210, 212, 239, 267, 271, 280, 300, 355, 357, 363, 372	
Lines for a Bust of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox — — —	15
The Monster — — —	17
Making a Noise in the World — — —	19
Elegy written in Bartlemy Fair at Five o'Clock in the Morning — — —	21
Epigram on a young Lady being lately married to Mr. Death — — —	22
A Ballad attributed to an eminent Barrister — — —	23

	<i>Page</i>
Watering-places — — —	25
The Headache — — —	28
Boney at Boulogne — — —	ib.
The magnificent Building on Tower Hill —	34
Extempore Lines addressed to the Lord Chancellor by a hungry sine-cure Parson — —	35
Optical Deceptions — — —	36
Impromptu on the Marriage of Miss Snow to Mr. Frost — — —	37
On a late Return from India — —	ib.
Lexicon Fisty-cuff-glutton — —	ib.
Tantum for Tantum — — —	38
Epigram on the Circumstance of Travellers never having been able to discover the Spot where the Garden of Eden formerly stood — —	40
The Auctioneer and the Bailiff — —	ib.
Extempore, on some Lines on Travellers having never been able to discover the Spot where the Garden of Eden formerly stood — —	41
Epitaph on John Brown — — —	ib.
B— Fiddle — — —	42
The Boulogne Victory — — —	43
Advertisement Extraordinary — — —	44
Comets and Conjurors — — —	45
On a Butcher who lately cut his Throat because of his Wife's Infidelity — — —	49
The Mercenary Lover's Song — — —	ib.
Epigram on the last Scene in Don Juan —	50
On a Noble Lord lately called from a foreign Em- bassy to a more <i>easy</i> and less responsible Situa- tion — — —	ib.
The Beggars' Opera, as performed at the Crown and Anchor Theatre, Nov. 5, 1811 —	51
Invasion — — —	55
Lord Mayor's Day ; or, the City defended from the Charge of Inebriety by the two Men at St. Dunstan's — — —	ib.
An Epigrammatic Quere to the reeling Man in Ar- mour at the late Lord Mayor's Feast —	56
Answer to the Epigrammatic Quere, by the Knight in Armour himself — — —	ib.
	An

# CONTENTS.

v  
Page

An Apologetical Reply to the Lord Mayor's Knight in Armour — — — —	56
Poem made by the Man in Armour during his Pe- nance at Guildhall — — — —	57
The Civic Feast — — — —	58
An odd Choice — — — —	ib.
The rarest Thing, and the most plentiful one	ib.
The Covent Garden Elephant — — — —	59
New Administration — — — —	62
Abundance of Money — — — —	64
The Elephant — — — —	67
Lines upon the Death of Lord Nelson, by the late Duke of Devonshire — — — —	70
On Gen. Girard's Retreat to the Mountains, after his Rencontre with Gen. Hill — — — —	ib.
Hereditary Bravery ; or, Expedition exemplified	ib.
Epigram on blood-stained Laurels — — — —	71
The Hungry fed — — — —	ib.
New Theatres — — — —	ib.
Answer to an Epigram — — — —	74
Improvements in Language — — — —	ib.
New Term Reports — — — —	75
The Skeleton — — — —	78
Cutting News from Paris — — — —	80
Lawsuits — — — —	82
London Streets—their Un-walkability, and their other Deliciæ — — — —	85
The New Road to Ruin — — — —	87
A Proof of Sense ; or, Dr. Duigenan and the Poker	90
On General Fergusson being called a " Veteran "	ib.
On the Conquest of Java — — — —	ib.
A Song for old Men — — — —	91
On reading that nine Ladies were Competitors for the Heart of the Duke of D—— — — —	92
Excess of Population — — — —	93
Advertisement Extraordinary — — — —	96
Song — — — —	ib.
Death — — — —	97
Answer to an Advertisement Extraordinary — — — —	98
The Destinies of Old Ireland — — — —	99
Fashionable Runners — — — —	103



	<i>Page</i>
Apollo and Daphne — — —	104
An Address from Sir Francis Wronghead, of dramatic Memory, to His Majesty's Ministers —	ib.
Reply to Old Bullion — — —	105
A Taste for the Sublime — — —	107
The Out o' the Wayisms of Paddy Delany —	110
Intercepted Correspondence — —	112
Paddy M'Kew.—A new Song on the Discovery of the late horrible Conspiracy in Dublin, commonly called "Paddy M'Kew's Plot" —	116
British Disinterestedness in Spain and Portugal —	117
An Enigma — — — —	121
Answer to the above — — — —	122
Basia's Impromptu, occasioned by the Circumstance of a Lady dispensing to some Gentlemen, Sugar Kisses, which she previously kissed —	123
Extract from an Irish Obituary — —	124
Lines on Monsieur Lucien Buonaparte's Motto —	125
The Blue Stockings of Dublin — —	ib.
Epigram on Napoleon's Marriage — —	126
The Poet Wharton, M. P. F. R. S. — —	127
Police — — — —	130, 131
New Ministry — — — —	132
The new Man of War, Chatham — —	135
Imitation of Anacreon — — —	136
New Political Maxim — — —	138
An Ode to the Framers of the Frame Bill —	ib.
Epigram on the recent Loppings in Bushey Park —	139
Another on an Action of Slander between two Jews —	140
To Mr. Sp——r P——v-l, Master Tailor at the Court End of the Town — —	ib.
Cross Readings — — — —	142
Epigram on Mark Antony — — —	145
Another on a late Appointment — —	ib.
Mottoes for Vignettes — — —	146
Epitaph on Friendship, who was lately interred in the Chapel Royal by special Favour —	148
On the Debate of Tuesday, March 3 — —	149
A Hint from the old Chronicle of King Stephen —	ib.
To Frederick Reynolds, Esq. — —	150
Pasquinade circulated in Dublin — —	ib.
	Economy

# CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Economy — — — —	150
Cattle Show — — — —	153
Letter from ——— to ———	154
Wall-chalking — — — —	157
The Manager in Distress — — — —	161, 178
The Hare who abandoned his Friends: a Fable imitated from Gay — — — —	164
Economy — — — —	168
Sporting Sale Extraordinary — — — —	172
Blue and Buff — — — —	173
The Kennel — — — —	175
Advertisement Extraordinary — — — —	ib.
Anacreontic — — — —	176
Plays in Rehearsal — — — —	177
The Manager in Distress, No. II. — — — —	178
Answer of Lords Grey and Grenville — — — —	181
Epigram on the Refusal of the Blue Riband — — — —	184
The Decision — — — —	ib.
Love at full Growth — — — —	185
Bank Notes and Guineas — — — —	187
Political Marine List — — — —	188
Project for a Change of Councils — — — —	189
Epigram upon a late Speech made in the House of Commons when the Paymastership of Widows' Pensions was abolished — — — —	190
New Publications — — — —	191
Ship News Extraordinary — — — —	193, 201
The Diversions of H——d House — — — —	194
Rules for a Line of Conduct—written for the Benefit of the Party — — — —	197
Quidnunc's Scheme for the immediate Benefit of the Public — — — —	199
A Matrimonial Parody — — — —	200
An Irish Colloquy — — — —	203
Impromptu, on petitioning to rescind the Orders in Council — — — —	ib.
On a recent Marriage — — — —	204
Lines on the Festival of St. Swithin — — — —	ib.
Impromptu on the Parliament Clock Stealer — — — —	205
The Disorders of the Talents — — — —	206
Impromptu	

	<i>Page</i>
Impromptu on Mr. Whitbread having styled Mr. Perceval "an Adventurer from the Bar" —	210
Epigram upon Lord G—y's Attack, in the House of Lords, upon a late Sermon — —	ib.
The Insurrection of the Papers — —	ib.
Proposal for raising a "broad-bottomed" Administration — — — —	212
Impromptu, on seeing Mr. Perceval in the House of Commons in his Court Dress — —	213
The Weight of Authority — — —	ib.
Third Book of Chronicles — — —	ib.
The Games of St. Stephen's Chapel, as intended to be played by All the Talents in 1807, and recently proposed again for Adoption —	217
To one who censured modern Dress — —	219
A Pun, on reading of the Marriage of E. Reynolds, Esq. to Miss S. Husband — —	220
To ——— — — —	ib.
Epigrammatic Puns — — —	221
Wha' wants Me — — —	ib.
The Phantasmagoria — — —	222
The Whip Club — — —	223
The Margravine of Anspach — — —	ib.
The Rose and the Buckets — — —	224
List of the New Cabinet — — —	ib.
The new Ministers — — —	225
The R——'s last Trump — — —	226
What's my Thought like — — —	227
A Party Duet, by the Lords G—y and Gr——lle —	ib.
New Mottoes — — —	228
King Crack and his Idols — — —	229
Proposed Inscription for the Lid of a Chest in the Archives of the Privy Council — —	230
National Gratitude — — —	231
To the young Napoleon — — —	232
Routs — — —	233
Blue and Buff — — —	ib.
Song to the Tune of "Erin go Bragh" — —	234
Bar Wit — — —	235
Lien, Lion, Lyen — — —	ib.
Ship News — — —	ib.



# CONTENTS.

ix  
Page

Liberty Hall : a new Song for a Cabinet Dinner	238
A Dialogue between the Duke of C———d and one of the Catholic Delegates — — —	239
On hearing it remarked, that a certain Wit's " Fire was extinct" — — — —	ib.
Epigram—Sea and Land — — — —	ib.
Ship News Extra — — — —	ib.
French Valour — — — —	241
To Cabinet-makers — — — —	ib.
Suspended Animation — — — —	242
Tax on Music — — — —	243
A Character — — — —	246
Ode to Fortune — — — —	247
Impromptu.—To Senilla — — — —	248
Verses occasioned by Walter Scott's Invocation to Ireland — — — —	249
To the Proprietors of Newspapers and others	250
On one of the weekly Libellers — — —	252
Three Sticks — — — —	ib.
Green Fennel — — — —	253
The War in the North — — — —	254
National Theatre — — — —	ib.
The Expenditure. — — — —	257
Buonaparte's Council of War at Wilna — —	ib.
On Mr. Wellesley Pole's shutting up Wanstead Park	259
On Mr. Coates's Carriage with Brass Cocks on the Harness — — — —	260
Upon a certain great Divider of the House —	ib.
Upon the Activity of the Irish Attorney General	ib.
Dissimilitudes — — — —	ib.
Mr. Long Wellesley's Dinner — — —	263
Impromptu — — — —	264
From the French — — — —	ib.
On the intended new Batch of Baronets — —	ib.
A Black Leg Impromptu — — — —	265
Wreaths for the Ministers — — — —	ib.
Jeu d'Esprit, by a well-known Irish Poet —	267
On the new Tax upon Leather — — —	ib.
Opening of Drury Lane Theatre — — —	268
Epigrams on the Battle of Salamanca — —	271
On	

	<i>Page</i>
On the Battle of Salamanca, and Loss of General Bonnet — — — —	272
Dialogue between a Dowager and her Maid, the Night of Lord Yarmouth's Fête — —	ib.
The two Josephs — — — —	273
On General Bonnet — — — —	ib.
Epigram on the Lord Mayor illuminating the Mansion-house on the third Night — —	ib.
"Lost and Found!" — — — —	274
A Letter from a Peace-officer in one of the <i>disturbed</i> Counties to a Noble Lord — —	ib.
Advice to Napoleon the Great — —	275
A Complaint — — — —	ib.
The Dearth of Rags — — — —	276
A Letter from John Bull to the Editor of the British Press — — — —	278
Noses and Ears; or, a Christmas Campaign in the North. (A Tragedy for cold Weather.) —	280
Wonders! Wonders! — — — —	289
On the late Overtures to Mr. C——g — —	291
Epigram on the Defeat of the French by General Platow — — — —	ib.
The New Epic — — — —	ib. 301, 315
The Innocent Cannibals — — — —	295
Sir Home Popham's Exploits — — — —	296
The Lads of Paris — — — —	297
Horace, Ode 11. Lib. 2. freely translated by G. P. Esq. — — — —	298
Ode, in answer to certain frivolous Calumnies and personal Observations upon the Prince Regent by the G—ys and the G—nv—lles —	306
Parody on Gray's Elegy — — — —	307
The Politics of William Shakspeare — —	310
Horace, Ode 22. Lib. 1. freely translated by Lord Eld—n — — — —	318
Extraordinary Suicide — — — —	320
Total Eclipse of all Conjurors — — — —	323
General Election — — — —	325
Horace, Ode 20. Lib. 1. freely translated by the Right Hon. Doctor P-tr-ck Du-g-n-n, and addressed to the Duke of R-chm—nd —	327
	Mr.

# CONTENTS.

xi.

Page

Mr. Sadler's Voyage in Air	—	—	320
A Parody	—	—	332
Horace, Lib. 1. Ode 38. freely translated by a Clerk of the Treasury	—	—	336
The Lamentations of Dr. B——; an heroic Poem; occasioned by a recent Occurrence at Drury Lane Theatre	—	—	337
Parenthetical Address, by Dr. Plagiary, half stolen, with Acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate Voice, by Master ——, at the Open- ing of the next new Theatre	—	—	339
Election Hum	—	—	341
On Dr. Busby's calling his Address "a Mono- logue"	—	—	342
An Election Blunder at Downpatrick	—	—	345
Proposals for a new Theatre	—	—	346
Impromptu by a Performer at New Drury, whose Allowance of Half a Candle was burned out before he had finished dressing	—	—	ib.
A Parody	—	—	347
The Two Busbys	—	—	348
The Squire and his Dogs: a Fable	—	—	ib.
The Premier and the Ploughman, an electioneering Anecdote, versified	—	—	351
The Retort Courteous	—	—	354
Address to the Public	—	—	355
Epigram—The Earl and the Marquis	—	—	357
Vigilant Ministers	—	—	ib.
The Art of Forgetting	—	—	358
To S——l Wh-tbr——d, Esq.	—	—	362
The Biter Bit	—	—	ib.
Old and New Drury	—	—	ib.
On Lord C———h declaring that he and his Colleagues did not wish to hang on Lord Wel- lington's Neck in their Claims on public Ap- probation	—	—	ib.
Epigram on the late Creation of Baronets	—	—	363
Intercepted Correspondence—Buonaparte to Tal- leyrand	—	—	ib.
Letter from the King of Rome to Buonaparte	—	—	366
The Corsican Brothers	—	—	368

Twenty-

				Page
Twenty-ninth French Bulletin anticipated	—	—	—	368
What constitutes a London Banker?	—	—	—	370
Reason for thick Ancles	—	—	—	371
On the newly-improved Morality of the Court of				
K—g's Bench	—	—	—	ib.
Libel and Adultery	—	—	—	ib.
Epigram	—	—	—	372
Sonnet on an Oyster	—	—	—	ib.



THE  
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OF THE  
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ADDENDA TO VOL. XV.

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THE TWO PREACHERS:

A REAL OCCURRENCE.

[From the Times, March 3, 1811.]

ONE day at church a worthy Rector praying,  
His Clerk, as usual, the church-door  
Wide open set, to let in more,  
When in the church-yard they were tir'd of playing,  
Or lounging in the street, or in the next field straying.

Something, ere long, aloft was heard to patter,  
Which oft as Thomas cried, "Ah-men,"  
Again repeated, and again;  
Would answer him with "clatter, clatter, clatter,"  
While all the people whisper'd, "What's the matter?"

To let you in the secret—there was swinging  
Up in a cherry-tree sublime,  
(For you must know, 't was cherry-time,)  
A clapper—which at times so loud kept ringing,  
It e'en out-nois'd the very Psalm-smith's singing.

In spite, however, of this constant clanging,  
The Clergyman, though somewhat vext,  
Contriv'd to thunder out his text;  
Then louder and more loud went on haranguing,  
While louder and more loud the clapper still kept banging.

When all was o'er, one of his flock said, "Master !  
 I little thought our Reverend Teacher  
 Would be outdone by a *field-preacher*."  
 "Not so, friend," answer'd the good-humour'd Pastor,  
 "Though I admit, he louder talk'd, and faster.  
 "I warn'd 'forbidden fruit' to shun,  
 He but enforc'd what I begun :  
 But he was mounted more on high,  
 And rather more 'in wind' than I."

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### THE LIKENESS ; OR, MY COUSIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

[From the Morning Post, April 3.]

**M**Y Lord was all kind, and my Lady all fair,  
 And in conjugal fetters were link'd ;  
 Yet one thing was wanting, and that was an Heir,  
 That the title might not be extinct.  
 E'en this came at last, and a sweet rosy boy,  
 So like,—but the truth we'll record ;  
 Like an angel it look'd, but, to lessen the joy,  
 It somehow was *not like—My Lord*.

The babe grew in beauty, the christening came,  
 And to it flock'd friends by the dozen :  
 When the *likeness*, O yes, ev'ry gossip could name,  
 'T was so like Her Ladyship's *cousin* !  
 Then sure, at the moment her cousin came in,  
 The Captain, all pleasing and grace !  
 When his forehead, his nose, and his sweet dimpled chin,  
 All present could easily trace.

The Ladies sat smiling ; the Captain smil'd too ;  
 But vow'd he no likeness could see :  
 Which my Lord, nay my Lady, affirm'd to be true,  
 And must with the Captain agree.  
 The party, on this, would again view the child :  
 When each, looking wise, hemm'd and haw'd ;  
 Then, blaming their folly, (by fancy beguil'd,)  
 Declar'd it was just like—my Lord !

The next day was fix'd to go down to the Grove ;  
 When my Lady, good-humour'd and kind,  
 Said, her grandfather's age might an hinderance prove,  
 So fain wish'd to leave him behind.  
 "Then, my Lord, all our friends are inclin'd to be gay,  
 And we must not have more than a dozen."  
 "Why then," cried my Lord, "let your grandfather stay;  
 And, my dear, we'll *dispense* with my *cousin*."

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### ON A LATE SUBSCRIPTION.

**M**ISS T—yl—r (dear creature!) no longer need dread;  
 Though her character's damag'd, she'll never want  
 bread:  
 For, like most ruin'd maids, she applied to the town,  
 And by that means secur'd both *White Bread* and *Brown*.

---



---

### APPOINTMENT DISAPPOINTED ;

OR, VON SCHLEMMER AND "POT LUCK."

[From the British Press, July 11.]

**A**N Englishman invited once  
 A German friend to dine,  
 On plain *pot luck*—for such his phrase—  
 And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repair'd at proper time,  
 With stomach for the treat;  
 The viands on the table plac'd,  
 Von Schlemmer took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,  
 Mein Herr declin'd each one ;  
 Fowls, turtle, sauce, they follow'd next—  
 Von Schlemmer tasted none.

His Host at length, by kindness urg'd,  
 Press'd him to take some duck ;  
 "Achmien !" with groans, Von Schlemmer said,  
 "I wait for de **POT LUCK !**"

QUIZ.

## DISTANCE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, August 7.]

**P**OMPOSO cried—"While you've existence,  
 Son! keep plebeians at a distance."  
 This speech a Tailor overheard,  
 And quick replied—"I wish, my Lord,  
 You'd thus advis'd, before your son  
 So deeply in my debt had run."

---

## THE MOVEABLE MOLE.

[From the same.]

**T**HAT mole upon your cheek, dear Kitty,  
 I own is beauteous, small, and pretty;  
 But, O! if near your lips its place,  
 How fair—how exquisite its grace!"  
 Beneath her pouting lips, next day,  
 A lovely patch enticing lay.

---

## LOVE.

[From the same, August 27.]

**L**OVE still commands my heart and purse,  
 For life with love is worth possessing;  
 Yet never let me make a curse  
 Of that intended for a blessing.  
 If faithless Chloe should deceive,  
 Am I to suffer death or anguish?—  
 No, gentle Ladies, by your leave,  
 I wish to *love*, and not to *languish*.

---

## PROFILES.

ON A LADY, WHO WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A  
 GUILLOTINE TOOK OFF HEADS IN SHADE.

[From the same.]

**L**ET her abide your soul appal,  
 For no one there is safe a minute;  
 You'll lose your *head*—but that's not all,  
 For were that all, *there's nothing in it*.



No, shun the spot of Anna's art,  
 Where *nature* too conspires to bind you;  
 Or you will find, when you depart,  
 You've left both *head* and *heart* behind you.

## TANDEM DRIVING.

"Ad populum phaleras; ego te intus et in cute novi."

[From the same.]

AT length Bill Puncheon sees his sire laid low;  
 At length Bill Puncheon means to be "the Go;"  
 At length he soars to manage whip and reins;  
 At length he's "all the kick" from Bow to Staines;  
 At length he drives upon Newmarket sod;  
 At length he drives, until he drives to—*quod*.

## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER;

OR, THE CITY SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

"'T is falsely cheerful, barb'rous game of death."—THOMSON,

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 2.]

SEPT. 1.—According to our agreement made at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Fleet Street, six of us met on Blackfriars Bridge, at half-past five o'clock, armed, and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from the men of a West-country barge, that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed; gave the dogs a bit of bread each—the fox-dog would not eat his—took a dram apiece, and set forward, in high spirits, for the Circus-gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several coveys.

Just at Christ Church, Blackfriars, Ned Simple shot at a rat, and missed it; but it gave us a fine hunt, the dogs barking all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the Halfpenny Hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at; but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, though we severely wounded her.

Met two men driving geese at Kennington Common—offered them eight-pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first. It fell to Billy Candlewick's chance, who, from his father belonging many years to the Orange regiment of City Militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for about ten minutes, when shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire—he took aim a second time, snapped and missed again—borrowed Bob Tape's scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun; examined her, and found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another sixpence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed at about six yards, and taking a shot apiece at him, killed him, and put him into Ned Thimble's cabbage-net.

When we came within sight of the Swan at Stockwell, we all ran as fast as we could to see who should get in first, as we had agreed to breakfast there. Unfortunately, our guns being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a sucking pig that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor little animal roused the maternal affection of the sow, and set the fox-dog, the terrier, the Newfoundland bitch, and the mastiff, a-barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought the people of the house, and  
indeed

indeed of the neighbourhood; and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did, and put it into Bob Tape's game-bag, which by the by was nothing but half a bolster-tick: we made the best of our way to the Plough, at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the common round, beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns, set the dogs on the pigs, and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird. We hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to get in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone; bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across the country, that we might get amongst the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of circumbendibus got into Brixton Causeway, where we asked if there were any birds in the neighbourhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled; but they would not stay our arrival, for the moment they saw us they made off.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch—so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying the dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges proved to be a gang of gypsies who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire at them, as our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye apiece open, when that which we took

to be the old cock rose up, and said in a loud voice, "What the devil are you about?"

After many difficulties, and but little sport, got, by the direction of the gypsies, into the Greenwich road, where, being rather fatigued, we stopped at the Half-way-house until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near to Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze-bushes, and the wide extent there is for game. Had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore in the leg. Kept close together for fear of losing each other.

The terrier came to point at a thick bunch of fern. We were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly. The mastiff ran in, and brought out one of the young ones. It proved to be a nest of grass mice—took every one and put them into the bolster.—Grass mice are better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich Hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants—loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in—had something to eat and drink, then set off for the city, and squibbed our guns all the way along, while the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport—went to our club, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them—smoked our pipes, and by twelve got to bed.



## KATE KEARNEY OF THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE fatal beauty of the heroine of the Lake of Killarney is celebrated in a Song, written by her illustrious countrywoman ; but there is not the slightest allusion to any of the strong features which marked the mind and misfortunes of this female, whose heart, though one in which all the tender susceptibilities were mature even to luxuriance, was too much oppressed by feelings of another kind, to cherish those of love. If her eye was exquisitely penetrating, the tear which early adversity filled it with, obtruded often enough to quench the flame of its glance ; and the spell that is said to have lurked in it, was more calculated to conjure up a spirit of commiseration, than one of wild and ungovernable passion.

The tale which we are about to relate, as it is only upon oral record, has a great deal of the fabulous in it, which can be accounted for by the romantic spirit of the people of Ireland, and the ignorance of that part of them who lived in the interior of the country, upwards of two centuries ago. It is, however, easy to collect from it, that Kate Kearney lost a father upon whom she doated, and that his loss was the occasion of her despondence and death.

Upon the borders of the most beautiful part of this extensive Lake lived Kate Kearney, with her father : she had been educated under the immediate eye of her parent, and imbibed notions of virtue which were perhaps too much tinged with enthusiasm. Her father was a widower some years, and had been in the habit of officiating as Clergyman in his neighbourhood—he was, of course, an object almost of idolatry, amongst the hordes whose minds he succeeded in reducing to a kind of civilization. He possessed a character of the most extraordinary humanity, and his mind was ele-

vated by inspirations of a mild and comprehensive religion—he looked as if his thoughts were in the grave—he spoke as if his hopes were in the heavens!

The relaxations in which his daughter used to indulge, were chiefly music and fishing, and he was in the habit of visiting a small island distant from his habitation about a quarter of a mile. One morning the young lady was alarmed at the delay of her father, who had repaired to the island in his boat at a very early hour; and having waited a considerable while in much agitation, she determined to go to the island herself and seek him. She immediately ordered her female attendant to prepare her skiff; and, upon her arrival at the island, was horror-struck, upon seeing her father's boat lying empty in the midst of it, about 500 yards from the water. The island appeared as if the waves of an ocean had washed it, several of the trees were levelled to the ground, and every thing had the signs of an agitation which must have been caused by the joint powers of all the elements.

The boat alone seemed to have been uninjured. An oar was at each side, a fishing-net lay at the bottom of it, and an old manuscript which her father was fond of perusing, lay upon one of the seats. In an indescribable state of distraction the afflicted girl ran through every part of the island, calling upon the name of her beloved father; but no answer was returned, and she was carried in a state of insensibility to her boat. These dreadful circumstances were soon diffused through the country. The poor object of commiseration refused for a long time to take any food; and such were the effects which sorrow had upon her countenance, that she was called by all those who lived near her paternal dwelling, “the Queen of Grief.” An elderly lady, who had been in habits of intimacy with the family, took her into her house, and endeavoured to comfort her. Her efforts were not entirely

tirely thrown away. As a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand that would apply a remedy, but by degrees submits to, and even requires, the means of cure; so a mind under the first impression of misfortune shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Her affliction was by time mellowed into a kind of constitutional melancholy, and she still retained the title to which the exquisiteness of her feelings had given her so indisputable a claim. At the period of her father's disappearance Kate Kearney was fifteen. There is no proof, or even report, that she was at that time distinguished for a levity which has been attributed to her by the present panegyrist of her beauty, who has also ascribed cruelty and inconstancy to her. On the contrary, the circumstances which we have related, stamp upon her a character which can never die: filial tenderness is inconsistent with the disgusting levity of a flirt, and it is impossible that she who adored her kindred, could be cruel to her kind.

Three years rolled on, and the fair mourner still had her misery imprinted on her soul. There appeared in the neighbourhood, an old woman, who was generally reputed to be a witch; she had done many things of a wonderful description; and to this woman Kate Kearney, who believed that her father was taken away by supernatural means, was resolved to apply. The story goes on thus. Our heroine was told by the old oracle that her father was yet living, but that the divinity of the lake, the hoary Killarn, had taken him to his dominions, in order to reward him for his virtues upon earth; and that he could again be beheld by his daughter if she visited the bottom of the lake. She accordingly prepared herself, and after several masses plunged into the water. In a short time she rose above the surface, and told those who were waiting in

silent expectation, that she had been with her father, from whom she was determined to part no more. She immediately disappeared, and was never seen again.

For a long time after this the part of the lake which the name of Kate Kearney has immortalized, was distinguished by certain solemn ceremonials, that showed the admiration and the superstition of the clans which inhabited its banks.

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### ON A GRAVE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS SEEN TO LAUGH AT CHURCH.

[From the same, Sept. 2.]

**Y**OU ask me how Chloe, just now in her prime,  
Throws off the most cumbersome burden of time.—  
Two points she pursues, and in equal proportion:—  
Much spent in diversion, and some in devotion;  
And she always takes care they shall both be inverted—  
At diversion devout, at devotion diverted.

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### THE DEVIL AND ST. GUILLIM.

[From the same, Sept. 4.]

**U**PON a voyage bound, to Kingdom come,  
Lay gasping, groaning, an old bed-rid beldame;  
A Monk, and Satan, in th' adjoining room,  
Had a warm argument, (this happens seldom;)  
Not, like two hangmen, for her gown and cowl,  
But, which of them should have the woman's soul!  
"As for the woman," says the Prince of Darkness,  
"I would not give three farthings for her carcase.  
Take *that*, Sir Monk, and do with 't what you will;  
But, for her soul, *that* goes with me to hell;  
My claims are many." Satan then went on,  
Thousands of sins he reckon'd one by one;  
Stated, *Virginity*—twice twenty score,  
The dame had barter'd, ten times o'er and o'er;  
Of married women—husbands led astray  
By assignations made, both night and day;

Big-



Big-bellied maids deliver'd 'fore the time,  
By means of forc'd abortions, (horrid crime !).  
With many other sins of blackest hue,  
Which well he urg'd—to give the Devil his due.

The Monk, undaunted at this load of sin,  
Replied, with confident malicious grin,  
“ Sir Satan, by your leave, keep off your paw,  
The woman's soul is safe, by Papal law ;  
For, though its sins took up an hour confessing,  
It has receiv'd its passport in my blessing !”

In such-like arguments they long disputed,  
For each was far too proud to be confuted ;  
At last, cries Satan, trusting to his luck,  
“ Let 's throw the dice”—the Monk the bargain struck.  
Chance now decides who shall take up the stake ;  
Why don't all litigants this method take ?

Satan first seiz'd upon the fatal box,  
Shook well the dice, and eke his fiery locks ;  
Then muttering low some diabolic word,  
He threw three damning *sizes* on the board ;  
Retorting then the Monk's malicious grin,  
“ Do you pretend, Sir Monk, from *me* to win ?  
Where's now your passport, and your Papal law,  
To save this sinner from my powerful paw ?”

“ 'Tis *my* time now,” returns the wily Priest ;  
And he, (for miracles had not then ceas'd,)  
Grasping the box, with eyes turn'd up to heaven,  
Rattled and threw—a conqu'ring *triple seven*.

All unbelievers were at this surpris'd,  
The Devil was dup'd, the Monk was canoniz'd ;  
His name, St. Guillim, to the Church was given,  
In memory of his conqu'ring *triple seven*.  
Where, on a pannel in the western aile,  
You see the *Tripartite* portray'd in oil,  
The Devil, leaning on his bended elbows,  
Looks like a drunken sailor in the bilboes,  
The winner-saint, dress'd in his frock and cowl,  
Hugs in his arms the woman's lucky *soul* ;  
While she lies, all along, as stiff as stone,  
With a brown, dirty, greasy nightcap on.

## THE BET.—A PETER-PINDARIC.

[From the British Press, Sept. 6.]

Epicuri de grege PORCUM.

HOR.

THE dinner o'er,  
 Most folks have seen  
 Some wags, I ween,  
 Who'll make, of orange-peel, a sow or boar.  
 It happen'd once a bet was made,  
 'Twixt two of skill unequal in the trade,  
 That he, who had but rarely tried,  
 Would most excel—and was defied.  
 Each took a half of orange-peel,  
 And work'd away upon 't with steel.  
 The one, expert, produc'd his pig with quick despatch,  
 The other cut his peel in many a shred and patch.  
 With pride exulting now, the Pigman cried—"I've won!"  
 "Not so," his rival said, "not so, be justice done;  
 Not so, I say, though you look big,  
 And all the rest may titter—  
 I own, indeed, you've made your Pig,  
 But *I* have made a *Litter*!"

## TO A MISER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 6.]

MEN say you are wealthy, but falsely, I'm sure,  
 And thus I can prove it, my friend—  
 You have not a penny to give to the poor,  
 Nor have you a penny to spend.

## SIMPLE PAT.

[From the same.]

IN London, poor Pat, having spent harvest wages,  
 Soon felt, to his grief, how an empty paunch rages,  
 And, puzzled in pate how to conjure a dinner,  
 On loan begg'd a passenger for a *thirteener*;  
 The stranger ey'd Pat, and express'd some surprise,  
 That a person he never had seen 'twixt the eyes,

From

From him quite *unknown* should a loan ask of money.  
 "Fait now that's just the *raison*," cries Pat, "my dear  
 honey;  
 Because you ne'er saw me, I tought you'd be willing;  
 For no one that knows me will lend me a shilling!"

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EPIGRAM.

[From the same.].

DAMUS, an Author cold and weak,  
 Thinks as a Critic he's divine;  
 Likely enough—We often make  
 Good vinegar of sorry wine!

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LINES FOR A BUST OF THE RIGHT HON.  
 CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[From the same, Sept. 7.]

THE sage, the statesman, and the patriot's mind,  
 To matchless eloquence and taste he join'd;  
 No narrow views for transient fame and sway,  
 To reign the idol of a fleeting day;  
 No mean expedients, and no tricks of state,  
 Sunk and debas'd him to the vulgar great.  
 Alike he scorn'd the demagogue's wild schemes,  
 His artful projects, or Utopian dreams;  
 To court the mob he never would descend,  
 Yet prov'd through life their firm consistent friend.  
 His gen'rous temper ne'er a foe oppress'd,  
 His manly candour rivals e'er confest;  
 In many a storm he freedom's cause maintain'd;  
 When falling succour'd, and when weak sustain'd;  
 With voice prophetic, ev'ry ill foretold  
 Of haughty counsels, or the thirst of gold,  
 Which made an empire Albion's sway disown,  
 And rais'd fierce Gallia to her guilty throne.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd he met, in all these toils of state,  
 His sov'reign's anger, or the people's hate;  
 Undaunted bore e'en Poverty's cold hour,  
 And spurn'd the trappings or the frowns of Pow'r.  
 With knowledge stor'd, his unassuming mind  
 Liv'd but to feel—and felt to serve mankind;  
 Not check'd by climate, not confin'd to place,  
 He heal'd the wounds of Afric's suff'ring race,  
 Restor'd those rights their great Creator gave,  
 And tore from Av'rice her much-injur'd slave.

When far remov'd from cares of public life,  
 Its varnish'd tinsel, and its thankless strife,  
 In the calm shelter of his Sabine farm,  
 ('Midst Faction's din, or Folly's false alarm,)  
 Serene, compos'd, his only wish to please,  
 With long-lov'd friends, with books, with letter'd ease,  
 He each soft charm, each milder grace display'd,  
 That cheers Retirement in her classic shade;  
 Stills each fierce passion rous'd by love of pow'r,  
 And strews with flow'rs each dear domestic hour.

Hail, gentle spirit! though in dust you lie,  
 While England lives, thy virtues ne'er can die.  
 Though many a year to barren toil you lent,  
 Though many a year in fruitless labour spent;  
 When our lov'd country, Freedom's last retreat,  
 Of arts, of arms, alike the favour'd seat,  
 Sees the black prospect op'ning at her feet;  
 When all she lost by Bigotry's vile league,  
 By wild Profusion, or by low Intrigue;  
 When all she suffer'd passes in review,  
 Thy slighted counsels and advice she'll rue;  
 Thy upright heart, devoid of guile, record,  
 Invoke thy shade, and pay thy just reward.  
 For come it must the time (however late)  
 When fiend-like Envy sleeps with party Hate;  
 When all the actors of this busy age  
 Will pass like phantoms from life's checquer'd stage,  
 Our stern debates, our stormy conflicts o'er,  
 Alike forgotten on Oblivion's shore;  
 Then you shall rival, with increasing fame,  
 Hampden's proud wreath, and Alfred's spotless name;

Then



Then you shall live in many a polish'd strain,  
Through many a distant, many a pine-clad plain;  
Where wild La Plata rolls her foaming wave,  
And ev'ry clime Atlantic billows lave.

The young, the gay, the warlike, and the bold,  
Shall plant the cypress round thy hallow'd mould;  
Beauty's fair hand shall deck thy trophied bier,  
Beauty's bright eye shall drop the silent tear;  
Her fairy form, with ev'ry grace array'd,  
Her pensive look shall soothe thy honour'd shade;  
The wise, the good, shall all lament thy doom,  
And crowd, like pilgrims, to thy long-mourn'd tomb.

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### THE MONSTER.

[From the British Press, Sept. 12.]

**T**HE crowd was gather'd upon the green,  
Thick as heath-buds at noon—  
Young Lubin heard there was to be seen  
A Monster, of hideous size and mien,  
That had just fall'n down from the moon.

Straight to the spot young Lubin flew,  
The horrible object to see—  
When quickly the Monster met his view;  
At the sight pale as death directly he grew,  
Though harmless it seem'd to be.

On the grass, in confusion, it lay in a heap,  
But the heap appear'd wondrous small—  
So quiet and patient it seem'd to keep,  
It was certainly either dead or asleep,  
Or stunn'd, perhaps, by its fall.

But no bounds British humanity knows,  
And quickly bestows its boon,  
Nor heeds it from whence the object flows,  
Whether 't was come from the Iceland snows,  
Or a monster just dropt from the moon.

So to raise it up they soon begin,  
And with tubes instead of a spoon,  
With bits of iron chopt small and thin,  
Mix'd with a liquid much stronger than gin,  
They fed this grim elf of the moon.

And many a tub-full it swallow'd down,  
So great was its hunger and thirst ;  
Till as large as a house it had speedily grown,  
And many folks there a fear made known,  
That it certainly soon would burst.

Then its head, now proudly rais'd on high,  
It awfully shook in the air ;  
Away it oft seem'd inclin'd to fly,  
And round it a net they had thrown so sly,  
But it seem'd to defy every care.

Now to a boat that was standing near,  
By many a rope it was tied :  
The crowd, all around, seem'd entranc'd with fear,  
When, strange and ungrateful as it may appear,  
To escape it still oftentimes tried.

But the boat seem'd too light to hold it down,  
And in it jump'd two gallant men ;  
Yet their weight was scarce sufficient alone,  
So in it some bags of sand too were thrown,  
And by fresh ropes 't was held even then.

But, strange to relate, the strength was so great  
Of this Monster so grim and so rare,  
That it broke from the ropes, and in spite of the weight  
Of the bags and the men who in the boat sat,  
It bore them away in the air.

That instant the people halloo'd aloud,  
But heedless the Monster kept on :  
'T was soon scarcely seen by the wondering crowd ;  
At length it became quite enwrapt in a cloud,  
From whence it was no longer seen.

Who thought that a thing so small to see,  
Would increase to so wondrous a size ?  
Who thought it so very ungrateful could be,  
As away with those friends that fed it to flee,  
And bear them beyond the skies ?

Away Lubin ran, lest the elf should return,  
 And bear him away to the moon;  
 The name of the Monster he wish'd to discern,  
 But of all that he ask'd, this was all he could learn,  
 That 't was call'd *an Air Balloon!*

W. H.

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 MAKING A NOISE IN THE WORLD.

IO BACCHE!

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 13.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE love of *noise* is a passion more inherent and appertaining to the natives of this Isle than to any people in the world; and it is singular enough, that no rank or degree in it but pants with delight for it. Many clubs and nocturnal meetings are instituted, where none resort, or can be admitted as members, but such as are disposed to make that particular *noise* only, which is most agreeable to the company. Thus the members of one club vent their *noise* in politics; those of another in critical dissertations upon eating and drinking; a third in story-telling; and a fourth in a constant rotation of merry songs. The Ladies, indeed, are somewhat more limited in their topics for *noise*; they also lie under the disadvantage of having voices of a tone too soft and delicate to be heard at a distance, but they generally make up for that deficiency by agreeing to talk all together; and, as the subject with them is most generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the most vociferous of any of their clubs.

Again, those diversions here, in which *noise* most abounds, have been always held in the highest esteem. The true and original Country Squire, who is actuated by this general passion for noise, prefers the diversion of hunting to all the enjoyments upon earth.

He

He can entertain his companions with extolling his hounds, and the divine music of their tongues, and scarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, or having the full cry in his parlour. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like sports, fill the hearts of the common people with extravagant delight, whilst their voices manifest their gratification by the loudest shouts and ejaculations. In the opinion of our English sailors, no entertainment can be complete without three cheers, by the force of which they are so inspired, that fighting itself becomes their diversion.

In London, the fashion for noise assumes various shapes. It has given rise to routs, concerts, and racketting, in attitudes innumerable; and as a proof that the names given to those polite assemblies are perfectly applicable, I need only remark, that they are usually composed of what is called the best company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as *loud* as they can.

Among the many instances of the effects of this passion in high life, I shall only notice one more, which is a very ingenious method, unknown to our forefathers, of making a thundering noise at people's doors; by which you are given to understand, that some person of consequence does you the honour to suppose that you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a dispute, whether such a violent hammering at people's doors does not appear, in the eye of the law, as an attempt at a forcible entry; but, in my humble judgment, it looks more like assault and battery, since it may easily be proved, that the most of those who are guilty of this misdemeanor, have really no intention of making any entry at all; for when the doors are opened to them, they generally make their retreat as fast as they can, flying from the faces of those whom  
they



they seem to regard as enemies when at home, but visit as friends when abroad.

As this is a subject, Mr. Editor, upon which I might be both long and *loud*, probably what has been already *talked* of it may be sufficient for the end proposed; so, for the present, I'll hold my

TONGUE.

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ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN BARTLEMY FAIR, AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 14.]

THE clock-bell tolls the hour of early day;  
The lowing herd their Smithfield penance see;  
The watchman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the Fair—all solitude—to me!

Now the first beams of morning glad the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
Save when the sheep-dog bays with hoarse affright,  
And brutal drovers pen th' unwilling folds:

Save that, where shelter'd or from wind or shower,  
The lock'd-out 'Prentice, or frail Nymph, complain  
Of such as, wandering near their secret bower,  
Molest them, sensible, in sleep, to pain.

Beneath those ragged tents—that boarded shed,  
Which late display'd its stores in tempting heaps,  
There—children, dog, cakes, oysters—all are laid,  
There, guardian of the whole, the master sleeps.

The busy call of care-begetting morn,  
The well-slept passenger's unheeding tread,  
The Showman's clarion, or the echoing horn,  
Too soon must rouse them from their lowly bed.

Perhaps in this neglected Booth is laid  
Some head volcanic, oft discharging fire!  
Hands—that the rod of *magic* lately sway'd:  
Toes—that so nimbly danc'd upon the wire.

Som,

Some Clown, or Pantaloon—the gazers' jest,  
 Here, with his train, in dirty pageant stood :  
 Some tir'd-out Posture-master here may rest,  
 Some conjuring Swordsman—guiltless of his blood !  
 Th' applause of listening cockneys to command,  
 The threats of City Marshal to despise ;  
 To give delight to all the grinning band,  
 And read their merit in spectators' eyes,  
 Is still their boast ;—nor, haply, theirs alone ;  
 Polito's Lions, (though now *dormant* laid,)  
 And human monsters, shall acquire renown,  
 The spotted Negro—and the armless Maid !  
 Peace to the youth who, slumbering at the *Bear*,  
 Forgets his present lot, his périls past :  
 Soon will the crowd again be thronging there,  
 To view the man on wild Sombrero cast.  
 Careful their Booths from insult to protect,  
 These furl their tap'stry, late erected high ;  
 Nor longer with prodigious pictures deck'd,  
 They tempt the passing youth's astonish'd eye.  
 But when the day calls forth the belles and beaux,  
 The cunning Showmen each device display,  
 And many an useful notice round he shows,  
 That teach th' ascending stranger—*where to pay*.  
 Sleep on, ye Imps of merriment—sleep on !  
 In this short respite to your labouring train ;  
 And when this time of annual mirth is gone,  
 May ye enjoy, in peace, your hard-earn'd gain !

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### EPIGRAM

ON A YOUNG LADY BEING LATELY MARRIED TO A MR.  
DEATH.

[From the same, Sept. 17.]

**S**HOULD Death, from Death again release her,  
 Julia from Death will then be free, Sir :  
 Till when, with Death she still shall live,  
 And taste the pleasures Death can give.  
*Woburn.*

## A BALLAD

ATTRIBUTED TO AN EMINENT BARRISTER.

*The Storie of the Hottentot Ladie and her lawfull Knight,  
who essayd to release her out of Captivitie; and what my  
Lordes the Judges did therein.*

[From the Public Ledger, Sept. 21.]

OH, have you been in London towne,  
Its rarities to see;  
There is, 'mongst ladies of renowne,  
A most renowned she.  
In Piccadillie street so faire  
A mansion she has got:  
On golden letters written there,  
"THE VENUS HOTTENTOT."

But you may ask, and well, I ween,  
For why she tarries there;  
And what in her is to be seen,  
Than other folks more rare?  
A rump she has (though strange it be)  
Large as a cauldron pot;  
And this is why men go to see  
This lovely Hottentot.

Now this was shown for many a day,  
And eke for many a night;  
Till sober folks began to say,  
That all could not be right.  
Some said this was with her good will,  
Some said that it was not—  
And ask'd why they did use so ill  
This Ladie Hottentot.

At last a doughty Knight stood forth,  
Sir Vikar was his name:  
A knight of singular good worth,  
Of fair and courtly fame.  
With him the laws of chivalrie  
Were not so much forgot  
But he would try most gallantly  
To serve the Hottentot.

He would not *fight*, but *plead* the cause  
Of this most injur'd shee ;  
And so appealed to the laws,  
To set the Ladie free.  
A mighty "Habeas Corpus"  
He hoped to have got,  
Including rump and all, and thus  
Release the Hottentot.

Thus, driving on with might and main,  
This gallant Knight did say,  
He wish'd to send her home again,  
To Afric far away.  
On that full pure and holy plan,  
To soothe her rugged lot,  
He swore, in troth, no other man  
Should keep his Hottentot.

He went unto the Judges grave,  
Whose mercies never fail ;  
And there, in gallant style, and brave,  
Set forth the Ladie's tale.  
He said, a man of cruel heart,  
Whose name is now forgot,  
Did show, for pay, the hinder part  
Of this fair Hottentot ;

That, in this land of libertie,  
Where freedom groweth still,  
No one can show another's tail  
Against the owner's will ;  
And wish'd my Lordes to send some one,  
To know whether or not  
This rare exhibiting was done  
To please the Hottentot.

The Judges did not hesitate  
This piteous tale to hear,  
Conceiving her *full-bottom'd* state  
Claim'd *their* especial care ;  
And told the Knight that he might do  
As he thought best, and what—  
E'en visit privately, and view  
His Ladie Hottentot.

Then



Then straight two gentlemen they set,  
 (One English and one Dutch,)  
 To learn if she did money get;  
 And if she did, how much:  
 Who, having finish'd their intent,  
 And visited the spot,  
 Did say 't was done with full consent  
 Of the fair Hottentot.

When speaking free from all alarm,  
 The whole she does deride;  
 And says she thinks there's no great harm  
 In showing her b——side.

Thus endeth this sad tale of woe,  
 Which raiseth, well I wot,  
 The fame and the revenues too  
 Of Sartjee Hottentot.

And now good people all may go  
 To see this wondrous sight:  
 Both high men born, and also low,  
 And eke the good Sir Knight.  
 Not only this her state to mend,  
 Most anxious what she got,  
 But looking to her *latter end*  
 Delights the Hottentot.

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WATERING-PLACES.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 21.]

MR. EDITOR,

**I**F the result of a late visit to our Watering-places be acceptable to you, it is much at your service.

It is scarcely worth while to trace at what time it became fashionable to visit these places. What, however, began in *fashion* seems now to end in *necessity*; and although the father of a family does not clearly perceive that necessity, he is so soon out-voted by the other domestic branches, that all objection on his part becomes useless. The original pretext, I have no doubt, was *health*; of this some faint traces yet re-

main, and it is a plea which can at all times be brought forward with good effect; for what father or mother can be so flinty-hearted as to see their sons and daughters dropping into an untimely grave, when they may save them by dropping down the River in a Margate hoy? That these Watering-places are serviceable to health, I shall not deny; because, at a certain time, the patients return without any complaint, and remain in perfect health until the season returns—when the pestilential air of the Metropolis again drives them to the coast.

But the plea of health, although sometimes urged, is, in general, very candidly given up; and a much better reason is now adopted for visiting the coasts of Kent and Sussex, namely, that—"all the world does so," and what all the world does must be right. Be the plea, however, health, pleasure, or fashion, it will, I think, be allowed, that the inhabitants of the Metropolis flock to these places in greater numbers than formerly. And I had occasion in my late tour to observe, that this has produced one or two singular effects on these repositories of health and pleasure. This season, it is supposed, that the number of visitors is actually *as great* as on any former occasion; but it *appears* to be *less*; and the reason is, that the resident inhabitants and speculators, fearing they should want room to receive their customers, have extended the building-system to such a degree, as to give the idea of a crowded town, rather than a pleasant and airy village on the coast. Hence, at this time, so many—not individual houses—but whole streets, uninhabited; and, what may be thought rather singular, this emptiness has not been attended with any material reduction of price.

There are few things in this speculating country which may not become *a trade*; and among the most flourishing trades in our Watering-places, is that of  
landlord



*landlord* and *landlady*, many of whom are the subordinate agents of the speculating Builder, who is, in his turn, the partner with the proprietor of the ground, or the wholesale upholsterer. But as these purveyors of lodgings have at length outwitted themselves, by carrying their ideas of London emigration too far, it may, perhaps, be not yet too late to remind them, that there cannot be a greater stigma fixed upon any Watering-place than that—"there are plenty of lodgings to be let." They never made more money than when it was given out, and generally understood, that lodgings were not to be had for—"love or money." A place with such a character will certainly *fill*, whether it be a Playhouse or a Watering-place. It is the crowding, the squeezing, the mobbing, the inconvenience, &c. which are the attractive characteristics of a Watering-place; and the proprietors of houses in them lose as much in *money*, when the case is otherwise, as a lady of quality would do in *fame*, if we were to be told that egress and regress to her rout was as easy as to one's own house. The lovers of pleasure are gregarious animals, and cannot by any means be brought to entertain those vulgar ideas of ease, and comfort, and snugness, which gentlemen of the Old School are apt to delight in.

Unfortunately, however, the building-system has given an air of emptiness to all the Watering-places I have seen, although it is confessed, that the number of visitors is not actually different from former years; and has, perhaps, been augmented by a long course of fine weather. In this respect I can assure you that the *Comet* is a particular favourite both at Margate and Brighton, and is spoken of in terms of high respect by the *House-speculators* of Worthing, Hastings, and other places, who can conceive no other idea of a Comet, than that it is a Deputy appointed by the Sun to protract the summer a little longer,

longer, and make up for the long duration of Parliament.

As to the *amusements* in vogue at the sea-side this year, they differ little from what are usual, and what some newspapers think of consequence to be recorded, that future generations may *not* have that opinion of the wisdom of their ancestors which we entertain of ours. The Actors are all Garricks, the Actresses all Siddonses, and the Singers all Brahams and Catalanis. For our *ass-races*, *pig-races*, *jumping in sacks*, and other *rational* amusements, I refer you to the respectable authorities aforesaid, and am, Sir, yours,

A TRANSIENT VISITOR.

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### THE HEADACHE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 26.]

AS a vain would-be scholar sat with his head pendent,  
And complain'd of a terrible pain in his poll,  
"The headache," says he, "is on genius attendant,  
And harasses, seldom or ever, a fool."  
"If what you aver," says one present, "be true,  
'Tis a wonder the headache should pitch upon you!"

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### BONEY AT BOULOGNE.

[From the Morning Post, Sept. 27.]

*Scene, the Harbour of Boulogne—The Grand Flotilla is seen at anchor—an English Frigate at a distance—A Flourish of Penny Trumpets—Enter BUONAPARTE, followed by MARIA LOUISA.*

BONEY.

BEHOLD my brave fleet :  
This the English will beat,  
Whenever they join in the fight ;  
Sometimes a great way  
They go out in the day,  
And yet all return safe by night.

MARIA

MARIA LOUISA.

Till the fact you disclos'd,  
 I weakly suppos'd,  
 That ships, from their harbours when loos'd,  
 Could for weeks together roam,  
 Without thought of coming home  
 Ev'ry night, *just like fowls to their roost.*

BONEY.

Why they could so no doubt,  
 But they soon would wear out,  
 And stand much in need of repair;  
 That you know would not do,  
 So I make them come to,  
 In order to save wear and tear.  
 Its valour to prove,  
 The fleet now shall move;  
 And, as much pains I've taken to rig it,  
 You'll see from the shore,  
 What you wanted before,  
 The capture of yon saucy frigate.

[*Enter Marshal NEY, with the Admiral, Commodore, and  
 Officers of the Flotilla.*]

ADMIRAL and OFFICERS.

*Vive! Vive l'Empereur!*

BONEY.

You fellows, be sure  
 The English to trounce in good style.

ADMIRAL.

We'll soon make them smart.

BONEY.

Then instantly start,  
*In my barge I'll go with you a mile!*

ADMIRAL, &amp;c.

With joy we obey.

BONEY.

Now, then, Marshal Ney,  
 In the barge you and I'll take a ride;  
 You, Maria, may stay,  
 And thence view the fray  
 Which pulls down the enemy's pride.

[BUONAPARTE and NEY get into a Barge. The Admiral, Commodore, &c. go on board the Flotilla, and having given three cheers, seven praams, ten brigs, and a sloop, stand out towards the English frigate; the Empress remains alone.]

SONG—MARIA LOUISA.

Tune—"Lolski said to his ugly Wife."

Boney told me the other day,  
 "To the coast to-morrow we'll take our way,  
 And then I'll show you a something new,  
 For you shall see what my fleet can do."

My fleet can do,

My fleet can do,

For you shall see what my fleet can do.

"That will indeed be a novelty,  
 Which just for once I should like to see."

"If one should appear, I'll take it poz;"

And as it happen'd a ship there was.

A ship there was, &c.

Says I, "Will you take that vessel now?"—

"Don't make," cried he, "such a damnable row;

So stupid a question provokes me to swear:

Why, can't you perceive *the wind's not fair*?"

The wind's not fair, &c.

At length, however, the fleet sets sail,

And now their thunder swells the gale.

The business is certainly past a joke,

But at present it seems *a bottle of smoke*.

A bottle of smoke, &c.

The English briskly ply their guns,

And now behold the flotilla runs;

Still one of their number seems loth to go—

The frigate, I fancy, *has got it in tow*.

Has got it in tow, &c.

O sad misfortune! O fatal day!—

What now will the great Napoleon say?

In a hurry, I fear, he'll send me home,

And flog in his passion the King of Rome.

The King of Rome, &c.

*Enter*



*Enter BUONAPARTE sea-sick, leaning on NEY for support.*

BONEY.

I'm faint, I'm sick! support me, gentle Ney!  
O d—n the cowards, how they ran away!  
Fire on the vermin—open with grape-shot,  
And send the ragamuffins all to pot.  
Let all the batt'ries fire.

NEY.

Very well,  
They shall be fir'd at.

BONEY.

Send 'em all to Hell.  
There let them tell of all our mighty works.

NEY—[*Aside.*]

Of poisoning invalids, and murdering Turks.  
[*Exit NEY.*]

MARIA LOUISA.

What, have you fail'd in what you thought to do?

BONEY.

Mind your own business—pray, what 's that to you?  
*Enter Nurse with the King of Rome.*

NURSE.

The King of Rome comes to behold the fight.

BONEY.

Hence take the ugly bastard from my sight.  
Is it to vex me, hey! you d——'d old cat,  
That here you bring the squalling, blear-ey'd brat?

NURSE—[*Aside.*]

The little whelp, 't is true, *est comme son père.*

BONEY.

Leave me alone!——

MARIA LOUISA and NURSE.

——We leave you in despair.

SONG—BONEY.

Tune—"Where thou art, O Liberty, there is my Home."  
Farewell to the ocean, where lately I've wander'd,  
Where fainting I saw but a watery grave,



Of Englishmen there let the life-blood be squander'd,  
 I'd not go again the Great Nation to save.  
 And thou, senseless Albion, who brav'st the commotion  
 Of Neptune, can after all boast in his foam,  
 But a cup of salt broth for thy portion the ocean—  
 Hail France, land of Slavery, thou art my home !

Some talk of the tie a free country entwineth,  
 And say long at heart her remembrance remains ;  
 But rogues cannot thrive well where liberty shineth,  
 So those will soon quit it who boast any brains.  
 O thou, who at Tunis wert born, or Algiers,  
 The grand prop of splendour in Luxury's dome ;  
 Thou treasure of greatness, distill'd blood and tears,  
 Where thou art, O Slavery, there is my home.

Though some say the Tyrant is born to be hated,  
 For him teems existence alone with delight ;  
 The mass of mankind were for his use created,  
 As flies for the spider, as worms for the kite.  
 Hail then thou blest land, where no impudent peasant  
 Of Freedom dare talk, of the rights of man foam ;  
 Or even his soul call his own—O 't is pleasant,  
 Where Slavery lives,—there the Tyrant's at home.

But curse on these English, who kick up a riot,  
 And liberty claim to be sure as their right ;  
 'T is from rambling at sea that they ne'er can be quiet,  
 And, d—n 'em, 't is that makes the vagabonds fight.  
 But let 'em go on as they may with their slaughter,  
 No more shall I ever be tempted to roam :  
 The next time my carcass I trust on the water,  
 Again may I never see Slavery's home !

*Enter Admiral and other Officers of the Flotilla.*

How, ye base wretches, dare ye see my face !  
 How face your Monarch after this disgrace !

ADMIRAL.

Great Sire, we fought like men, fate did the rest,  
 Our best we did.

BONEY.

Then bad, d——d bad, the best.

Seven

Seven praams ye had, ten brigs, ay, and one sloop,  
 And yet could not make one poor Frigate stoop  
 To give my presence something like *eclat*,  
 And reconcile the people to the war;  
 But beat, ye rascals, all flew, (in my mind,)  
 Before the foe, like chaff before the wind.  
 Why, I could almost think ye all were drunk;  
 Some ten or twelve of ye no doubt were sunk.

ADMIRAL.

No, Sir, but one—one taken.

BONEY.

Humph! that's plenty.

ADMIRAL.

But frequently at once they hobble twenty.

BONEY.

Hey! ay, that's true—Humph! let me see—  
 'Tis not so bad—

ADMIRAL.

Nay, 'tis a-victory.

For when did we their force engage before,  
 And only lose in fight a Commodore?  
 This is for France, dread Sir, a glorious day,  
 Because with little loss we ran away.

DUET—BONEY and ADMIRAL.

Tune—"Have you heard the News?"

BONEY—Now I think upon it,

What you say is true;

And for this great triumph,

Thanks are due to you.

ADMIRAL—Nor to me alone,

I would name O'Connor.

BONEY—As his worth is known,

He shall have that honour.

Tara lara la.

BONEY—Vict'ries such as these;

Must do England over;

ADMIRAL—Force them o'er the seas,

To hide their heads at Dover.

### 34 THE MAGNIFICENT BUILDING ON TOWER HILL.

BONEY—Soon I'll scale their cliffs,  
Then they must be undone ;

ADMIRAL—While straight up the Thames,  
I'll proceed to London.

Tara lara la.

BONEY—These two great exploits  
Must be done together.

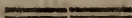
ADMIRAL—We have but to choose  
Proper time and weather.

BONEY—True, Sir, that is all.  
Then my cannons' roar  
Shall be heard afar,  
When their fleet's no more.

GRAND CHORUS.

True, your cannons' roar  
Shall be heard afar,  
When their fleet's no more.

Tara lara la.



### THE MAGNIFICENT BUILDING ON TOWER HILL.

WRITTEN WHILE PASSING IT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 4.]

WHEN both silver and gold  
Were in plenty, we're told,  
There was room in the Tower for coining ;  
But since bullion has fled,  
And there's none to be had,  
They've erected a new Mint adjoining.  
With huge pillars 't is grac'd,  
And two sentries are plac'd,  
Over what, as the poor fellows own,  
They really can't tell,  
For there's nothing to steal,  
Unless it be timber and stone.

But reports are afloat,  
That a lady of note,

Who of chemical skill justly brags,  
 Finding Threadneedle Street  
 To be not quite complete  
 For extracting of specie from rags;  
 With rich prospect elate,  
 Has applied to the state,  
 And presenting a plausible case,  
 Has obtain'd a decree  
 That will set her quite free  
 From the claims of one Henry Hase.  
 So this elegant pile  
 Will be lent her awhile,  
 Fitted up by the public survey'r,  
 Who, some shrewdly suspect,  
 This event did expect,  
 When he built it so close to Rag Fair.  
 Should the hard-hearted Hase  
 Have the impudent face  
 To insist on immediate payment,  
 She has nothing to do  
 But her process pursue,  
 And coin a small piece of her raiment.

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EXTEMPORE LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHANCELLOR,  
 BY A HUNGRY SINE-CURE PARSON:

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 4.]

**H**EAR, generous lawyer! hear my prayer;  
 Nor let my freedom make your stare,  
 In hailing you—"Jack Scott!"  
 Though *now* upon the woolsack plac'd,  
 With wealth, with power, with title grac'd;  
 Once nearer was our lot!

Say, by what name the hapless bard  
 May best attract your kind regard,  
 Plain *Jack*, *Sir John*, or *Eldon*?  
 To give, from your vast power of giving,  
 A starving priest some little living,  
 And make the world say, "Well done!"



In vain, without a patron's aid,  
 I've pray'd, and preach'd—and preach'd, and pray'd,  
 Applauded, but ill fed!  
 Such vain eclat let others share;  
 Alas! I cannot feed on air;  
 I ask not praise, but bread!

You'll sure allow, 'tis most provoking,  
 "To see roast, boil'd, and dainties—smoking;  
 Fools, knaves, and jugglers, carving;"  
 While learning, almost prov'd a curse,  
 "With hungry guts and empty purse,"  
 On Hebrew roots is starving!

'T were better sure, if many a father  
 Would make his son a cobbler, rather  
 Than needy learning give:—  
 Since all the science gain'd at college,  
 Cannot impart that needful knowledge,  
 "The knowledge how to live!"

For *me*, unless hard fate's obduracy,  
 Relenting, grant me some snug curacy,  
 No more my gown I'll use;  
 The cure of human souls resigning,  
 Prebends for cobbler's stall declining,  
 I'll mend the soles of shoes!

Yet scarcely "nine dark lustres" past,  
 'T were hard to see me at my *last*,  
 An awful warning giving;  
 Such dire reverse, good Lord! forbid it;  
 Help me, and let me say, "*you* did it;"  
 On whom depends my living!

*Chapter Coffee-house.*

HUMPHRY BANYAN, A. M.

## OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 5.]

**T**OM runs from his wife, to get rid of his trouble;  
 He drinks and he drinks till he sees all things double;  
 But when he has ceas'd wine and brandy to mingle,  
 O! what would he give could he see himself single! J.



## IMPROMPTU

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS SNOW TO MR. FROST.

[From the British Press, Oct. 9.]

NOW *Snow* is turn'd to *Frost*, she finds  
 How firm the metamorphose binds;  
 And, though *dissolv'd* in ecstacies,  
 Yet faster still she feels the ties;  
 Nor less is *Frost*, by all advice,  
 Because her husband *breaks the ice*.

October 8. \* \* \*

## ON A LATE RETURN FROM INDIA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 8.]

WITH scarce a covering o'er his b—m,  
 Tom into foreign climes would roam,  
 And in some years return'd again,  
 Pride, pomp, and fortune in his train;  
 But so much alter'd with his lot,  
 Tom's old acquaintance knew him not;  
 Now, where's the wonder? since his pelf  
 Has made the fool *forget himself*.

## LEXICON FISTY-CUFF-GLUTTON.

IN USUM STUDIOSÆ JUVENTUTIS.

[From the Morning Herald, Oct. 10.]

**THE Fancy.**—This is the general term for the fisty-cuff art itself, and the love of it. *One in the fancy* means a practitioner, whether for love or money. Sometimes the epithet *elegant* is used; but we disapprove this as pleonastic; for it should seem to imply, that the elegance of the art might be disputed, which is impossible.

**A Glutton.**—This is one immoderately greedy of the passive delights of a fisty-cuff battle; one so addicted to the luxuries of being beaten, that he will continue to *feast* upon them long after every ordinary appetite could

could be satisfied ; and will thus give more trouble to the person who *entertains* him, than any reasonable guest would require of his host.

*A Milling*.—A sound threshing.

*A Doubler*.—A blow that makes the modest, but grateful, receiver, double himself up.

*A Floorer*.—A knock-down flat, in any way or mode of execution in the art.

*The Knock-down was clean*.—This is when the merit of a blow is so decisively intelligible, that the receiver, without one moment's allowance for criticism or hesitation, demonstrates the fact by an immediate fall.

*Nobbing*.—Giving smart, but not the most effective, blows, on the skull.

*A Rally*.—Fighting on the offensive, instead of the defensive, after a supposed inferiority in the preceding round.

*Fibbing*.—Getting an adversary's head under the left arm, and then being as bountiful to it as possible with the right.

## TANTUM FOR TANTUM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 10.]

**T**HERE are more ways than one of thriving;

In crowded towns, 't is said :

Some villains rob and cheat the living,

And others steal the dead.

Whoe'er in London town has been,

Has heard of resurrection-men,

Fellows who raise dead bodies from their lodgment,

Anticipation of the day of judgment!

One of this sacrilegious pack,

Savage in mind as any Turk,

Before he sallied to his work,

With mattock, shovel, and a sack,

Stept into a gin-shop, the sign of the Whale,

To harden his bowels with hollands and ale.

Here,

Here, as it happ'd, a hardy tar  
 Had been so often to the bar,  
 That Jack at last no more could pour in,  
 But on a bench lay fast and snoring :  
 The watchful resurrectionist  
 Straight the landlady address'd,  
 And bargain'd with her for a crown,  
 To rid her of the drunken loon.

The paction made, the money paid,  
 The thing was done as soon as said :  
 The exhumist, half rogue, half wag,  
 Depos'd his bargain in his bag ;  
 And, just like fishmonger with sturgeon,  
 Hied off with him to H—— the surgeon.

The signal-tap Albinus hears,  
 With joy elate he trips down stairs,  
 Receives the sackful in a trice,  
 And pays the customary price ;  
 Then lays the bag upon his shambles,  
 And back to bed Albinus ambles.

But, lo ! in the morning, how great his surpris~~e~~,  
 To see the sack tumbling at terrible size ;  
 To hear honest Bowline, a d——g his peepers,  
 And flound'ring about as bit by the creepers,  
 Vociferously b——g his barbarous lot,  
 By his mess to be sew'd up alive in his cot.

The Doctor, though stagger'd, unloosen'd the sack,  
 And restor'd to the light the still more stagger'd Jack ;  
 Muttering, " Last night had I stuck my knife in you,  
 I should not now wail for the loss of a guinea."

Next day, the sly chap who had sold him the tar,  
 Pass'd by the sore-nettled anatomist's door ;  
 Who, calling him back, complain'd of the trick  
 He had serv'd him, by bringing " a man that was quick."

" It is so much the better," returns *Resurrection* ;

" To so much convenience why start you objection ?

If I've had your guinea, Sir, you have had *tantum* ;

And you've only to slaughter the man when you want  
 him."

## EPIGRAM

ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF TRAVELLERS NEVER HAVING  
BEEN ABLE TO DISCOVER ANY TRACE OF THE SPOT  
WHERE THE GARDEN OF EDEN FORMERLY STOOD.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 17.]

WHEN from the bower where pleasures grew,  
The angel Adam drove;  
His beauteous partner quitted too,  
Content with him to rove.

And since—all travellers have said,  
No trace they can explore.  
They 're right—when lovely woman fled,  
'T was Paradise no more.

H. G.

## EPIGRAMS.

[From the same, Oct. 18.]

TOM Tart declares that womankind  
To tattle are so much inclin'd,  
Not one of them can silence keep,  
Her tongue will wag ev'n in her sleep,  
And ev'ry secret she is told  
She will unwarily unfold,  
Excepting one which he'll engage  
She 'll never blab—that is, *her age!*

QUEEN Bess, once in council, was given to know  
That a corps of her cavalry fled from the foe;  
But, in telling the tale, it came out unawares,  
“That the troopers were tailors, all mounted on mares:”  
“Nay, then,” says the Queen, “tho' the rogues ran away,  
I have not lost a *man* nor a *horse* in the fray!”

## THE AUCTIONEER AND THE BAILIFF.

[From the same, Oct. 25.]

AN Auctioneer, whose talents scarce avail'd him  
To ward the many troubles that assail'd him,  
Passing one day along the public street,  
A Sheriff's Officer he chanc'd to meet,



A quondam crony, who, with lowly bend,  
 Produc'd a writ he held against his friend ;  
 Lamenting, with much pother and grimace,  
 That *he* had been commission'd in this case.  
 But 'twas his business—he could not refuse it,  
 So hop'd his friend would graciously excuse it.  
 The Auctioneer with angry aspect ey'd  
 His old acquaintance, and at length replied :  
 “ Men of professional employs like us,  
 Of friendship and its ties disdain the fuss—  
 Private to public duties must resign ;  
 And as you 've done your office, I'll do mine—  
 By different acts our callings are made known.”  
 Thus having said, he *knock'd* the Bailiff down. H. G.

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EXTEMPORE,

ON READING SOME LINES ON TRAVELLERS HAVING NEVER  
 BEEN ABLE TO DISCOVER THE SPOT WHERE THE GAR-  
 DEN OF EDEN STOOD: THE POINT OF WHICH WAS  
 THIS, THAT, WHEN LOVELY WOMAN LEFT IT, “ 'T WAS  
 PARADISE NO MORE \*.”

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 26.]

FROM Eden's bower when woman ran,  
 'T was Paradise no more ;  
 You're right, nor can the foot of man  
 Its once-fam'd spot explore.  
 But out of this each blessing flows,  
 And all our joys arise ;  
 For *woman*, wheresoe'er she goes,  
 Creates a Paradise !

CLIO.

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EPITAPH ON JOHN BROWN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 28.]

JACK Brown, who lies here, was a-swimming one day,  
 And Death, as it happen'd, was angling that way :  
 The poor fellow was hook'd, and caught up in a crack ;  
 He little thought Death was a-fishing for Jack.



## ON READING THE FOREGOING.

"SINCE Death has turn'd angler," says Andrew to Jim,  
 "I'll go no more into the *water* to swim."  
 To Andrew quoth Jim, "This is all very fine,  
 But you know Dea.h can fish on *shore* too with a *line*."

## B—— FIDDLE.

[From the same, Oct. 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

COWPER's "*Mary*" is unquestionably a pleasing production; but it has had the unfortunate effect of inducing a great number of mawkish imitations. As I perceive this mode of gaining reputation, by clinging to the *skirts* of a bard, is not at an end, I have resolved to write so sublime and beautiful an effusion as shall leave at a distance all competition, and silence for ever these underlings of Parnassus. To wit:—

Who is that constant friend and kind,  
 Who goes wherever I've a mind,  
 And, ever humble—*keeps behind*?

B—m-fiddle!

Who ne'er complains, though oft opprest,  
 And still supports me while I rest;  
 Though scorn'd by all, a friend confest?

B—m-fiddle!

Hard words when I could not decline 'em  
 At school, who taught me to divine 'em,  
 By *argumentum baculinum*?

B—m-fiddle!

At Billingsgate, the vulgar race  
 Will oft invite to kiss his face;  
 But, save the courtier, *wanting place*,  
 No one will venture to embrace

B—m-fiddle!

Who

Who makes to learning no pretence,  
And seldom speaks, which shows his sense,  
Lest he should chance—to give offence?

B—m-fiddle!

Who bids me oft my ways to mend?  
'T is he!—for, when I view my friend,  
I think upon—*my latter end!*

B—m-fiddle!

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,  
*Chapter Coss. H——.*

F.

## THE BOULOGNE VICTORY.

[From the British Press, Oct. 28.]

BONAPARTE, on a visit to Boulogne, would see  
The achievements his fleet could accomplish at sea;  
So order'd it out, and the Admiral told,  
"You see yonder frigate of England so bold—  
Bring her in! such defiance I cannot behold;  
And, that safe into port is conducted your prey,  
You'll a pilot take with you to show her the way."  
Each praam and each gun-boat, anon under sail,  
Bore down for their prize with a favouring gale,  
The Emperor's mandate in haste to obey;  
But, alas! they got drubb'd, and the whole ran away,  
Save one praam which he lost, and to England was brought,  
That its tars might a few English tactics be taught.  
The great man was quite frantic—the Queen, in a fright,  
Requested to know the result of the fight.  
"Where's the frigate?" she ask'd. Finding silence were  
vain,  
He replied, "She was *riddled*, and sunk in the main."  
"And the praam which 't is rumour'd is gone—where is  
she?"—  
"The praam! oh, the praam, why, she's—*drifted at sea.*"

T. O.

## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 29.]

**A**T a general meeting of the gentlemen in the *resurrection* line, vulgarly called *body-snatchers*, *dead carcass stealers*, &c. held at their hall, the *Bonehouse*, *Rotten Row*, in the parish of *St. Sepulchre*, *Gravesend*; *Dick Drybones* in the chair,—it was resolved unanimously,

1. That as anatomy is the *end of physic*, all those who contribute to the study and improvement of that noble science are entitled to public support and the most liberal remuneration.

2. That of late certain persons, not regularly brought up to the profession, have tried to introduce the practice of seizing dead bodies previous to their interment, to the great injury of the industrious members of this right worshipful fraternity.

3. That this assembly can view such conduct in no other light than as being illegal, and as a scandalous outrage of the rights and privileges of this community.

4. That persons concerned in such practices be forthwith scouted, unless they choose to become regular members, paying the usual introductory gallon of gin, as also a forfeit of five shillings, to be spent in bread, cheese, and porter.

5. That in consequence of the effect of the Comet on the weather, they have been unable to commence their season in the present year, till the close of October.

6. That through the circumstances above stated, they are in such distress, they scarcely know how to keep *soul* and *body* together, and consequently feel it incumbent upon them to charge an extra guinea for every subject.

7. That the Faculty be requested to charge nothing  
extra

extra for their medicines, on account of the increased expense attendant on their complying with this Society's just demands; as, if they do so, this fraternity, however reluctantly, will feel themselves obliged to strike again, as the inevitable consequence of the adoption of such a line of conduct on the part of the Faculty will be, that less physic will be taken, and the deaths *must decrease accordingly*.

8. That the thanks of this Society are due to the Quacks in the vicinity of the Metropolis, for their unremitting exertions; as also to Sir F. Burdett, and all the other Political Quacks, for their efforts in the frightening way, which have happily tended not a little to extend the length of the bills of mortality.

(Signed) DICK DRYBONES, PAUL PUTRID,  
MAT MARROWLESS, KIT COFFIN,  
TOM TOMBSTONE, VALENTINE VAULT.  
KICKUP RESURGAM, Secretary to the Meeting.

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### COMETS AND CONJURORS.

[From the General Evening Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

**D**URING a very extensive journey I lately took, in various parts of the kingdom, I found it a matter of general complaint, particularly in farm-houses and cottages, that the Comet, which has appeared before all men's eyes, is not to be found in the *Almanack*. Those reverend Conjurors *Francis Moore* and *John Partridge*, either from ignorance or neglect of duty, have preserved a profound silence respecting this interesting stranger, at the very time that they appear to have been peeping into every Court in Europe, for wonderful events and prophecies; and I can assure you, Sir, that these complaints, which I confess are well founded, have contributed not a little to shake the faith of the country in those eminent



ment Astrologers, and may eventually tend, if they are not more careful, to bring their *rain* and their *sunshine*—their *snow* and their *sleet*—into contempt.

But while I consider Messrs. Moore and Partridge as highly to blame in this matter, upon looking into their predictions during the *comet months*, I think something like an apology may be advanced; or, to speak perhaps more correctly, I think I can account for their overlooking so important an article as a Comet, however injudicious such conduct may be. Having been for many years a firm believer in these gentlemen, and consequently a deep student in their productions, I have observed, of late years, a disposition in them to pay more attention to what is going on *below*, than *above*; and while they are thus intent on the monstrous and strange appearance of “mundane affairs,” as Mr. Moore calls them, how can it be expected they should be equally attentive to the heavenly bodies? In proof of this, I will appeal to Mr. Moore’s avocations during August, September, and the current month, and appeal to your Readers, whether a Conjuror, so employed, can find time to regulate the weather, or give us an invoice of a Comet.

Mr. Moore says, about the middle of August, “The grand affairs of these nations are now subject to great difficulties, and a design of very considerable importance soon discovers itself to the world.”

Now, Sir, to proceed no farther, what “great difficulties” did we encounter in August; and what “design has discovered itself?” I know of none, except the training of Crib in Scotland, and adjusting the bets on the match betwixt him and Molineux; and truly, Sir, if Francis Moore has nothing more important than this to tell us, he might as well have been employed in gauging the water at London Bridge. But to proceed.

“Some *evil counsellors* detected; and some public  
affairs

affairs seem to be under examination; and some deposed from their offices and honours. There are very *sedate resolutions* taking for the public good; for *great* and *lofty* things are now, or soon will be, under consideration. I still fear great calamities by war, fire, and captivities: wants and distresses shall befall many people and places of Europe, even when it may be thought that the fury of those calamities is at a period."

Now, Sir, without remarking on the want of precision in these alarming prophecies, and the odd mixture of good and evil which my friend Francis has here compounded, I hope I may be permitted to tell him, that a little more attention to the *harvest* would have been fully as edifying as this hunting out of "evil counsellors." All that he goes on to tell us of September and October is in the same strain; and, although I do not pretend to be skilled in the art, yet I may venture to prophesy, that, if our *Astrologers* continue to be *Politicians*, we shall lose the accustomed benefit of their labours. It is to no purpose that a farmer, looking for *rain*, is told of the affairs of "*the German Princes*;" or that, when he expects some *sunshine*, he should only discover that "*things look black in the North*." In all Master Moore's vast anxiety about the affairs of Europe, it is plain that he has overlooked the Comet, and dropped all his usual correspondence with the planets. I hope, however, as this is near the time when he prepares his conjuring budget for the ensuing year, that he will seriously return to his former pursuits, and leave the Courts of Europe to manage their own business. The concerns of the sun, moon, stars, planets, comets, and eclipses, are quite sufficient for any one man; and when I find him, who has for more than a century obtained the highest fame *in that line*, descending to the petty concerns of Courts, and the dirty tricks of "evil Counsellors,"

sellors," he must excuse me when I think that there must be more "full moons" than ordinary in his Calendar. If he ceases to be an *Astrologer*, we have done with him; that was the business to which he was brought up, by which he gets his bread, and in which he has been admired. But I must say, with pardonable indignation, that to overlook a Comet, with a tail of thirty-three millions of miles, was a gross breach of trust; and to mix such a quantity of "cold winds" and "drizzly rains" in a season so fine as the present, must have a tendency to bring imputations on the characters of Messrs. Moore and Partridge, which I should be sorry to hint at, any more pointedly than by adding, that *secret treaties* between *Astrologers* and *Corn-factors* are not much to the credit of *one* of the parties.

I am, Sir, yours,

Oct.

PHILOMATH.

### ON A BUTCHER WHO LATELY CUT HIS THROAT BECAUSE OF HIS WIFE'S INFIDELITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, November 2.]

THE Butcher at last did by chance find it out  
That the two little horns on his forehead 'gan sprout;  
And the thoughts on't depriving poor Cleaver of reason,  
He flew to his cutter and cut his own weazon.  
But here we do nothing unnatural state,  
In the method he took to get rid of his mate;  
For he long had been us'd, without pity or pause,  
To tip other horn'd-beasts the very same sauce.

### THE MERCENARY LOVER'S SONG.

[From the British Press, November 6.]

LOVE's a romance I shall never approve;  
Some call it, of wedlock the honey;  
But if ever I marry a woman for *love*,  
It shall be for the *love* of her *money*!

As for beauty, it is but a name at the best,

No matter how ugly she be, Sir;

If a woman of *ten thousand pounds* be possess'd,

She has *ten thousand charms* then for me, Sir.

Love may a good principle certainly be,

But Love of itself won't do merely;

That *principal* only can benefit me,

Which bears interest five per cent. yearly.

Some may delight in a very fine voice,

Whose notes are indeed very strange, Sir;

But that woman only possesses my choice,

Whose *notes* will pass current on 'Change, Sir.

Of a girl's disposition I never inquire,

E'en though a real scold she be branded;

Nor her nature or properties—all I desire

Is her *property*, funded and landed.

There are certainly charms in a smile or a kiss,

And joy may from both be produc'd;

But the very best thing to *consolidate* bliss,

Is *Consols* Three per Cent. and Reduc'd.

O! the real charms of *Omnium* and *Scrip*—

Let a girl give me them, and I'll thank her;

Draughts of delight *you* may seek from the lip,

But give *me* your rich *drafts* on a Banker.

If my wife is but rich, I don't even care

If she aged be threescore and twenty;

For though from her eyes beam no lustre so rare,

In her *diamonds* there surely is plenty.

O! give me her jewels, her cash, and her plate,

No matter if children she bear, Sir;

Her mortgages, quit-rents, and freehold estate,

O, give me, and I'll find an heir, Sir!

If her bosom's as brown as a nut, never mind,

If from thence hangs a large *golden locket*;

And although in her *visage* no charms I may find,

I know there's enough in her *pocket*.

For nothing but *wealth* to the wise can seem fair,

And, as I'm no fanciful fellow,



50 ON A NOBLE LORD'S CHANGE OF OFFICE.

O, what *roseate bloom* on the *cheek* can compare  
With a *new Guinea's* soft *shining yellow*?

Then soon will that girl of my heart be possest,  
(Though *affection* could never once bind it,)

Let her only unlock her strong *iron chest*,  
And I warrant you *there* she will find it.

No soft vows of love will I make in a *grove*,  
Nor across *flowery meadows* will take her ;  
But so softly and sweetly will we talk of love,  
As we go from the *Bank* to th' *Exchequer*.

Of so prudent a plan we need say no more,  
The main chance we should certainly mind, O !  
For when *Poverty* meanly comes in at the door,  
*Love* always flies out at the window.

*Royal Exchange.*

W. H.

EPIGRAM

ON THE LAST SCENE IN DON JUAN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, November 6.]

“THAT grand composition, that glorious design,  
The last Scene in Don Juan,” says A—n—d, “is  
mine ;

A fac-simile quite—’t is the thing to a hair,  
The *place of the damn’d* !—you might think yourself there.”  
Sir Cynic replies to the *Manager-poet*,  
“ You ’ve so often been *damn’d*, ’t is no wonder you know  
it.”

ON A NOBLE LORD LATELY CALLED FROM A  
FOREIGN EMBASSY TO A MORE EASY AND  
LESS RESPONSIBLE SITUATION.

[From the same, November 8 ]

THE mind is sooth’d, the heart content,  
To see men fitted to their bent.

Ye who have seen, with aching breast,

A——t with politics oppress ;

A——t, so long the tool and sport

Of Carolina’s subtle Court ;

Rejoice now in his happier lot,

Inspector of the C—— P—— !

W. L.

## THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR THEATRE,  
TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1811.

[From the Morning Post, November 8.]

SCENE—*A spacious Apartment, a Table tolerably well covered with Viands, for which a numerous Rabble (some of them from Newgate) are seen scrambling, the Band playing—*

*“Zooks! I can no longer suffer  
Hungry guts and empty purse.”*

[The scramble over, the party arrange themselves round the table in something like order. *Peter Uglymug* (an Essex calf) is in the Chair; *Paul Prig*, a pimping parson, and *Crispin Heeltap*, sit on his right hand; *Lawyer Stagger*, and *Billy Bray*, on his left.]

*Peter Uglymug.* Order!—*Gemmen*—Order I say; d—n ye all, what do you mean by kicking up this here row, when I'm going for to make a speech? *Gemmen*, we have already had “Our friends in Newgate,” “Success to rioting,” and “Prosperity to prigging.” I've now to propose to you the health of our friend *Crispin*, to celebrate whose escape from the gallows we this day meet. *Gemmen*, are ye ready?—“*Crispin Heeltap*.”

*Omnes, (drinking it in Cobbler's punch.)* “*Crispin Heeltap!*” Huzza!

*Crispin.* I rise to give you my thanks for the honour you have just done me, and am sincerely glad I escaped the *Beaks* and the *Crap Merchant*, on account of the pleasure it gives me to hear you. Between ourselves, however, I am not the only one here who has reason to boast of *good luck*.

## SONG—CRISPIN.

Since laws were made for every degree,

To curb vice in others, and also in me,

'Tis lucky that I and this company

Have not grac'd Newgate tree:

But gold from law will take out the sting,  
That Patriots, Reformers, and Prigs may not swing,  
Or this meeting 't would thin, such numbers to string  
Upon Newgate tree.

*Omnes.* Bravo ! bravo !

*Billy Bray.* After that I shall be happy to treat the company with "*All's Well*," if we can *Hunt* up any body to take part with me. Will Ben Budge?

*Budge.* With all my heart, as you've *Hunted* me out.

DUET—ALL'S WELL.

*Budge.* At midnight prowling in the street,  
In hopes some booty soon to meet,

*Bray.* If Gibbs should wander near our host,

*Both.* His head—

*Budge.* " Shall grace the next *lamp-post* ;"

*Both.* To *Trial*, friends,

*Budge.* At once on high,

*Sans ceremonie* he shall die.

*Both.* To *toleration* friends—to hell

Who thwarts us goes *at once*. All's well.

*Uglymug.* I think *that there* is not quite correct. The good cause requires no lamp-post exhibition ; and to speak my mind, I hope to see the day when the gallows will be quite out of fashion. I don't think it proper to combine the *darkest head* and the *blackest heart* with the light of a *lamp-post*.

*Lawyer Stagger.* I beg to propose "*Liberty of Conscience*."

*Omnes.* "*Liberty of Conscience*," huzza !

*Parson Prig.* I cannot be silent on this occasion.

*Uglymug.* Then give us a song.

*Parson Prig.* I'm ready.

SONG—TUNE, "*The B—k J—ke*."

Say, have you ever heard, or did you ever see,  
A blessing so great as religious liberty,

Without lamp-post, or gibbet so high :

When such *gallows* things in orations are cramm'd,  
 They drive me half mad, if they don't I'll be d——'d,  
 And the Chairman, who ought not to stand it a minute,  
 A fool prov'd himself, for he "*put his foot in it*,"  
 About lamp-post and gibbet so high.

Ye writers for the "*Post*," as around I *see you press*,  
 To you a moment next I must needs myself address,  
 On a lamp-post or gibbet so high :

Ye sons of Corruption, who write for a Journal,  
 So bad, base, corrupted, vile, d——'d, and infernal,  
 Tho' a Steward has said Gibbs he fain would see strangled,  
 (Oh, no, *I beg pardon*, he 'd just see him dangled  
 On a lamp-post or gibbet so high ;)

Yet what, I would ask, if such things have been said,  
 That as how they would fain see Sir Vicary dead,  
 On a lamp-post or gibbet so high ;

Does it follow, I say, because here this is mutter'd,  
 That of course it by you to the world must be utter'd ?  
 No, miscreants—be to our words each a stranger,  
 When 't is certain our tongues might our necks bring in  
 danger,  
 On a lamp-post or gibbet so high.

*Ben Budge*. I rise, Mr. Uglymug, *to explain*. If  
 I did use the word lamp-post, what harm ? I never  
 see Sir Vic. but it gives me *a turn*.

*Uglymug*. Why, it's not uncommon for the appear-  
 ance of a trap to give a prig *a turn*, as he generally  
 takes to his heels.

*Lawyer Stagger*. Order !

*Parson Prig*. Order be d——d.

*Omnes*. Order, order, order !

SONG—LAWYER STAGGER.

TUNE—" *Drops of Brandy*."

I'll tell you what, Gemmen Reformers,  
 Unless to Reporters you're civil,  
 They'll hunt up our patriot stormers,  
 And send the whole tribe to the devil.



Let's do what we can to appease 'em :  
 So, Parson, you son of a punk,  
 You must now try a something to please 'em,  
 Although you're so d—mn—bly drunk.

GRAND CHORUS—TUNE, "*Pity our Fall.*"

*Omnes.* Unless a something soon is done,  
 The Morning Post will spoil our fun ;  
 So Prig must try to please 'em now,  
 Though he's as drunk as David's sow.  
     Pity our fall,  
     Reformers all,  
     Well-a-day, well-a-day.

*Prig.* Reporters of the Morning Post,  
 Before I quite give up the ghost, (*Hiccups.*)  
 I'm glad to find you all are warm (*Staggers.*)  
 In Treason's cause to shout Reform. (*Falls.*)  
     Pity my fall,  
     Mock Parsons all,  
     Well-a-day, well-a-day.

*Stagger.* The row which here has been, my boys,  
 Pray do not through the wide world noise,  
 Of Newgate's pride don't make your game, (*Reel-*  
     *ing.*)  
 Nor ridicule my honest name. (*Falls.*)  
     Pity my fall,  
     *Qui tam* Lawyers all,  
     Well-a-day, well-a-day.

*Omnes.* The row which here has been, my boys,  
 Pray do not through the wide world noise,  
 But give the world, in your details,  
 The harmony of *Nightingales*.  
     Pity our fall,  
     Reformers all,  
     Well-a-day, well-a-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## INVASION.

[From the Morning Herald, November 9.]

THE French still confide in long nights to come over  
 The troublesome ditch betwixt Calais and Dover ;  
 Long nights they may find, and a comfort left still—  
 They are sure of *short days*, let them come when they will.

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY ;

OR, THE CITY DEFENDED FROM THE ACCUSATION OF  
 INEBRIETY BY THE TWO MEN AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

[From the General Evening Post, November 10.]

*First Man.* 'TIS said on this day that the *Cits* deeply  
 drink.

*Second Man.* (*Chimes in.*) Why, to tell you my mind, that 's  
 the fact as I think.

*First Man.* (*Furioso.*) But 't is false, I declare, by this  
 ponderous Club !

*Second Man.* (*Pianissimo.*) Pray don't knock so hard, and  
 make such a hubbub !

*First Man.* My opinion is sound—I'm a character *striking* !

*Second Man.* Let me hear, and I'll tell if it be to my liking.

*First Man.* Why, I'll bet all the money that's over the way  
 At Hoare's, where the guineas are chinking  
 all day.

That to *Negus* so simple this Feast they devote.

*Second Man.* 'Egad, Brother Giant, thou ly'st in thy throat !

*First Man.* I speak truth, and am grave as a Judge or a  
 Vicar—

Is not *Negus* compos'd of a mixture of liquor ?  
 And in *this* way the *Cits* the prescription com-  
 bine—

For at NOON *they take Water*—at NIGHT *they*  
*take Wine* !

POLYPHEMUS.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC QUERE  
TO THE REELING MAN IN ARMOUR AT THE LATE LORD  
MAYOR'S FEAST.

[From the Morning Herald, November 12.]

THOU Knight in steel! thou man of spunk!  
Tell me by penny-post epistle,  
How *thou* contriv'dst to get *dead drunk*,  
When no one else could *wet his whistle*?

NIM.

---

ANSWER

TO THE EPIGRAMMATIC QUERE IN YESTERDAY'S HERALD.  
BY THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR HIMSELF.

[From the same, November 13.]

JOKE-CRACKING Nim, of waggish line,  
That I was *drunk* what made thee think,  
When my poor gaping chops, like thine,  
Got nothing, or to eat, or drink?  
My body took a fainting reel,  
For *want of suction* I declare it,  
Then fell—because, though ribb'd in steel,  
No flesh and blood could *stand*, and bear it!

---

AN APOLOGETICAL REPLY  
TO THE LORD MAYOR'S KNIGHT IN ARMOUR.

[From the same, November 15.]

PARDON, Sir *Knight*, since you had not  
A boozing, reeling frolic;  
But from sheer emptiness had got  
Drunk with the *windy colic*!  
We thought that wiser you, Sir Knight,  
Had tipp'd your suction cool,  
Then laugh'd at every thirsty wight,  
Made now my *Lord Mayor's* fool!

NIM.

## POEM

MADE BY THE MAN IN ARMOUR, DURING HIS PENANCE AT  
GUILDHALL, NOV. 9, 1811.

[From the same, November 16.]

(*Patagonian Measure.*)

O! WHAT a cruel joke! O! what a cursed spite,  
That ever I should come to Guildhall to be a Knight!  
I have a good dinner at home; there I might eat like a  
farmer;

But here, alas! I must roam, to starve as a Man in Armour!  
I like to live well myself; I like to see others a-munching;  
But such a fine feast as this would not serve our mess for a  
luncheon.

I wish I was Gog, or Magog; I wish I was made of wood;  
Then I could stand, without grub, as long as these fellows  
have stood.

I wish I was what I seem; I wish I was made of steel;  
Then, if I could not eat, at least I should not feel.  
I wish I was iron, or brass; I wish I was Hamlet's ghost;  
Then I could make a good feast, without either boil'd or  
roast.

My eyes begin to get dim; I look in vain for compassion;  
A scullion's not to be seen, and the cook's\* a man of  
fashion.

If I ask a waiter for drink, he tells me to get an order;  
If I turn to the butler, he looks as grim as the Recorder;  
From him to the Sheriff I go, and say—Pray, is this fair?  
He tells me he does not know; but bids me ask—the Mayor.  
So here I must fast, and faint, and die, without one more  
word;

For where's the use of complaint to a man just turn'd to a  
Lord?

O! what a cruel joke! O! what a cursed spite,  
That ever I should come to Guildhall to be a Knight!

---

\* We apprehend the Poet in armour would here have said *Pastry Cook*, if the necessities of the measure had not cramped his genius, as they have done many a genius before:



## THE CIVIC FEAST.

[From the British Press, November 16.]

THE Donor of the City Feast  
 Ne'er thought to save his wealth;  
 'T was nothing but a tender care  
 To keep his friends in health.  
 For having last year lost the whole,  
 Nay, pr'ythee, do not laugh!  
 He thought 't would do their stomachs good  
 This year to dine on half:  
 Lest, in endeav'ring to make up  
 For all their last year's cheating,  
 They 'd come with more than usual haste,  
 And kill'd themselves with eating.

FREDERIC.

## AN ODD CHOICE.

[From the Morning Herald, November 20.]

AN old Roman Emperor, famous for whim,  
 A *Consul* his *Horse* would declare;  
 The City of London, to imitate him,  
 Of a *Hunter* have made a *Lord Mayor*!  
 November 9.

'IPPONPHILOS.

THE RAREST THING!  
AND THE MOST PLENTIFUL ONE!

[From the Morning Chronicle, November 22.]

WHAT is the rarest thing we know?  
 How can you ask, you ninny?  
 Since even Perceval will show  
 The rarest thing's a Guinea.  
 But if you wish to see a source  
 More plentiful than vapour,  
 And just as thin, observe the course  
 Of Circulating Paper.

BANK-NOTE.

## THE COVENT GARDEN ELEPHANT.

[From the British Press, November 22.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING informed that, among the conductors of the metropolitan prints, you are distinguished for attention to the Drama and all its appendages, I have taken the liberty of addressing myself to you, and trust that your justice and liberality will induce you to afford me a corner in your respectable Paper. A stranger in England, I am sorry to say that my earliest literary essay must be a complaint of the cruel and unhandsome manner in which I have been treated since my arrival. Little did I think, when I quitted my native land, and, like other foreign performers, gave up my all to visit a country, of the generous character of which I had heard so much, that I alone should be made an exception to the general rule; and while the swarms of Italy and France are hailed with rapture, and puffed with the most fulsome adulation, that I, a native of a British Colony, should be considered only as a fit object for ridicule, and a butt at which every would-be witling might discharge his puny shafts! By these means an impression is made on the public mind greatly to my disadvantage; but as I am told it is no unusual thing, in London, for *public characters* to celebrate their own praises, I hope I may be allowed to do that, in this open way, which my contemporaries do *under the rose*. Before I proceed, however, it may not be unacceptable to you to know who it is that addresses you. Briefly, then, I am of a *great* and *highly* respectable family; and though by the vicissitudes of fate reduced to the low estate of becoming a performer on the mimic stage, many of my ancestors, I assure you, were the favourites of potentates, and the *owners* of *towers* and *castles*; many of them distinguished in the ranks of war, and some

of them famous literary characters. It was, indeed, from my great-grandfather that the name of a certain description of paper is derived; his works were all on the large scale; and thence the title of *elephant* paper has become common for that of the first class. My grandfather was the individual who so humorously revenged himself on the cobbler, for pricking his proboscis with an awl, by sucking up a pond of muddy water, and discharging it upon the mischievous Crispin till he was almost drowned, to the great amusement of the whole court and people of Delhi. My poor father stood high in the favour of the late Tippoo Saib, and rendered that Prince very important military services; but, alas! he was wounded and taken prisoner in the sack of Seringapatam, and soon after died, in confinement, of a broken heart, and a cannon-bullet in his *thorax*. The fortunes of my family fell with those of their Prince; and I with much difficulty, having obtained leave of the Honourable the East India Company, transported myself from the scene of our humiliation, with the intention of appealing to the tribunal of a British public. My first design was to petition Parliament; but having no money to hire a newspaper to espouse my cause, or interest to engage any Honourable Member to plead it, I have been dissuaded from that purpose. Indeed, on consulting my friend Mr. Kemble, who is, like myself, of a grave and serious disposition, I learnt that this mode of proceeding was now rather stale, and, from its frequency of late years, had lost much of its stage effect. That Gentleman having, moreover, offered me a very liberal engagement on the establishment of Covent Garden Theatre, I did not hesitate in *closing with him*, and thus am now, as is pretty well known, rehearsing for my *debut* on the stage. I have already mentioned, that I am of a saturnine turn of mind, and of course it must be anticipated, that my  
line

line of acting will only embrace characters of a serious and tragic cast. Except the joke of my *Grand Pa* ! on the cobbler, I never heard of a jest in our family, and I most devoutly abhor and abominate the squibs and crackers of real or pretended wits. Judge, then, how much I must feel hurt, and how unfavourably to me it must operate on the public, that an actor intended only for grave and serious parts, should be made the subject of vile puns, miserable quibbles, wretched witticisms, and stale jokes. Such a preparation might happily precede the appearance of a horse or a donkey, but ill suits with the gravity of a Kemble or an Elephant ! The town, taught to consider me in a ludicrous point of view before I make my bow to them, will scarcely be able to relish the display of my tragic powers ; and as I am not by nature fit for *light* and comic manœuvres, you must be aware that the mode in which I have been treated will have the consequence of prejudicing the public against me, and diminishing, if not altogether destroying, the effect of my talents. I have therefore appealed to you, to set your face against the ribaldry poured out against me ; and, in gratitude, either you, or any of your friends, may command the use of myself or trunk.

I am told, that the audiences of this country cannot bear threats or contradiction, and am advised not to *look big*, or thwart them. But, conscious of my own powers, I scorn to truckle, and have only to hint, that if any of the critics attempt to hiss me, or use me as they did Catalani, by the *great Lama* ! I will put my proboscis over into the orchestra, and throw at them every fiddler, trombone-player, or other musician I can lay hold of. Hoping, however, that no cause of offence may be given on either side, and that you will write a favourable *critique* on my first appearance, for which I will thank you in person, the earliest



best day I walk your way to call on my cousins, at Polito's, your opposite neighbour at Exeter 'Change,

I remain, yours truly,

The ELEPHANT of Covent Garden.

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### NEW ADMINISTRATION.

[From the same, November 29.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a poor Scribbler out of employment, and without other work to do than to reckon the trees in the Park for dinner, and gnaw my own nails in a garret for supper; but,

“ I have known the luscious sweets of plenty,”

as my predecessor in misery, the dear Otway, expresses it; and I confess to you, I am extremely anxious again to experience the delights of a participation in the loaves and fishes of life. I have offered my services to Ministers, but they disregarded my ready quills; and when I hinted that this rejection might drive me into the ranks of Opposition, the Minister told me that he would rather crush a dozen of such rascals by *ex officio*s, than pay one able writer to confute them in argument, or fairly write them down. He also intimated, that, if I ventured to carry my threat into effect, he had a fine *Information* in pickle for my first Essay. Thus, Sir, denied reward or encouragement where I would have served, and terrified by the horrors of the law suspended over my head from engaging for bread in the other cause, I have been driven to the extreme state of necessity in which I now address you. I humbly dare to think, that I might be useful to a newspaper in many ways: for instance, it is at this hour the fashion to frame Lists of *New Administrations*, and to publish them on *unquestionable* authority; in this line, I will engage.

gage to furnish *three* totally different and distinct Administrations *per* week, till the *demise* of the Regency Restrictions ends conjecture. They shall all be feasible and curious—on information and knowledge, as correct as any of my contemporary writers—and, from their number, will possess this rare advantage, that one or other list will please every party, and thus your publication be recommended alike to Ministerialists, Oppositionists, Burdettites, and Neutralists. You will, by this means, also derive the enviable superiority of being able hereafter to refer to whichever list should happen to be most nearly correct, and to say, “Our readers will find such and such intelligence, *exclusively*, in our paper of such a date.” By the by, this hint might be improved upon; and were you, like the Times, Herald, and others of your fellow-journalists, to espouse all sides in turn; you would ultimately find, that you could refer with triumph and satisfaction to that one of them, in which you happened to be right. But enough of this—I merely wrote to offer you my services, and beg leave to add to the above specified qualification, that I can write your verses as poetical as those of Hafiz or Fitzgerald—that I can *rebeaver* worn-out puns—that I can manufacture lies and paragraphs—have no objection to exercise my abilities on any subject, or against any person or party;

And am, Sir,

Yours to command,

CORNELIUS PAUPER.

N. B. On a hint from you, I will send in a specimen of *six* of my new Administrations.

## ABUNDANCE OF MONEY.

[From the Morning Herald, November 29.]

MR. EDITOR,

AT this period, when the high price of provisions is a never-failing topic of conversation, and *almost* supersedes the customary remarks on the state of the weather; when *rich* as well as *poor* complain of the want of that grand desideratum of human happiness, MONEY, what will you and the world think when I attempt to prove that *wealth* was never more abundant? You may laugh, Mr. Editor, and think me under the influence of the planetary orb; but it is no such thing, although another time, perhaps, I may demonstrate that three fourths of the good people of London are proper inhabitants for Bedlam. But to the point.—My daughters, you must know, Mr. Editor, are girls of fashion. Often, when seated beside a good fire in my gouty arm-chair, with half-closed eyes, as if in a state of sleep, I listen to the *important debates* upon that *most interesting of all subjects*, DRESS. I hear all the eloquence of female oratory displayed by the various *Marchands des Modes* they employ, on the effect of a feather, the shape of a hat, the form of a pelisse, or the colour of a mantle. Silks, satins, velvets, and Merino cloths, are the materials, with trimmings of corresponding expense. Price is no consideration with them:—pounds and pebbles appear synonymous; and if I remonstrate, the reply is laconic—"That others do the same!" Does this show any want of money? I was persuaded to send my daughters to a fashionable seminary. There they were instructed in the French and Italian languages, to imbibe, in the one, the seductive sophistry of Rousseau, and in the other, the enervating softness of Petrarch. They became proficient in music, dancing, drawing, *pride*, *dress*, and a thousand other accom-

accomplishments of equal *use and value*. I bestowed sums on these acquirements that in former days would have been a considerable marriage-portion; *now* it is no more than what every tradesman expends on his children's education; and it is quite customary to find a young Lady performing the most scientific pieces on her piano, or painting velvet Ottomans, whilst her father is weighing ounces of tea and pounds of sugar in the shop, and her mother superintending the broiling of a rump-steak in the kitchen. Does this show a want of money?

I have a nephew, Mr. Editor, and he is a man of fashion, drives four-in-hand, keeps a mistress in high style, bets on every walking and milling match, and loses thousands with as much *nonchalance* as if he inhabited the country of Eldorado. Does this show a want of money? If I look in the public papers, their columns are filled with accounts of splendid dinners, grand galas, and all the *et cætera* of high life; whilst our amusements increase, and with new stages new performers make their *debut*. Horses, Mr. Editor, have had their day in our Theatres, elephants succeed, and I suppose the next importation will be docile lions and tamed hyenas, whose nouvelle performances will undoubtedly deserve *eclat*, and amply repay the Managers the great expense bestowed on their education; whilst we may expect to see dancing bears and dancing dogs, as subordinate actors, elevated from the street to the same stage where the inimitable talents of Mrs. Siddons shine with such transcendent lustre. But all this expense only demonstrates there is no want of money in the nation. How much is it to be regretted that *Mammoths* are no longer in existence! for how gratifying it would have been to a *discerning* Public to behold a minuet de la cour danced on the boards of Covent Garden by two of these antediluvian quadrupeds!

It



It was but the other day I knocked at the door of an old friend, and who should open it but a female clad in the paraphernalia of fashion, with light ringlets curling round her face, and no cap upon her head! I bowed respectfully, and assuming all the politeness I am master of (for I must tell you, Mr. Editor, I am of the old school, and not like our modern beaus, who jostle with a horse-laugh every well-dressed woman they meet), inquired for my friend; but judge my surprise, when, on my name being announced, I found the *Lady-portress* was no other than Ann (in my younger days it was Nanny) the house-maid, who, thus attired in ten times a finer dress than her mistress, occasioned my mistake. Now this is a still further proof of the abundance of money in the realm; for otherwise how could an honest servant obtain those appendages, which exclusively belong to more *elevated* stations? I can adduce another proof—Dare an industrious mechanic presume to work at the beginning of the week? It would be deemed absolute sacrilege to *St. Monday* by all his companions, most of whom show their reverence for the Saint, by spending the earnings of the preceding week in idleness and debauchery. Now, were *money scarce*, Necessity, who is a more rigid task-master than any the Israelites met with in the land of Egypt, would compel them to work upon that day as well as the others in the week not honoured with canonization.

A wise Legislator, Mr. Editor (but I cannot recollect in what century, for an old man's memory will be treacherous), in framing sumptuary laws, enacted that no woman, except she were a prostitute, should wear ornaments; and that no man, except when going to visit them, should appear in embroidered clothes. Now, should Ministers think proper to enforce such sumptuary laws at present, I need not tremble for our Beaus, but for our Belles I must.

What

What would become of all the various habiliments transformed by Fashion from *luxuries* to *necessaries*? This, however, is irrelevant to the subject. My letter is already too long, Mr. Editor; yet I think you will acknowledge I have plainly shown that most people possess *abundance of money*; and I request you will insert this demonstration in your Paper, that it may brighten the visages of our fashionable grumblers; and I remain, your obedient servant,

November 22.

MEZENTIUS.

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### THE ELEPHANT.

[From the Public Ledger, November 29.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE many objections, in the shape of *jokes*, which have been made to this *great* performer being introduced on the London Stage, are not perfectly satisfactory to my mind, at the same time that I am of opinion they have an apparent foundation. I wish in all questions of this nature, especially in one of such *high importance*, to judge impartially; and, for that purpose, to take all the circumstances of the case into my most serious consideration. I allow, therefore, that having been long accustomed to see only beings of my own species engaged in the Drama, I was as much startled as any objectors can be, when some years ago, at one Theatre, the performance of a *dog* had a most successful run for a whole season; and when, more recently, a number of *horses* were employed at another, as substitutes for the actors to whom I had been accustomed. In all cases of this kind, I have a sort of timid jealousy about me. I wish, that my country, in its amusements as well as in its warlike exploits, may stand well in the opinion of the people of the Continent. This may be foolish, but I would not desire to give our enemies much cause

to laugh at us ; and I was, therefore, not a little hurt on being told, that it was said in a late French Paper, “ English *actors* were become so scarce, that the Managers were obliged to employ *beasts* ; and that it was supposed, if *men* could not *draw a house*, they would be compelled to employ a *yoke of oxen*.”

Such opinions, Sir, are not trifles with me. Although the French are our enemies—nay, *because* they are our enemies, I would not give them such opportunities to ridicule us, if I could help it. This, however, I am afraid, is now impossible : and having once begun with the animal creation, we must go on. Nothing, as I conceive, now remains for us, when our best actors are strolling about the country, but to select such *four-footed* substitutes as may supply their places in the only article now of importance, namely, *drawing a house* !

Let it not, however, be thought that this new choice of performers is an easy matter—a thing no sooner said than done—or a thing which any man in the shape of a Manager can do. Far from it. Managers must now have recourse to a line of study, with which they have hitherto been unacquainted. They must apply diligently to that branch of natural history which comprehends the animal world ; and, instead of seeking for performers at Bath, at Liverpool, at York, or at Edinburgh, they must look into the volumes of Linnæus and Buffon. And I confess they could not have given a happier proof of having explored these volumes with effect, than in the judicious choice they have made of the *Elephant*. This animal, all naturalists have allowed, has more useful properties than any other. While it is pre-eminent in size and strength of body, it likewise excels in *sagacity* and *obedience*, two articles in which some of our *late actors* have been found now and then deficient. In truth, it is impossible to conceive an animal

mal more adapted for this new line of life than the Elephant. When tamed, say our naturalists, he is *gentle, obedient, and docile*. Patient of labour, he submits to the most *toilsome drudgery*; and is so attentive to the commands of his Governor (whom we must now term his *Manager*), that a word or a look is sufficient to stimulate him to his duty.—He receives his orders with attention, and executes them with eagerness, but without precipitation. And let me add another property, which has no doubt given this animal a value in Mr. Kemble's eyes—all his motions are *orderly*, and seem to correspond with the *dignity* of its *appearance*, being *grave, majestic, and cautious*.

After detailing these properties of the animal in its natural state, I shall avoid all personal comparisons; but may surely request your Readers, without offence, to weigh the properties of some of our *late actors*, by what is said above. The only circumstance about which I find Linnæus, Buffon, and, indeed, all our naturalists, profoundly silent, is the Elephant's having a *turn for the Stage*. But, doubtless, they omitted this merely from ignorance of the fact, and from living in an age when the respective employments of *man* and *beast* did not clash; and, therefore, while they praised this animal for its docility in all other respects, they very naturally omitted the figure he is likely to make in our *play-bills*.

Whether any farther attempts will be made to enrich the modern drama, at the expense of Exeter Change and the Tower, I know not; but I thought it my duty, as a friend to *improvements*, to send you these remarks on the introduction of Nature's *greatest work* in the four-footed genus. Whether he is to be followed by a *Lion* or a *Whale*, time must show.

I am, Sir, yours,

QUADRUPEDALIS.



## EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Herald, Nov. 30.]

PAINTERS at certain subjects stick ;  
 They know not how to form *Old Nick* ;  
 With cloven feet they often draw him,  
 And sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him ;  
 Pshaw, nonsense all ! if 't an't uncivil,  
 Draw Delia frowning—that's the devil.

## LINES UPON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

BY THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 30.]

OFt had Britannia sought, 'midst dire alarms,  
 Divine protection for her sons in arms ;  
 Generous and brave, though not from vices free,  
 Britons from Heaven receiv'd a mix'd decree—  
 To crown their merits, but to check their pride,  
 God gave them victory—but Nelson died.

ON GEN. GIRARD'S RETREAT TO THE MOUNTAINS,  
AFTER HIS RENCONTRE WITH GEN. HILL.

[From the British Press, Dec. 4.]

HOW inconsistent are the French, cries Will,  
 Who fly to *mountains*, to avoid a *Hill* !

## HEREDITARY BRAVERY ;

OR, EXPEDITION EXEMPLIFIED.

ON A GENTLEMAN AVOWING HIS INTENTION OF FORTH-  
 WITH EMBARKING FOR THE PENINSULA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 5.]

ASHAM'D of loose inglorious ease,  
 Cries Tom, " I'll tempt the dangerous seas,  
 And, on Valencia's plains, lay low,  
 With vengeful arm, the miscreant foe."—  
 At twelve the wondering guests discover  
 Their gallant chairman *half-seas over*.

EPIGRAM

ON BLOOD-STAINED LAURELS.

[From the Scourge.]

M—— exclaims, with lofty head,  
That in his country's cause he's bled :—  
'T is true—for sure the young curmudgeon  
Was 'prentice to a *naval surgeon* !

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THE HUNGRY FED.

ADDRESSED TO AN UNFEELING LAWYER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 7.]

TO the wants of the hungry I'll prove you not callous ;  
You were *bred* to the bar, and are *meet* for the gallows.  
*Tower, Dec. 6.*

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NEW THEATRES.

[From the Public Ledger, Dec. 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

WE are again told of various *fresh* applications that are to be made in behalf of licenses or patents for *new theatres*, and every patriotic soul must rejoice to think that the country is in such a state of *prosperity* as to require new means of spending money on *amusement*. It gives the lie direct to all the foolish reports about the advanced price of the necessaries of life—the pressure of the times—the vast expenditure of the war—and those other topics on which political croakers, for want of a true theatrical taste, are fond of dwelling. It will also show our implacable enemy of France, that, notwithstanding his boasted resources and expedients to injure our commerce and our wealth, we have no object nearer our hearts, than an addition to our theatrical amusements.

But, Sir, amidst my congratulations on this affair, I cannot help interposing a hint, very much in the shape of a doubt, whether those who are the ablest advocates

advocates for *six* or *eight* theatres, instead of *two*, are really aware of what they set about; and I am even doubtful whether, when they declaim against what they call the dramatic *monopoly*, they really understand the meaning of the word. Do they consider plays as articles, the growth and price of which can be contracted by a monopoly, or extended by the destruction of that monopoly, like any species of natural or artificial manufacture? If the East India Company's monopoly were destroyed, I do not say that some individuals might not be benefited by fitting out ships, and bringing home teas, and silks, and cottons, on their own account; and I do not say that rivalship in such a trade might not enable the public to get the articles cheaper. But, in a scarcity of good *actors* and good *plays*, owing to a monopoly (which, for a moment, I take for granted), I do not so clearly see how the building of new houses will produce these articles of a better sort, or cheaper than now. Have we assimilated the theatrical monopoly so closely to other monopolies, as to suppose nothing more necessary than to *enclose* a few more acres of ground for the purpose of *planting* Garricks and Siddonses, Congreves and Vanbrughs? Has the soil of Covent Garden and Drury Lane been so often turned up, that nothing more will grow there? Have we made any new discoveries in dramatic agriculture, by which we may ensure a better crop, merely by extending our plantations, or employing *ten* farmers instead of *two*?

These, Sir, appear to me to be questions which are worthy the consideration of those who think that nothing more is wanted to the perfection of an article, than that it should be *multiplied*. But there is, I strongly suspect, another reason for this increased demand for new theatres, which is kept more out of sight:—I mean, Sir, the wonderful ambition there is to fill the office of *Manager*. From various circumstances

stances which have occurred of late, I am inclined to doubt, whether there be any office, either in His Majesty's *Administration*, or in the *army* or *navy*, the *church* or *law*, which seems more enviable in the eyes of some gentlemen, than this of *manager*. Hence we have heard, and that very lately, of men of fashion and family, who have actually embarked their property in, and devoted their time to, the building and *managing* of theatrical concerns; and although, for some reasons best known to themselves, they have not been *much more* successful than *managers by trade*, yet so far are they from relinquishing the delightful pursuit, that we are just told of a theatre, of the operatical kind, which is to be *managed* by a committee of *noblemen* of the first rank—nothing under an *Earl* to be admitted into the sacred trust! And the reason of this is such as every man must admit; namely, that in such managers we may expect to find not only the strictest impartiality, and the most disinterested integrity, but also the most *consummate judgment* in theatrical matters, joined to an *affability* and *easiness* of access; all which, we humbly presume, are not to be found in *plebeian* managers. I should, therefore, submit most cheerfully to place the *Muses* under such management, were I not afraid that the *democrats* will take the alarm, and that, as fast as subscription brick and mortar can do it, we shall have a dramatic *House of Lords*, and another of *Commons*, employing their respective writers to dramatize and ridicule each others *privileges* in farces and pantomimes!

Still the attempt shows that the office of *manager* has attractions which are irresistible; and that, if no other good effect arises from multiplying our theatres, the *breed* of *managers*, at least, will be improved by a mixture of the *high blood* of those who have always



shown such *dignified conduct* and *superior wisdom* in the *management* of their own houses!

I am, Sir, yours,

A BYSTANDER.

### ANSWER TO AN EPIGRAM, BEGINNING,

“ Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little *Long*.”

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 9.]

“ **S** MALL things are great to little man,”  
Where sense, and worth, and wealth combine;  
Tell me no more that life's a span,  
But may that treasure *Long* be mine!

### IMPROVEMENTS IN LANGUAGE.

[From the Public Ledger, Dec. 9.]

MR. EDITOR,

**T**HIS is an improving age, but in nothing more than in our language. A few days ago, a young lady told me she was going to a shop in Bond Street, to look at some *invisible* petticoats; and last week a gentleman invited me into his garden to see the effect of an *invisible* fence: both of which incidents gave me an *unspeakable* desire to say something on the tasteful cant of these fashionable days.

But cant, I find, is the order of the day; and, as if our language were deficient in words of proper and extensive expression, we must now have recourse to the *slang* of Newgate, as most elegantly and edifyingly issuing from the delicate mouths of our celebrated boxers, their celebrated *patrons*, and all the w—s, rogues, pickpockets, shoplifters, housebreakers, and footpads, their most worthy *followers*.

But language does not come *alone*. Whoever acquires a new language, acquires much of the *ideas* of the

the *natives*. It must not, therefore, be thought very surprising that the *manners* of Newgate should accompany its *slang*; and already we are doomed to hear, in the company of those who are styled *gentlemen*, and would knock you down if you said they were not gentlemen, many of those phrases, which, until very lately, were never heard but in the *press-yard*, or in *Bridewell*. And what I consider as a natural consequence, we hear many of those ideas respecting *character*, and even *property*, which are consonant to the said language, and never could have been introduced without it.

It is a considerable aggravation of this growing evil, which destroys both manners and morals, that many parents encourage in their sons, what they think augurs a manly spirit; and point out boxers and boxing-matches to them as objects of laudable curiosity; as if a *lad of spirit* and a *blackguard* were synonymous, and as if the language they are taught to use in company were that for which they ought to be kicked out of it.

In a word, Sir, I lament over the declension of the English language, but more over the visible decay of English manners, once so decorous and chaste; and if I cannot cure the evil, I rejoice that I can, with your help, bear my testimony against it.

Yours, OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

### NEW TERM REPORTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 12.]

MR. *True Purpose* presents his compliments to the Editor, and will thank him to inform the public, through the Morning Chronicle, that he has no connexion whatever with Mr. *False Pretences*. He has not been a little surprised, and indeed nearly

ruined,

ruined, at finding his name recently associated with such a personage; and as he understands *bills* are in circulation, under the supposed joint firm of *Purpose* and *Pretence*, he thinks it necessary to adopt this means of preventing imposition on the public. Being convinced that the idea of such an association could have originated only in malice, he has been advised to bring an action against the person from whose hands he has traced the first issuing of these bills. They have appeared in different forms, and under one he was arrested by a *warrant*, and obliged to find bail. The indictment, however, was presented only against *Pretence*; and as this personage, if any such exist, *could not be found and did not appear*, it was attempted to make the jury believe that Mr. *Purpose* was the same as Mr. *Pretence*. The chief justice's carriage, on its way to the circuit town, had been stopped on the morning of the trial, on the *Downs* (very indecently it must be owned), by a set of bailiffs, with writs to the amount of 20,000*l.* at the suit of another Mr. *Purpose*—a rude, violent, and impertinent fellow, but of a very intrepid, resolute character, whose Christian name is *Fixed*. This man says, Mr. *Hear-both-Sides* was *very rude to him*; that he was not treated in his house like a gentleman—kept waiting in the hall—taken out of his counting-house, and not allowed to consult a friend; and therefore he does not see why *he* should *be civil* to him—*tit for tat*. He adds, that it will teach *great folks* in future *better manners*. Such is the steadiness of Mr. *Fixed Purpose*.

Mr. *Hear-both-Sides* had been so flurried by this event, that he was easily misled by the ingenuity of the Attorney General, and charged the jury to convict *True Purpose* as for *False Pretence*, saying, he *knew* them to be the same person. The jury retired in still greater astonishment.

Mr. *True Purpose* was known to the jury and to all present,



present, and no evidence was before them that there even existed such a person as *Pretence*. The foreman was Mr. *True Meaning*; he thought they ought to acquit. Mr. *True Intent*, a very respectable sensible gentleman, was fortunately upon the jury: he said that he had known the traverser from his infancy, and that he was the son of Mr. *Undoubted Right* and of Miss *Actual Petition*; that he was a witness of their wedding, and it was solemnized duly according to an *Act of Parliament*, which confirmed an ancient family settlement. Some doubt, at the time of the marriage-contract, had arisen; and therefore, after a consultation of lawyers, to prevent any question of future legitimacy, an alteration was made in the draft, and the old settlement confirmed. The jury therefore determined that they could not, without a violation of their oath, give a verdict according to the charge of the judge, whom they highly respected, but whose retirement they recollected had, during the last two years, been mentioned as contemplated before the commencement of every term, and indeed as regularly announced as the sittings fixed in the term itself; and they therefore acquitted Mr. *Purpose*, to the general satisfaction of the whole town.

The mob took the part of Mr. *Purpose*, greeting him on his deliverance; and it is very well that they were kept under, and prevented from doing mischief to the prosecutor, and carrying his head upon a Pole. Mr. *True Purpose* was fearful that something of the kind might ensue; and indeed an ill omen had occurred to his principal accuser, who, some days before the trial, in rummaging out some old fusty books, to find probably a new penal statute, had nearly his brains knocked out by the revived spirit of some old bugbear, which had long remained encased, and being suddenly awakened, like Asmodeus restored to action and volatility, alighted instantly with its claws

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upon



upon the poll of its deliverer, and scratched him dreadfully. All mischief, however, was effectually prevented after the verdict, by the exertions, not of police-men, headed by Mr. *Shuffling Pretext*, but of his own brother, Mr. *Steady Purpose*.

### THE SKELETON;

OR, THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

[From the British Press, Dec. 13.]

PETER Caustic, a surgeon, as hist'ry assures,  
Was a man never known in his calling to fail;  
He perform'd, it is true, many wonderful cures,  
But could *not* cure his servant of tippling his ale.  
In vain a report was most carefully spread,  
That the cellar was haunted by day, night, and morn;  
"For if it is haunted," thus old Toby said,  
"It must be by the *spirit of John Barley-corn*."  
A very strict watch, too, was carefully set,  
But e'en *that* precaution would seldom avail;  
For up in the night-time old Toby would get,  
To taste of this medical man's humming ale.  
An excellent cask now the surgeon possesseth,  
And, to save it, reported 't was flat and quite sour;  
So they gave him a can; that was none of the best—  
Toby drank it, and greedily ask'd them for more.  
"Such stuff can you drink?" quite surpris'd, they ex-  
claim;  
"To be sure," with ironical smile Toby said,  
"It may be too flat, but its faults I'll not name;  
For, you well know, we must not speak ill of the *dead*."  
The words struck the surgeon with hope and surprise,  
For a very good plan he that instant conceiv'd;  
He a skeleton had of a wonderful size,  
And the cellar was haunted, as many believ'd.  
Now this gentleman, who had jump'd out of his skin,  
I cannot say whether for sorrow or joy,  
He secretly fix'd in the cellar, wherein  
Old Toby his hours of night would employ.

At the head of the cask he the skeleton plac'd ;  
 And although he well knew that his ale was so good,  
 That *flesh* and *blood* ne'er could desist from a taste,  
 Yet contented he was, so well knowing *bone* would.  
 Now to bed they all went, and the moment was come  
 When from churchyards walk forth sheeted spectres so  
     pale ;  
 When silently Toby arose 'midst the gloom,  
 Once more for a taste of the rare humming ale.  
 Now the lantern he plac'd to the cellar-door near,  
 Now the beer in the glass sparkles rich to the sight ;  
 " With such choice stuff as this," he exclaims, " who  
     would fear  
 Either robber, or dæmon, or fairy, or sprite ?"  
 At that instant, urg'd on by a spring well achiev'd,  
 Which his foot had in motion now secretly set,  
 The skeleton suddenly rose unperceiv'd,  
 And clasp'd him so tight, not away could he get.  
 At first he supposes his master it is,  
 And he now in the base act of toping is found ;  
 But who can describe his affright and surprise,  
 When he finds he's by cold fleshless arms enclasp'd  
     round !  
 Still and breathless, a while fix'd with horror he stood,  
 And cold drops of sweat down his pallid cheeks ran ;  
 But silence, it seems, is dread merely renew'd,  
 So to cry out aloud he directly began.  
 The family soon came in haste to the spot,  
 And heartily laugh'd at his ludicrous fear :  
 " Cease your *thundering* noise," cries the surgeon, " you sot,  
 Or you 'll certainly *turn sour* my best cask of beer."  
 Old Toby now broke from his fleshless embrace,  
 And grumbled aloud, but his master thus said,  
 " Hold your tongue ; for remember, you said in this place,  
 That you well knew you must not speak ill of the *dead*."  
 Poor Toby deep sigh'd, when, " True," replied he,  
 " A respect for the dead I confess'd in this place ;  
 But I knew not death had such respect, too, for me,  
 As to clasp me in so very close an embrace.

" But, adieu to your ale, I'll have no more of that,  
 Sure a poison therein is most basely infus'd ;  
 For though some by drinking it grow very *fat*,  
 To a *skeleton* he is most truly reduc'd !"

W. H.

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### CUTTING NEWS FROM PARIS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 13.]

" *Paris, Nov. 16.*

" **T**HIS day was a mingled scene of joy and apprehension, of alarm and exultation, for the good Parisians and every loyal citizen of the French empire. Let those who adore the high destinies, the great conceptions, the stupendous projects, and the princely virtues of the mightiest of monarchs, bow the knee, and raise the hand, to bless the *resuscitator of Europe*; let her, and his, enemies, shrink back with dismay, lick the dust, and learn with fear and trembling, that the *bolt* which, *when its time matures*, shall pulverize and atomize them, acquires new vigour and force by the conglomeration of events, extraordinary as they are fortunate. About four o'clock this morning the precincts of the Louvre were on a sudden heard to re-echo with shrieks and groans: the cries of men mingled themselves with those of women; whilst the imposing silence and the sombre awfulness of the nocturnal hour fled at the voice of lamentation and despair. All was confusion and dismay: the *générale* was beaten; the tocsin resounded from the tower of Notre Dame; the barriere of the Pont Neuf was closed amidst the sounds of the rattle, the drum, and the trumpet; here the faithful guardians of our nightly slumbers were seen patrolling in masses the Quais and the Boulevards; there the corps de garde were crowded with thickening numbers. The wakened citizen sprung up from his bed, and the fears of a new Septembrisade overtook him. Whilst this was passing without, how awful,  
 how



how indescribably anarchical, was the scene within the palace! The marechal du palais, the intendants, the chiefs, the ministers, the generals, half awake and half clothed, were hurrying from their apartments, each emulous to reach, before the other, that spot in which all that gives life and vigour to the great nation was contained. Rank and dignity, form and ceremony, never received greater insult from loyalty, patriotism, and monarchical devotion! The bed-chamber of their Imperial Majesties was the goal of their fears and anxieties. The *faithful*, the *gentle Duroc* was the first who entered its hallowed precinct, and the *zealous*, the *illustrious Maret*, the second. The Marshal had scarcely crossed the threshold, when (with feelings, such as *tender* fathers, like him, both of his family and his people, can only know) the great Napoleon rushed into his arms. '*We are lost! we are lost!*' were the words, which, in this dismal moment, rattled in his throat! (*lui râlèrent dans la gorge.*) Then tearing himself from his arms, he threw himself, pale and exhausted, into an easy chair. The *tumult*, which raged within *his* bosom, was too great for his energies! What a sight now caught the Marshal's eyes! He beheld our beloved Empress Maria Louisa, with that dauntless resolution which belongs only to mothers in perilous moments, *singing soft lullabies*, to win the little *King of Rome* from his anguish and infantine affliction. Still, the young Napoleon ceased not from his cries and piercing groans: of a truth, they were not those of a *common infant*: it seemed as if the struggle were too great for his *illustrious frame* to bear. Mad. de Monpensier, the Imperial nurse, now rushed in; she flew to the royal cradle; snatched the babe to her breast, and gave it regenerating milk. She beckoned to the Marshal, that all the Imperial officers and attendants should withdraw, lest their *imposing presence* should frighten the *third Charle-*



*magne.* A mournful silence now pervaded the antechamber: yet, in proportion as the cries within diminished, joy began to take place of dismay. A shriek was shortly heard; the trembling subjects recognised their Sovereign's voice; *their blood flew back to their hearts; despair and apprehension spoke from every eye.* But events no longer took their ordinary course! Judge, O ye fathers and mothers of so many heroes, whose fate hung suspended on the issue of *this* solemn moment! judge, what joys and ecstasies now succeeded, when the Imperial footstep was heard, the door was suddenly thrown open, and the Great Napoleon rushed out, exclaiming, with his *godlike energy*, '*Rejoice! rejoice with me! his destiny is fulfilled! the King of Rome has—*CUT A SECOND TOOTH!*'*'—(From the *Moniteur*.)

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## LAWSUITS.

[From the Public Ledger, Dec. 13.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE multiplicity of Lawsuits is generally a matter of complaint. Some infer from it, that there is more *injustice* and *roguery* in the world than usual; and some, more lenient in their opinion, think that there is only a greater portion of *litigious spirit* among us. I beg leave to differ from both; and I do so after a very careful perusal and study of the lawsuits which for some years have been reported in the Papers, and which, by the way, I think one of the most instructive as well as amusing parts of a newspaper.

In the conversations which I have an opportunity of sharing, the question is frequently asked, How could such a cause come into Court? How could Mr. A. or Mr. B. be such *fools* as to bring such a matter before the Public? How could Mr. C. or Mr. D. be such *rogues*, &c.?—These, and other similar

questions, are every day put, but without receiving a very satisfactory answer; and the want of this answer I attribute to the want of that philosophical view of the matter which I have been accustomed to take, and which I shall now have the honour to communicate to your readers, as tending to resolve a difficulty about which they are so often perplexed.

I am far from denying, with the Public at large, that the number of *fools* and *rogues* is at all diminished. I allow that there is a very considerable increase of such characters; and that the said increase is very clearly proved by the number of causes in our Courts of Law; but then I deny the *inferences* usually drawn; and I contend that the said rogues and fools come into Court for the sole purpose of *exposing themselves* for the *benefit of the Public*. And should this appear somewhat paradoxical, I only request that your readers will consider the matter with great attention before they venture to reject my opinion *in toto*. It is clear that no cause has yet been assigned adequate to the effect; and, however singular the cause I now assign may appear, all I bargain for is, that it shall be carefully examined before it is rejected.

I say, then, that our modern rogues and fools (who are of a different species, in many respects, from the ancient) do go to law with one another, for the sole purpose of *exposing themselves* for the *benefit of the Public*. Now, Sir, the Public may be benefited in two ways:—1st, The Public is benefited when its interests are provided for; when it is put on its guard against robbery, fraud, or any other daring invasion of property; and this valuable purpose can never be better achieved than when rogues come forward to *expose themselves*.—2dly, The Public is benefited, when its stock of amusement is increased; when, particularly in times like these, it is put in good humour—and how can this be more effectually brought about

than by those lawsuits which begin in folly and caprice? Or, where can men who have their risible faculties in full exercise, find a better opportunity to employ them than in those mixed causes, in which it is difficult to determine whether the party is most rogue or most fool? And that such causes are frequent and increasing, I appeal to all the Term Reports of late years.

But I am aware that some of my readers will demur on the solution I have now advanced. They will say, How is it possible to conceive that any man, in a sound mind, should voluntarily expose himself for the benefit or amusement of the Public, and submit to stand, as it were, in a pillory, and have his character and his conduct whirled about, for four or five hours, by some ingenious Barrister, until, when he descends from this exhibition, he appears all rogue, or all fool, from head to foot?

In answer to this, I have only to say, that I see the difficulty very plainly; but as this is one of those cases in which we have only a choice of difficulties, what I insist upon is, that I think I have hit upon the *least*. If the reasons I have assigned for the increase of lawsuits be not the true one, what other can be assigned? If it be not their object to *expose themselves*, I ask, what other consequence has followed? And, if it be their object to expose themselves, all that I contend for, as a consequence, is, that we drop the epithets of rogue and fool, neither of which is very acceptable, and consider them as a set, or society, of *benevolent* persons, who have the public good, or the public good humour, so much at heart, that they are determined to promote both, at the expense of their character and every thing else, which men of a different description usually prize; and, what is more important for my argument, such very good effects have arisen to the Public from trials of  
the



the kind to which I now allude, that I think the parties entitled to a very different treatment from that they generally meet with. I think that, instead either of reproaches or ridicule, they deserve our *thanks* for exposing such instances of roguery and folly, as, without their assistance, might have remained concealed and destructive.

I am, Sir, yours,  
VINDICATOR.

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### LONDON STREETS,

THEIR UN-WALKABILITY, AND THEIR OTHER DELICIE!

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 13.]

1. **I**N passing along a street well frequented with carriages, but narrow in the footpath, you come to that barrier called a Print-shop. Besides the usual three rows of gapers, you have here an agglomeration of two or three journeymen bakers, with their baskets reaching two feet beyond their shoulders; the whole group of dutiful admirers of the arts surmounted by a coal-heaver, whose feet fill up the last inch of the pavement, and whose pointed shovel projects three feet over it. At every attempt you make to double this promontory, the pole of a coach, ready to bob you under the chin, corrects your impatience, and keeps you within the sphere of the fine arts!
2. In the early dusk of a winter day you come to a crossing occupied by a long train of carriages, the pole of one close to the hind wheels of another. With your very best mimicry of patience, you wait a quarter of an hour. At length you espy a vacancy between an empty waggon and the fore-horse of a cart; you run to avail yourself of it; but there is no vacancy; it is not a waggon, but a timber-wain on the return, with an unseen beam  
3 behind,



- behind, half as long as itself, against which you run with a force that scarcely leaves you breath enough to regain your old station on the pavement.
3. Overtaking three old ladies of a certain breadth, attended by an obsequious nephew, who walks partly before them, there not being quite room enough for him upon the pavement, but steps back to pay his duty in the little space there is, every time you attempt to pass them.
  4. The being obliged to witness the ceremony of lowering a porter-hogshead from a dray into a beer-cellar; after which the drayman gives you a certificate of your attendance, by throwing a grimy rope upon your white stockings.
  5. When you are going into the city to make a fortune by a sudden bargain in the Stocks; and have taken a hackney-coach, for the sake of speed, finding yourself locked in between the stand of coaches and the pavement, on the left of Cheapside, following a waggon at the rate of one mile an hour, as long as you are fortunate enough not to be stopped by a column of carts crossing you from one of the lanes.
  6. Passing over Westminster Bridge, or near Whitehall, on a windy day, when the dust is thrown up to be carried away in carts (which is always done at mid-day), and finding yourself destined to save the horses part of their burden, by taking away for them as much as your mouth, nose, eyes, coat, and hat will hold.
  7. Walking in a rainy day between the clatter of two pair of pattens; one of which you strive in vain to overtake, while the other will not pass you. At length, by a great effort, and stepping in many a puddle, you come up with the first; and when you.

you expect, from the agility of the owner, to see a young and beautiful countenance, you turn round and look upon a face as old, and almost as ugly, as your own!

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### THE NEW ROAD TO RUIN.

[From the Public Ledger, Dec. 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

**I**F you, or any of your readers, wonder at some late transactions, it is more than I do.—Certain causes invariably produce certain effects—and when you see a young man take the *road to ruin*, how can you affect surprise when he gets to his journey's end?—Look at the general conduct of young men—not of *business*—but who are *intended for business* by their parents and friends—look at their *capital* and their *expenditure*, and where is the wonder if the former proves unsubstantial, and the latter destructive?

When young men of our days set out in life, it is not to gain a *competence*—they dislike the word, and would be still more affronted, if you supposed they had nothing more in view than the necessities of life, and the credit which follows industry and economy. Nothing less will satisfy them than a *fortune*; and one infallible recipe, in their opinion, for getting a fortune, is to appear as if you had already got one. Hence all those dazzling symptoms of the sideboard of plate—the *suite* of rooms and of servants—the town-house and the country-house—the carriage and blood-horses—the turtle and venison dinners, and the French wines, given to our *superiors*, and at which our superiors laugh, and wonder where the d——l all this will end!

The spirit of business—of regular trade—of established and practical commerce, is at an end. The process is too slow for these aspiring youths—nothing  
must

must be leisurely, gradual, and according to the fixed rules of trade. The spirit of *adventure* presents a more expeditious and inviting mode. Some call this *speculation*; some *dashing*; and, because such experiments have been known to succeed once or twice in our memory, they must be preferred to all that is safe—all that is open—all that is regular—and, let me add, all that is honourable.

In this short process, if little is done that accords with the honest endeavours of trade, a good deal is performed that is dazzling and deceptive. Some get into City honours, and a year's gilt chariot gives the idea of accumulated wealth and solvency—others get into Parliament, by means of one of those borough-mongers who would take the Prince of Darkness himself for a customer—and thus the venerable names of Magistrate and Senator are disgraced, by being the disguises, the masquerade dominoes, of bankrupts in contemplation, and sharpers by trade.

So much for those *grand strokes*, by which the Public is to be gulled, and *fortunes* are to be made. If we recollect the transactions of only the last twenty years, among our dashing commercial men, we shall be tempted to think that, although they may succeed in deceiving the Public for a while, the greatest of all their deceptions is practised on *themselves*. When one of these dashing gentlemen exchanges his fine house for a jail, he surely, in spite of all his ingenuity—his well-planned schemes—his pompous speeches—and his high honours—must allow, that he has been a most egregious dupe—to *himself*.

When the *appearance* of wealth accompanies *wealth itself*—when the equipage, the table, and the stud, are the consequence of real property, honourably accumulated, we see nothing but what is right and proper—a munificent use of what may encourage humble industry, arts, and ingenuity. But the folly of our  
modern

modern dashers in trade—I shall not call them tradesmen, or men of business—their folly, I repeat, is, that they begin where they should end, and where they probably might have ended, had they copied the industry and integrity of their superiors, as well as their splendid mode of living. But let me not blame these young men too severely. There is something in their plan for which the Public is indebted to them. Their career, though dazzling, is *short*. The transition from grand carriages to hard-hearted Commissioners, and from the Senatorial Bench to the Bar at the Old Bailey, is *rapid*; and if it be their fault to begin where they should end, it must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that they begin what they very soon end; and that there is something in their end which tallies very strictly with the best notions on retributive justice.

Having thus finished their career in a manner well calculated to justify the opinion of the Public on the nature of their transactions, there is but one species of regret to follow. It would signify little if two or three of these *dashers* were to grace the Bar every Sessions; but the mischief is, that each such instance deducts something from the stock of public credit; and I know not in what manner these gentlemen can atone for the injury they have done to that confidence which ought to subsist between man and man;—that which formerly enabled the industrious, when in difficulties, to borrow without the fear of being rejected, and the opulent to lend without fear of repayment. Of such an injury to the well-being of trade it is not easy to speak with patience; and I shall only hint to these *dashers*, whether already detected, or to be detected, that whatever they may expect from the weakness of their immediate friends, or the mercy of the law, they must not expect to meet with

PITY.



## A PROOF OF SENSE;

OR, DR. DUIGENAN AND THE POKER.

*"Omnibus horis sapit."*

[From the Oracle, Dec. 17]

IN Bellamy's room, where the Members all stop  
 To regale on a kidney, a steak, or a chop,  
 The fam'd Doctor Duigenan advanc'd to the fire,  
 And ey'd the warm broils with fierce looks of desire;  
 Then pull'd out his box, and in haste a pinch took,  
 Then smil'd, cough'd, and sneez'd—then convers'd with  
 the Cook;  
 Who declar'd, when the Doctor to vote away ran,  
 "I swear by my spit, that's a SENSIBLE man;  
 For he took up the *poker*, and twirl'd it around,  
 But feeling it HOT—*let it fall on the ground.*"

VERBUM SAT.

ON GENERAL FERGUSSON BEING CALLED A  
"VETERAN."

[From the British Press, Dec. 20.]

*"Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem."—Martial.*

LOUD blows the glad clarion at Vict'ry's command,  
 And "*Veteran Fergusson*" sounds o'er the land:  
 Though few are the years which the hero has told,  
 FAME counted his laurels, and thought he was old.

## ON THE CONQUEST OF JAVA.

BY THE KING OF ROME.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 20.]

THOUGH very odd, it seems, by G—,  
 That daddy so has blunder'd;  
 Of ev'ry isle, in little while,  
 His nation has been plunder'd.  
 Java, I'm sure, he thought secure,  
 But now it cries "*peccavi*;"  
 I'm half inclin'd to think he'll find  
 Nought safe from England's Navy.

The

The war in Spain a heavy drain  
Is found on France. Our villas  
In Languedoc have felt a shock,  
From *visiting Guerillas*.

In vain he cries—"Go, beat th' Allies,"

They dare his troops to battle;

As well might I get up and try

To scare 'em with my rattle.

Late at Boulogne, *Baste* cried, "Allons,

To yon ship let's be hasting;

We'll take her soon:" but, poor baboon!

*Baste* only took—a *blasting*.

Thus, all things here seem very queer;

Dad still on Throne would revel;

But public rage, ere I'm of age,

Will send him to the devil.

## A SONG FOR OLD MEN.

[From the same, Dec. 30.]

**T**HERE was a sage old man, who took it in his head,  
Ere his old dear was dead a year, a sprig of youth to  
wed!

The neighb'ring folk came flocking in to see the raree-show,  
And cried, "O brave!" and sung a stave—"John Anderson  
*my joe*."

There was a vain old man, when he scarce could stand alone,  
That from his shoulder undertook to "heave a huge round  
stone;"

But fatal the exertion prov'd, as consequences show,  
His sinews crack—he broke his back!—"John Anderson  
*my joe*."

Now to conclude my roundelay, with counsel grave and  
sage,

Let no discreet old man attempt unequal war to wage;  
Their *teenish* tricks, at *fifty-six*, all wise folks should forego,  
Convinc'd, at length, time conquers strength—"John  
*Anderson my joe*."

EXPERIENTIA.

ON READING THAT NINE LADIES WERE COMPETITORS FOR THE HEART OF THE DUKE OF D——.

[From the same, Dec. 4.]

TO win a Duke by gentle strokes of art,  
To catch his reason, while they steal his heart,  
*Nine* virgins strive :—ah ! pity him they woo,  
O son of Jupiter, who monsters slew.  
What were thy labours to this Ducal siege ?  
Think, with what combatants his Grace must wage  
Domestic war—with disappointed mothers,  
Aspiring scions, and ambitious brothers ;  
Surely his Grace must have a heart of stone,  
If he can leave *NINE* maids, to sigh alone.

Yet old experience would their *plans* disprove :  
The dart in *ambush* is the dart of love.

The garish beam of noon's effulgent day  
Is not the light to which *ALL* lovers pray :  
While the pale Queen of Heaven, *silent* Night,  
Alike to love and sympathy invite :  
O ! may his Grace my simile define,  
Nor e'er be caught by either of the *Nine*.

Alas ! what dangers a *RICH* Duke environ !  
O that your Grace's heart were cas'd in iron !

Gay said, with truth, " The child whom many share,  
Is seldom foster'd with a parent's care ;"

So you, my Lord, whom Ladies thus pursue,  
May sometimes to yourself feel *less* than true ;  
They are vagrant shocks, arrows dipp'd in gall,  
*Design'd* to wound, but should not wound at all.  
Stand firm, my Lord—ah, guard your youthful heart !  
Venus herself shall point the love-tipp'd dart :  
Courage alone can such soft arts subdue ;  
Men surely should be coy when women woo.

ARENA.

THE  
SPIRIT  
OF THE  
PUBLIC JOURNALS,  
FOR 1812.

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EXCESS OF POPULATION.

[From the Public Ledger, Jan. 3.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME years before the last lists were formed of the population of this country, a learned Gentleman published a ponderous volume, in which he painted, in glowing colours, the dangers of *excessive population*, that is, a population beyond what could be maintained by the funds of industry and agriculture; and in that same work he prescribed remedies, some of which, I can well remember, were not very highly praised. I have a notion, however, that the subject has ever since been dwelling on the minds of *parents*, who are the great sources of population; and I think I see something like a wish either to confine the population of this country to what it is, or to bring it back to what it was,

“When every rood of land maintain'd its man.”

I think, Sir, I have perceived, within these *two weeks*, a mode attempted, and, in some cases, very successfully practised, by which the number of men and women may be kept down, namely, by not suffering



fering them to get much beyond the age of childhood ; and this seems to account for what I never well understood before—the extraordinary number of deaths in childhood.

The practice to which I allude, I shall call by the general name of *STUFFING*, because that, I hope, will be more easily understood than if I were to make a fine-sounding compound out of two or three Greek words, in imitation of our show-men. This art of *stuffing* is practised, on the large scale, twice a year, namely, at Christmas, and about Midsummer, when the schools break up, and when the young folks are in the best possible train for the operation. Some likewise contrive to add lesser seasons of *stuffing*, as Easter and Michaelmas ; but it is generally carried to the highest perfection at the times first mentioned. I have called it an *art*, but it is really neither an *art* nor a *mystery*, and may be put in practice, as I see every day, by the most ignorant and illiterate persons. The whole, indeed, may be reduced to this simple mode—“ Let your children eat of *whatever* they please ; as *much* as they please ; *when* they please ; and *where* they please ; whether at the pastrycook’s shop in the morning, or at table at home, when they are called in to display their beauties and their tastes, before the guests, who, in compliment to the happy parents of such *pretty dears*, must assist in the *stuffing*, by giving them off their plates all manner of fruit, sweetmeats, and a proportional quantity of wine.”

All this, you perceive, Sir, is so simple and easily practised, that it would be superfluous to be more particular in a lesson so generally understood ; and I should not have penned the above rule, if I had not meant it rather as a sketch of how things *are done*, than as a direction how they *ought to be done*. But it is the effect of the *stuffing* system which I wish to  
point

point out, and the very direct tendency it has to produce nausea, sickness, and fever. These, Sir, are the principal instruments on which we can depend to keep down our population; and I have so rarely found them to fail, that I am not surprised they should be resorted to, and form one of the chief employments of a "merry Christmas." It is my lot, as a professional man, to be frequently called in on such occasions—a thing, by the by, very absurd, because, if I could prescribe with effect, I should only be adding to, instead of diminishing, our population. But such is the fact, and it is not my fault that parents are inconsistent, and perform *to-day* what they choose to repent of *to-morrow*. In this line of practice, however, I have but little trouble. All that it is necessary for me to know, is, that the children have been three or four days from school; I ask no more—the usual questions in sick rooms are superfluous; and almost without seeing my patient, I know its case, and the *supposed* remedies. I say *supposed* remedies, for I am seldom called in before the *stuffing* system has laid hold of the circulation, and precipitated it to a degree far out of my reach.

Considerable as my practice is in these cases, I have not been able to ascertain, with arithmetical precision, how many *superfluous lives* may be taken in this way; that perhaps would require the combined accounts of Warwick Lane and Blackfriars; and I have no doubt that if the friends to a *diminished population* will consult the members of these two great Halls, they may ascertain the point with tolerable correctness, and the parish-clerks may be enabled next Christmas to make a regular entry in their list of "Died by stuffing," which, I trust, will be as edifying and satisfactory as certain other *items* in that annual publication.

In the mean time, until some abler pen shall favour  
the

the Public with a suitable encomium on a practice so likely to keep population *within due bounds*, I have ventured to offer you the above remarks, as the experience of an individual. And, in allusion to the subject which has for some time so deeply engaged the public attention, I shall conclude with observing, what I know to be a certain and indisputable fact, namely, that there may be *kind*, as well as *cruel*, murders.

I am, Sir, yours,

From my Laboratory,  
Jan. 1st, 1812.

J. JALAP.

#### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the General Evening Post, Jan. 2.]

**I**F any of the relations, or next of kin, of one Mr. *Guinea*, who, about the year 1800, was much seen in England, and is believed to have been an Englishman, will give information where he may now be met with, they will be handsomely rewarded for their trouble, on applying to Mr. *John Bull*, *Growling Lane, Blowbladder Street*.—N.B. A proportionate reward will be given for information relative to his son, Mr. *Half-Guinea*, or his nephew, Master *Seven-Shilling-Piece*.

#### SONG.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 6.]

**L**OVE and the Toothache, mortal foes,  
Ye rob my days', my nights' repose ;  
For Cælia scorns my vows of truth,  
Nor will the Doctor draw my tooth.  
Eternal evils, will ye stay ?  
I cannot bear ye, well-a-day !  
But come thou spirit, dear to me,  
My brandy-flask, my *l'eau de vie* ;

T.

To evil spirits thy relief  
 Comes, like a thief, to catch a thief.  
 No more I weep—my inward man  
 Is warm'd as with a warming-pan ;  
 Nor longer droops, nor more shall grin,  
 My pensive heart, my aching chin ;  
 The Doctor leaves my pulse alone,  
 His patient now is patient grown ;  
 Prescribes no bolus but the bowl,  
 And weighs no dram, but alk-a-hol.  
 Now, Love and Toothache, mortal foes,  
 That made the tears run down my nose,  
 I've caught ye in my cordial drop,  
 Like brandied snakes in druggist's shop.  
 Ah, rogues ! ye thought I should despond,  
 And swing by rope, or drown in pond ;  
 But, d——l sink me, if I'm cramm'd  
 In dam for love, may I be damn'd ;  
 And hang myself for toothache too ?  
 May I be hang'd if e'er I do.

ORESTES.

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DEATH.

[From the British Press, Jan. 7.]

ON Tuesday night last, about twelve o'clock, died of a gradual decline, Mr. *Anno Domini* 1811. He was a "tender father, a sincere Christian, and a benevolent friend ; and his departure is universally deplored !" — This is the common cant of our periodical obituaries ; and why may we not besmear the character of the departed year with the same fulsome panegyric, as is so liberally bestowed upon the memory of those individuals who are "now to the grave gone down ?" *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Otherwise we should state that Mr. A. D. was the parent of war, pestilence, and famine ; that his Christianity was a system of bigotry and proscription ; and that his friendship was a mask for purposes of fraud and piracy.



He is succeeded in all his vices by his son, Mr. A. D. 1812, from whom we expect but little, and therefore may probably not be disappointed.

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### ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

IN THE GENERAL EVENING POST OF THURSDAY LAST.

[From the General Evening Post, Jan. 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS very sorry to see an advertisement in your Paper of Thursday last, inviting the relations or the next of kin to give an account of my old friend Mr. *Guinea*. I do not think it fair that so respectable a gentleman's name should have been made the subject of a public advertisement, unless it could be proved that all other methods of finding out his residence had failed. But as I am not acquainted with the author of the advertisement, I am under the necessity of answering it through the same channel. The fact is, Sir, that Mr. *Guinea*, a few years ago, finding that there was a run upon him, was obliged to retire to the continent for a while, and principally in order to prosecute a suit at law with one Mr. *Exchange*; and should this be decided in his favour, there can be no doubt of his appearing again in this country.

As for his son, Mr. *Half-Guinea*, and his nephew, Mr. *Seven-Shilling-Piece*, the former went into the paper-making line a few years ago; and in partnership with Mr. *Shilling*, a round, smooth-faced gentleman, endeavoured to carry on his father's business, and has been pretty successful in it, notwithstanding the strange conduct of one King\*, an Irishman, who, on being introduced to him by a tenant, took the latter by the throat, and swore he would turn him out of

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\* A L—d so called.

house and hold, if he did not produce the old gentleman. This so frightened our young paper-maker, that he immediately applied to the Justices in Westminster, and obtained a passport, without which he would have been afraid to carry on his trade. As to the nephew, Master *Seven-Shilling-Piece*, I have not seen him for some time. I have been told, indeed, that he was addicted to *bad women*, and other evil courses; and some think that he went abroad after his uncle. He was always, however, a poor puny thing, and many, who wished to have a little of his company, complained that he slipt through their fingers they knew not how.

In the mean time, I have no doubt that we shall one day see our old friend Mr. *Guinea* among us, and learn to value his worth a little more than we did; and, although I do not directly allude to your correspondent and his advertisement, I must say, that since my old friend's absence, some very strange *Reports* have been circulated, which I believe he will soon be able to refute.

I am, Sir, yours,  
OLD BULLION.

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## THE DESTINIES OF OLD IRELAND.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 7.]

QUEEN Bess made us subjects, Queen Anne made us slaves,

And the Third of the Georges, in spite of the knaves,  
Relax'd some of the laws whelp'd in Tyranny's den,  
And in Manhood's true spirit acknowledg'd us MEN.

But still we were crippled, embarrass'd; dismay'd,  
Till Grattan arose, and with Grattan Free Trade—  
And with Grattan a host of these brave *Volunteers*  
Who protected old Erin and scar'd the *Mounseers*.

But what speck in th' horizon is dimly descried?  
'T is Pitt, in the dark thunder-cloud of his pride;

He hover'd for years o'er our country benighted,  
And at last shot the bolt that gleam'd on us—UNITED.

Then what follow'd Pitt?—Why, his pigmy in sense, Sir—  
In proportion the same as *surtout* to a *Spencer*—  
While the man that was *Fostered* in Erin's green vale,  
Left her bosom to *hold up* this same *Spencer's tail*.

Then began the Finances of Chancellor Foster,  
With his drawbacks and bounties, and plans work'd in  
voster;

His draining of bogs, and his grand distillation,  
Which shook every mercantile house in the nation.

On his plans of the bogs we know vain is complaining,  
In Ireland, a country predestin'd to *draining*;  
But the tax upon *windows* with sorrow we mark,  
Encore fifty per cent.—and we're all in the dark.

But the tax at which Irishmen chiefly repine,  
Is that so *abortive* he laid upon *wine*.—

Ah! sad is my soul when I touch upon this key,  
In *port* to be *starv'd*—while we're delug'd with *whiskey*.

But poor Foster is now to the hospital borne,  
An *incurable* pensioner, crippled and worn;  
While *Pole* on his place has accomplish'd a seizure,  
And is going to press us with *his lemon-squeezer*.

But in what shape, O Pole, can you lay a new tax?  
In our bellies we're pinch'd, and stark naked our backs!  
Our trade at a stand!—manufacturers idle!—  
And poor Erin, mumchance, doom'd to *bite on the bridle*.

On our *incomes* at last you must pounce with your claw,  
And, with rigour within or perhaps beyond law,  
Proceed to the task of distress and distraction,  
And close all accounts—with a *decimal fraction*.

Then prepare, O ye *Lawyers*, who briefs never see,  
And ye *Doctors* whose palms never greeted a fee,  
Ye keepers of shops, whose *whole capital's spent*,  
And ye *Brewers of Porter*—*who can't find a vent*,  
And ye placemen and pensioners, *generous band*!  
And ye *gentle Attornies*, advance hand in hand,

And

And Divines of all sects, those who damn us and bless us,  
And ye LL. D.'s, A. M.'s, and A. double S. S.'s.

Bring your books and accounts, unfold all your affairs,  
Your entries of *fees*, *Treasury warrants*, and *pray'rs*,  
Bills of Costs, Bills of Lading, Hops, Barley, and Coals;  
And who thinks of *Hops* without thinking of *Poles*?

Expose to your Chancellor profits and gains,  
And then give a *Tenth*, and what balance remains?  
"By my shoul," exclaims Paddy, "the *ballinsh* is small;  
It falls short, just a trifle of—*nothing at all*!"

Believe me, great Pole, till our freedom revives,  
And our bees are permitted to *toil in their hives*,  
Of Industry's honey you'll not taste a bit,  
For *ex nihilo*, Wellesley, you know *nihil fit*.

Then your *Circulars* burn—and let *Liberty* wave  
Her banner triumphant o'er Bigotry's grave—  
Unbind every fetter that *conscience* enchains,  
And PROCLAIM the free use of our *hands* and our *brains*.

But, hark! 't is accomplish'd!—Record it, my pen—  
We are sav'd by the *Verdict of twelve honest men*.  
She *rights*, my brave boys—all our perils are past—  
*Our ship can't be wreck'd* while we've one JURY MAST!

Och, long life to that Carr—he was *knighted* one day  
By a Viceroy of ours, in a jocular way;  
Then set out with this *passport*, quite fearless of danger,  
*Taken in* by all nations—as being a *Stranger*.—

They told him such marvellous tales!—let it pass—  
And he register'd all on the *skin of an ass*;—  
Not like Musgrave's big book—the Lord bless it and save  
it!—

Every story in that is a *big affidavit*—

So why should not I, in the Traveller's way,  
(Though I don't mean to *swear* to whatever I say,)  
Set down my remarks—to Posterity hand 'em,  
And in foolscap *embalm* my sublime *memorandum*?—

#### Mem. 1.

I have frequently smil'd at the girls with their mops,  
A-washing their stones in the front of their shops—



In Ireland we'd laugh at their water and tub;  
 What each day must be *dirtied*, 't is useless to *scrub*.  
 I have blush'd to myself, when, sometimes in the street,  
 Genteel Ladies in *pattens* I happen'd to meet—  
 Now in Dublin's sweet town, be the sky *foul* or *fair*,  
 Every Lady with us—*walks about in her chair*.—

## Mem. 2.

I must tell my lov'd Dinah, to-morrow, I think,  
 No longer to write with *invisible* ink;  
 I pore o'er soft nonsense, and twist it and turn it,  
 And can't read a line of the note till I burn it.—  
 She wants me, I know, to tell where I have been,  
 But *invisible* ink has been never yet *seen*:  
 She says, in her postscript, that *heat* will unfold it;  
 So, by *scorching* her meaning, at length I am told it.—  
 Why, then, not to detain my account till it cools,  
 I cut nice rump-steaks from the loins of *Air* bulls;  
 Astride on a crocodile, posting away,  
 In search of the Nile, *which has long gone astray*.—  
 Bruce, you know, says he found it—'t is all a mistake,  
 He miss'd it, 'as sure as I eat a beef-steak:—  
 Like Wordsworth, I measur'd the source, *top* and *side*,  
 And found it exact—*two feet long, three feet wide*.—  
 This same Nile's secret spring is much like, in my mind,  
 A thing call'd *Prerogative*, quite *undefin'd*;  
 It *widens* and *deepens*, like Nile in its course,  
 But we *cannot* or *dare* not discover its source.—

## Mem. 3.

To ask *Lord Valentia*, the next time I see him,  
 Would the Pyramids fit in the British Museum.—  
 Buonaparte will have them, if we don't make haste,  
 Which would grieve my *Lord Elgin* and all men of taste.  
 By the by, the same Pyramids puzzle my brain—  
 They were built to hold something, yet nothing contain;  
 Like some Treasury sculls of inordinate mass,  
 Which contain of pure *nous* somewhat less than *an ass*.

F.

## FASHIONABLE RUNNERS.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER regulations may be made in the state of our Police establishments, I hope there will be no thought of diverting the attention of some of the *fashionable Runners* from the duty of calling upon people of quality upon their arrival in town, telling them the latest anecdotes of the *low world*, and *putting them up* to the newest slang !

In writing this, Sir, I have not a direct personal interest ; for, being only a younger brother, I can seldom obtain more notice than a slight nod and a short answer from any of the truly fashionable runners ; but my brother, Sir, my brother *Lord Know'em*, has the honour of being a particular friend of Mr. *Slangum*, the most fashionable of them ; and, if you were to know the benefits his Lordship receives from his conversation, you would not think it unreasonable that these people should have time to bestow upon persons of fashion. I have known my brother, Sir, after he has been well primed in a morning by Mr. *Slangum*, " with *queer English and rum tales*," occupy the whole attention of a dinner party for two hours, though, at another time, he could hardly get his nearest guest to listen to him for five minutes, upon the *state of the nation*. You should hear him describe how the pickpockets grow into house-breakers—how the runners know where to *prick for them*—and how the masters of the *boozing kens* help them to a *little knowledge*. Then, Sir, there are half a dozen Dowagers of my acquaintance, who never think themselves safe, unless Mr. *Slangum* calls once a week, and, after a dish of chocolate with their butlers, comes in person to their dressing-rooms, and promises to keep a *twinkler* upon them. Such satisfac-

tions, Sir, I hope will not be refused to people of condition; and you will do no more than your duty if you oppose any schemes for depriving us of them.

Yours,

A SPRIG OF FASHION.

### APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

[From the same, Jan. 13.]

“STAY, Daphne, listen to my suit,  
Thy flight to me ’s a riddle;  
I fortunes tell, the long bow shoot,  
And play upon the fiddle.

“Chemist and Druggist on my board  
I write, my trades to vary;  
Nay, more, as Gossip says, ‘Good Lord,  
I’m an Apothecary.’”

The sound of physic turn’d her pale,  
And settled soon the quarrel,  
Her feet turn hard, her ankles fail,  
She changes to a laurel.

This spoil’d his love, but rais’d his trade,  
(Good folks, the reason mark :)  
Though Doctor Phœbus lost his maid,  
He gain’d a trunk of bark.

T. G.

### AN ADDRESS

FROM SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, OF DRAMATIC MEMORY,  
TO HIS MAJESTY’S MINISTERS.

[From the British Press, Jan. 14.]

‘FORE you, ye Rulers of this happy land,  
An humble, lowly suppliant I stand;  
I’ve left with grief my peaceful, safe retreat,  
And come in haste to town to take my seat—  
A seat, for which I’ve paid a handsome price,  
And therefore humbly ask your kind advice,

To

To guide me in my present fearful way,  
 And tell me what to do, and what to say ;  
 For, as election work is very dear,  
 And my constituents all respect good cheer,  
 It cost me many pounds my seat to gain,  
 And firmly I'm resolv'd each nerve to strain,  
 To get, at least, my money back again: }  
 Of politics, I own, I nothing know,  
 And care but little how those matters go;  
 Your many virtues shall my speeches grace,  
 And, in return, I only ask a place,  
 By which I may with ease my pockets fill,  
 And keep myself secure from every ill ;  
 My parts, I freely own, are but so so,  
 But yet I can say either Yes, or No.  
 Your cause I'll fight through water, air, or fire,  
 And turn the strangers out when you desire ;  
 If e'er a Member dares dispute your power,  
 I'll straight exclaim—Commit him to the Tower !  
 At all against you I can *Order* ! call,  
 And bawl out—*Hear him* ! to your speeches all.  
 If of such talents e'er in want you stand,  
 I'm yours, most Noble Masters, at command.

FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

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 REPLY TO OLD BULLION. [P. 98.]

[From the General Evening Post, Jan. 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN answer to Mr. Old Bullion's account of the departure of his friend Mr. Guinea from this country, who states it thus:—"Mr. Guinea a few years ago, finding that there was a run upon him, was obliged to retire to the Continent for a while, &c.;" with due deference to Mr. Bullion, it is my opinion, that his relative, Mr. Guinea, decamped in consequence of a dislike to his intended bride, Miss Rag, to whom his guardian, Mr. Bull, intended in a short time he should have been united, affirming that



their fortunes were equal ; but, after numerous applications for Miss Rag's fortune, on the part of Mr. Guinea's friends, they could obtain nothing but a renewal of promises. Mr. Guinea at length grew surly, and bluntly told Miss Rag, that she was a cheat ; and that he would not be seen with her any longer in public, unless her friends would fulfil their promises, and produce the cash on demand. " Notwithstanding," added he, " that my uncle Bull and your aunt Threadneedle are determined shortly to marry us ; and it is reported, that your new guardian, Stanhope, has given his promise to my cousin Goldsmith for the ring ; all this won't do : I would rather leave the country than take a wife that I should be ashamed to be seen with ; so good bye to you, Miss Rag, for the present ; but as soon as your friends fulfil their promises, I will return." Mr. Guinea then went his way, and was followed by all his relatives. Mr. Bullion was most egregiously mistaken in supposing that Mr. Half-Guinea got into the paper-making line. I know that gentleman has not been in that line since the fracas happened between his noble relative and Miss Rag. He took the alarm at the same time, not without some suspicion that Mr. Bull intended him for one of the daughters of the lady in Threadneedle Street. Respecting the Irish Mr. King, that Mr. Bullion talks of, certainly he had just reasons to suspect that this lady was not altogether what she had pretended to be, otherwise he might have been certain that his very dear friends, Messrs. Guinea and Half-Guinea, would have never deserted them. On inquiry, Mr. King found that the origin of the Threadneedle family was Low Dutch and German ; and that, as soon as they had entered into this country, they immediately got into the paper-making line ; but this said King declares they are now all insolvent, and not worth more than fifteen shillings in the pound.

" As

“As a man thinks, so it is unto him.” If Mr. Old Bullion can make fifteen shillings go as far as twenty shillings, we should be very glad to hear how he does it: in the interim

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

YOUNG STUFFER.

## A TASTE FOR THE SUBLIME.

[From the same, Jan. 17.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR Correspondents have been for some time very improperly employed, in my opinion, in censuring or ridiculing the introduction of an Elephant among the *Dramatis Personæ* of one of our Theatres. I think much may be said for the Elephant; and I have long wished to rectify the misconceptions of your Correspondents upon this very important subject.

Contrary to all that has been advanced, it appears very clearly to me, that the popularity of this great performer arises from a species of taste, which never ought to be the subject of ridicule—I mean a taste for the *sublime*. All writers on that subject have agreed, that *magnitude* is one of the sources of the sublime, not only in works of art, as a vast castle; or the inanimate works of nature, as a mountain, a sea, &c. but in animals of extraordinary dimensions. And although, from our circumscribed limits, it be not easy to introduce much of the sublime in our public amusements, yet I have long perceived a growing taste for as much as can be conveyed within the walls of a Theatre. Nay, Sir, I should be glad to know why our Theatres have lately been constructed on a scale so large, if not to give admission, by degrees, to objects of sublimity? and since they are already so spacious as to hide the features of our actors,

and make the greater part of them appear pygmies, what so natural as to introduce performers, whose features are large enough to be discernible in our vast perspective? If we cannot see the faces of a Siddons or a Kemble, what so fortunate as to be able, without the aid of an opera-glass, to discern the expressive countenances of an *Elephant*, a *Dray-horse*, or a *Lion*?

In this last view of the matter, then, it would seem that we were compelled, by necessity, to employ actors, whose dimensions bore some proportion to those of the Theatre; but I do not insist so much on this excuse for the Elephant, as I do upon what I first set out with; namely, a growing taste for what is *great* and *vast* to the *eye*, in preference to the diminutive productions of nature or art. And of this taste we perceive so many symptoms, that, I humbly conceive, we cannot doubt its existence. It is, indeed, so natural a taste, that I cannot discover much degeneracy where it has been opposed. I hear it often said, that grave City Magistrates, *Aldermen* for example, are not so much respected as they used to be—and what is the reason? Very plainly this: that they have lost that bulk and rotundity, which formerly bespoke reverence. I might extend this remark to the Bench of Bishops, and I might lament the want of respect for the Church, proceeding from the same cause; for in both these Worshipful and Right Reverend Bodies there is a sensible falling off in the sublime lines of *abdominal circumference*, and a lathy, shadowy thinness, which will never do to control the affections of the populace.

But with respect to the Stage, I would ask what it was that ensured the late Mrs. Webb so great a share of popularity? Unquestionably, because she was the largest woman on the Stage! Why is it that our musical connoisseurs tell us that Mrs. Billington is so  
much



much improved in voice, after having been twenty-five years on the Stage? Plainly, because in that time she weighs ten or twelve stone more than when she first appeared! What renders the character of *Falstaff* so popular, but his size? If you add—"and his wit," I will ask what effect that wit would have from the mouth of an actor whose person is as thin as a thread-paper? And what made the *big Kemble*, as he was called, so favourite an actor in this character? Most certainly because *Nature* had *stuffed* him for the part.—Again, what rendered the Hon. Mrs. Hobart such a favourite when she played Cowslip at the Duke of Richmond's Theatre, some years back? Was it because she acted the part as well as Mrs. Wells; for whom it was written? No such thing; but because she was six times the weight of Mrs. Wells, or any Cowslip that had ever appeared. Now, Sir, to show you that this taste for *magnitude* pervades every place of amusement, look into any of our assembly-rooms; and if among the dancers there be a lady and gentleman of gigantic dimensions, you will assuredly find that they are the favourites of the evening, and that all eyes are fixed upon them. Quin, the great actor, whose merit was weighed in this balance, once observed an immensely fat lady about to walk a minuet with a gentleman of the same height and circumference; and perceiving at the same time a lady of his acquaintance about to leave the room, entreated her to stay a few minutes, "to see a *minuet* upon *broad-wheels*!"

I have now, Sir, I flatter myself, resolved the popularity of the great new performer into a species of *taste* which, I trust, may afford a suitable apology; but how far our managers may be enabled to continue their indulgence of it, and supply us with a series of sublime objects either from man or beast, they best know. It is whispered, indeed, that a vessel is to be fitted



fitted out on a voyage of discovery to all parts of Asia, Africa, and America, in order to find the *mammoth*, said to be the largest four-footed animal in the world; and there are some hopes that this vast addition to our theatrical stores may arrive in time for the new Drury. But this may be only a report. It is a report, however, so much in the form of a *hint*, that I should not wonder if it were taken. In the mean time, I would caution your correspondents from exercising their wit on topics of so grave a cast, and I would have them consider that nothing but a taste for the sublime could inspire the public with veneration for a

“*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,*”  
such as now entertains the town.

I am, Sir, &c.

LONGINUS.

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### THE OUT O' THE WAYISMS OF PADDY DELANY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 23, &c.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

AS you seemed to approve of my song entitled the “*Destinies of Old Ireland\**,” perhaps you would wish to hear something of my birth, parentage, education, travels, and adventures; if so, you are heartily welcome to the enclosed sketch, being the first part of the Rambles and Out o' the Wayisms of

Your humble servant,

PATRICK DELANY.

I WAS born an attorney, and bred in a bog,  
And boarded and lodg'd with our heifer and hog;  
My poor daddy and I, in this family way,  
Work'd, starv'd, and confess'd upon sixpence a day!  
Daddy died of the colic—och how I did curse!  
His death broke my heart—his wake emptied my purse;  
My dear Judy I kiss'd, and, our ass being lame,  
I mounted my legs, and to Dublin I came.

For *beginners* in life no such spot's to be met,  
 The houses so fine—*every one to be let!*  
 Then such sweet whiskey-shops in each corner one meets!  
 And no *end* to the fine *terminations* of streets!

But perceiving a terrible *stir* in the nation,  
 About something or other they call *manshipun*—  
*Says I to myself*, My dear Paddy withdraw,  
 Before *Bushe*, *Sirr \**, or *Saurin*, can give you a claw:

Through the Bulls and Ringsend then to England I posted,  
 In a vessel from Dublin to Lunnun that coasted;  
 We were seven weeks at sea, and near kilt by the weather,  
 Myself, sixteen cows, and twelve spalpeens together.

But Lunnun's the place, what they will let them say—  
 Sure I saw a *big elephant* act in a play!

Then such roaring as made every limb in me tremble,  
 And Timour, and Farley, and Bluebeard, and—Kemble.

Then the Parliament House, where no one silence breaks,  
 For there's only one Speaker—and *he never speaks*;

But now that I think, I don't think it is so,  
 For they all cry out Aye—except *one* that cried *No†!*

From these *Commons* of *right* such examples one gets,  
 That it's now quite *uncommon* to pay a man's debts;  
 And *my own country Lords* hold that country most dear,  
 For they all reside *there*—*except those who live here*.

How oft to the Virgin I've pray'd on my knees,  
 That a hell of a tax overtake absentees,  
 Who live *on*, but *out of*, the land they were born in,  
 And sweet Ireland *plunder*, instead of *adorning!*

Och did you but know how, from mother to daughter,  
 The poor creatures exist on *potatoes and water*;  
*Exported* their *Parliament*, *beef*, and *militias*,  
 And their wives and their children without any breeches;  
 You'd exclaim—but, hush, friends—'t is now dangerous  
 speaking,

See what *Cobbett* and *Finnerty* got by their squeaking;

\* The high constable.

† About this time, Sir F. Burdett stood single in a minority on a question in the House of Commons.

In a *figure* I'll cloke Ireland's *fate* and her *tears*—  
 'T is for *facts*, and not *figures*, we're *cag'd* for *two years*.  
 Like the veins grateful tenant's return to the heart,  
 What its generous vigour propell'd to each part—  
 Should that heart paralytic *contract on the rents*,  
 The extremities canker in *sore* discontents.

Then the politic body grows hagard and thin,  
 And *Giffards* and *Duigenans* break out on the skin;  
 Drawn and pallid the face, the nose red as a coal,  
 And *vermin* are found in the *Hare*, near the *Pole*.

For such dangerous symptoms as these I describe,  
 A physician of skill would *emollients* prescribe,  
 With some *cordial concessions* the stomach to warm,  
 And a *few gentle doses of gradual reform*.

Then behold what a change—the complexion grows clear,  
 The *Giffards* and *Duigenans* shrink, fade; disappear;  
 And the body, reliev'd both from vermin and bile,  
 Stands erect, while the face beams with Liberty's smile.

Our vigour returns, and our hands are employ'd,  
 Our fortunes are better'd, secur'd, and enjoy'd;  
 Our spirits are buoyant, our loyalty hearty—  
 Who would then care a button for *grim Buonaparte*?

*But is this our condition?* No; weak and divided,  
 Our wrongs unredress'd, our misfortunes derided,  
 We droop like—but hold! what the devil's come o'er me?  
 Sure that must be *Newgate—that big house—before me!*

And sure it was lucky, by injuries stung,  
 That I rais'd-up my eyes, and so rein'd in my tongue;  
 God bless you, *kind bars*! had I follow'd my text,  
 I'd have ne'er told the rambles I'll send in my next.

## INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 25.]

MR. EDITOR,

A LETTER, of which the following is a faithful copy, was lately found on the person of a man of very suspicious appearance, upon Wimbledon Common.

mon. The only account which he could give of himself, when brought to my office, was, that he had been employed to deliver the said letter to a gentleman in that neighbourhood, whose name he pretended not to recollect, alleging that he had two or three, or, for aught he knew, a dozen more. I thought proper to remand the prisoner for further examination; and, in the mean time, crave the aid of your valuable paper, to lay this document before the public; and as it bears neither date, signature, nor address, I trust to the sagacity of your readers to detect the author, and to develop the circumstances of this mysterious business.

I have the honour to be,

Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF PEACE  
FOR THE COUNTY OF SURREY.

*Cur me querelis exanimas tuis? &c. &c.*

Vide Horace, Ode XVII. Lib. 2.

AH! why these complaints, that downcast look?

For pity's sake, forbear, dear T—ke,

To rack my harass'd mind:

(a) The gods themselves, as well as I,

And my constituents, cry “ Fye!

Take courage, man; what! would you die,

And leave your friend behind?”

Can I survive my better half,

My tutor, prompter, prop, and staff?

No—(b) I have said and sworn

We ne'er should part; and, since I'm loth

To violate my sacred oath,

Let's e'en take hands, and journey both

Together, dear J——n H——ne.

(a) Nec Diis amicum est, nec mihi,

Te prius obire, &c.

(b) Non ego perfidum



(c) Together to the shades we'll go,  
And hold our dialogues below,

As we were wont at P—r—y:  
Grammar and politics shall frisk,  
Releas'd from blank and asterisk:  
Staunch Jacobins, we run no risk,  
Where all is hurly-burly.

Our bond of union to untie  
Both men and dæmons I defy,

Though leagued to haunt and bait us:  
(d) The Speaker's warrant, Sergeant's mace,  
All foes both in and out of place;  
The Sheriff's grim Gorgonian face, (e)  
And *posse comitatus*.

(f) Though justice vote me to the Tower,  
At least I may dispute her power

To snatch me from perdition:  
Oh! 't would our dearest plots defeat,  
Were we to part no more to meet:  
Better at once give up my seat,  
Let P—rc—I petition,

To issue out another writ:

I rather would like Theseus sit,

Than mute for want of cramming:

Defer your *dissolution*; wait

Till Parliament *dissolve*: of late

I take the lead in no debate,

While you lie sick or shamming.

(g) One planet rul'd when we were born;  
My Cancer and your Capricorn

(c) Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus, &c.

(d) Non me Chimærae spiritus igneæ,

(e) Nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas  
Divellet unquam.

(f) Sic potenti

Justitiæ placitumque Pareis.

(g) Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo

Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio

Tutela Saturno refulgens

Eripuit, volucrisque fati

Tardavit alas.

Both tally to a hair :  
 Jove's belt at odds with Saturn's ring,  
 Strove which a certain neck should string :  
 In neither 't was your lot to swing ;  
 Thanks to Chief Justice E—e.

From me alike my horoscope  
 (Allowance made for steel and rope,  
 Heroic nape and gullet,) *(h)*  
 Arrests the threaten'd axe : the ball  
 Averted glances, lest I fall  
 Inglorious, by the hand of P—l ;  
 Though scor'd by his carst bullet.

Some faun, no doubt a stickler warm  
 For us the patrons of reform,  
 Was lounging in the Park ;  
 But be that matter as it may,  
 I live to fight another day,  
 With C—nn—g or with C—st—r—h,  
 And side with Mrs. Clarke.

And you, my friend, more quartos fill'd  
 With "Winged Words," shall live to build  
 New systems and "Diversions ;"  
 Victims by hecatombs shall hang,  
 While you invent, and I harangue,  
*(i)* Like lambs to bleed I'll train the gang,  
 In my Tower Hill excursions.

*(h)* Me truncus illapsus cerebro  
 Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum :  
 Dextra levâset, Mercurialium  
 Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,  
 Ædemque votivam memento.  
*(i)* Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

## PADDY M'KEW.

A NEW SONG ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE LATE HORRIBLE  
CONSPIRACY IN DUBLIN, COMMONLY CALLED "PADDY  
M'KEW'S PLOT \*."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 25.]

OCH! Paddy, you Papist, and how could you dare  
To go frighten poor gentlefolks out of their sense?  
When that great Lawyer S—r—n was taking the air,  
And his Gr—e getting drunk at Old Ireland's expense,  
Little P—e was preparing some beautiful touches  
Of grammar and style for Lord Eld—n's delight;  
And D—gen—n was playing *Pope Joan* with the D—ch—ss,  
When, Paddy, you spalpeen! you bother'd them quite,  
Och, Paddy M'Kew!  
Give the d—l his due,  
It was Providence surely that sav'd us from you;  
So long life to the church,  
And to Alderman B—rch,  
And a fig for your plot, Mr. Paddy M'Kew!  
When first we were told of your plotting so sly,  
We thought 't was a dish from our old *Castle Cook*;  
And M—sgr—ve declar'd 't was so pretty a lie,  
That he wish'd he had known it in time for his book.  
But G—ff—rd can see in it omens most sinister,  
Fit for those times of the fagot and stake,  
When good-natur'd men, like himself and the M-n-ster,  
Roasted each other for piety's sake.  
Och, Paddy, &c.

Then here 's to your health, my brave Earl of F—ng—ll!  
Who have sav'd church and state from this terrible shake;  
In life may you meet with no crosses at all,  
Except those which your own honest finger may make!  
And if you'll thus watch o'er the lives of your betters,  
The service, as usual, they'll gratefully pay,  
By letting you dance your old hornpipe in fetters,  
To grace their rejoicing next Jubilee Day!  
Och, Paddy M'Kew!  
Give the d—l his due, &c.

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\* For the air, see Moore's Melodies, 4th Number, "This life is  
all chequer'd."

BRITISH DISINTERESTEDNESS  
IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

[From the same.]

MR. Jonathan Bull, a respectable citizen, who had retired from business to a suburban villa in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, was informed by his Factotum, *a very stirring little man*, that a battle was to be fought between two celebrated pugilists, and that a spot quite contiguous to Mr. Bull's improvements was selected for the combat. Upon hearing this, Mr. Bull, *one of the most thinking men in the world*, did not know what to do; he had certainly every reason to be alarmed; the *paling* about his pleasure-grounds had become *extremely rotten*; many of the *props* had *given way*, and indeed the entire premises stood in evident need of a *general reform*: he was conscious that a *very slight* pressure from the people without would be able to effect a terrible breach in his enclosures; and if they once *got in*, he felt that the wooden volunteer at the end of his garden would certainly be *knocked flat*, and his summer-house (the roof of which was hung with a number of curious *paper fly-traps*), in all human probability *utterly* demolished. In this dilemma, and determined to accomplish by *policy* what he could not effect by *force*, he summoned his Factotum (*a very stirring little man*) into the summer-house adorned with paper fly-traps, and putting five guineas into his hand, desired him to seek out and bribe the bottle-holders *to alter the place of meeting*, and instead of fixing on a spot contiguous to his villa, to determine on the premises of *Don Philip Fire-and-sagotto*, a Portuguese gentleman, who had long been in habits of intimacy with the family of the Bulls. Away went the Factotum (who, from being in the habits of *cutting off the flaps of his coat to make breeches* for a large family, was nick-named *Spencer*), and soon managed matters with the bottle-holders, who, *provided there*



*there was fighting*, and all the *good things* consequent upon fighting; did not care one farthing *where* the battle was fought; but had there been difficulty, there was no man better calculated to surmount it than *Spencer*; he had obtained *an influence* in his parish, which at once marked his vigour, decision, and acuteness; he had united in his own person the three distinct places of constable, regulator of the town-clock, and postmaster, and had the cleverness to execute the first and last of these offices by deputy, at a cheap rate, which left three fourths of the salary, *and all the influence*, in his own pocket. He was a staunch Tory and high churchman, and had a violent antipathy to cats and Quakers, the Bill of Rights, and the setting of a hand-saw: he knew a Presbyterian by the smell, and could distinguish between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant in the dark, by merely taking hold of the tip of the left ear. His *tact* with regard to the Methodists was equally fine; by passing his fingers up the right nostril, he could pronounce whether a *rational* being were a *Calvinist* or a *supra-lapsarian*. But it was at *vestries* that he chiefly shone: he used to *brow-beat* the overseers, and had actually subjected *the vicar* to *very grating restrictions*, having contrived to exclude *his horse* from the churchyard, while he obtained free admission for *his own geese and pig*; in short, he was *the life and soul* of the party who were for screwing up the poor's rate, and not only stood prominently forward himself, but animated by his suggestions the *very inferior*, but *equally indefatigable* people who acted with him. He manufactured an orator out of a butcher's apprentice, called *Yorke*; and, in spite of many natural disadvantages, absolutely managed so as that the exciseman, whose name was *Rose*, made a *very tolerable figure*. A journeyman tailor, from the north of Ireland, also owed much to Spencer's assistance; his name, I think, was *Castlereagh*; he was  
the

the originator of a plan to drown the frogs in a neighbouring marsh; the attempt failed, but its *wisdom* and *boldness* were long the topic of conversation in all the pot-houses in the parish. There was an attorney's clerk too, *Croker*, a very *facetious* fellow; but I am digressing widely, so now to my story—

The day appointed for the fight at length arrived; the two combatants mounted the stage, in all the pride of *muscle* and *ferocity*; the crowd is hushed into a solemn silence, till *Brute*, with a forward blow, breaks *Beast's* under jaw, and *Beast*, with a dexterous back-hand, knocks *Brute's* eye out of the socket; then are the heavens rent with acclamations; the rabble yell, *yea, and the nobles of the land make a great shout*; *Brute* is victorious; slowly he stalks away with the club-purse in his pocket, while *Beast* is put to bed to reflect at leisure on his defeat, and to meditate new millings.

Don Philip, who had been absent, *taking leave of some of his family*, who were going on ship-board for the *Brazils*, returned just in time to witness the devastation made by the ruffians of *all ranks* who had trampled down his property. By diligent inquiry he came at length to the facts of the case; and, highly and justly indignant, he proceeded to Mr. Bull's, to demand satisfaction for the great injury he had sustained.

He was ushered into the parlour, where Mr. Bull was enjoying his afternoon's pipe and his tankard — Don Philip being at length asked to sit down (not without some low muttering about *intrusion* and *foreigners*), stated the wrongs he had sustained; to which Mr. Bull listened with the most *invincible* composure. When the statement was closed, Don Philip was informed that for many years Mr. Bull had been in the habit of intrusting the management of his affairs unservedly to Spencer, who was forthwith called up from the kitchen to justify the measure. Don Philip now entered

entered more minutely into the subject of his complaint, and particularly deplored the total and irreparable destruction of his fences, which had been pulled up and carried away by the populace. And now Spencer rose in reply; his whole mind swelling with *subterfuge*, and every sinew strained up to *the utmost daring of assertion*. He put forth his impressive *little right leg*, upon which his body vibrated; and here I would insert his very excellent speech, did not *The Courier* and *The Morning Post*, two *immaculate* daily prints, give *continual* specimens of this person's abilities. Suffice it to say, that, by a train of most ingenious argument, he endeavoured to prove that *the destruction of the paling, and the extirpation of the vines and olive-trees, were materially serviceable and advantageous*. "Then why," peevishly retorted Don Philip, "if all these benefits were derivable from having *the battle fought on my ground*, did you not expose *your own fields* to these depredations?"

"From motives," rejoined Spencer, with tears starting from his eyes, "of the *purest*, the most *refined* disinterestedness. *A battle was inevitable*—what then was it incumbent upon me to do *as a man and as a Christian*? Was I selfishly to *monopolize* all the benefits of the fray, the rich fruits of the *trampling, overthrowing, and demolishing*, which you so feelingly describe?—Oh, no; far be such policy from Mr. Bull, or those he puts in authority under him. No person, I am proud to say, has been, on the face of the globe, more *conspicuous* for a *noble disdain of all participation of discomfort*, than honest Jonathan; *humbly* satisfied with his beef and his porter, his pipe and his pint of port, he lies down after a hot supper *contented* on his featherbed, rises *satisfied* to his tea and toast in the morning, and leaves all the *incalculable* profits of *transferable* inconvenience to such *worthy* persons as you, *Don Philip*, or your next-door neighbour, *Don*

*Pedro*

*Pedro Purgatorio*; nor shall *his future* conduct and *mine* disgrace the specimen we have already given you. We shall, *I solemnly declare, steadily and uniformly* persevere in these principles, and undeviatingly consult your *true* interests, *by contriving that every future battle we can influence, shall be fought in the fields of our old and highly respected friend, Don Pedro Fire-and-fagotto.*"

Don Pedro retired to digest this dose of casuistry, of which he saw the drift; and pocketed his wrongs, because he could not yet redress them. Mr. Jonathan Bull, who had been dozing through the whole debate, now sunk back into his arm-chair, and fell fast asleep; while Spencer flew to his beloved occupations, *setting the town-clock, and managing a majority at the next Vestry.*

T.

## AN ENIGMA.

TO BE POETICALLY SOLVED.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 30.]

IF it be true, as Welshmen say,  
Honour depends on pedigree;  
Stand by, clear the way,  
Retire ye sons of haughty *Gower*,  
And you the spawn of old *Glendower*,  
And let *me* have fair play.

For though you boast your ages dark,  
Your lineage down from Noah's ark;  
Painted on parchment nice;  
I'm older still, though I was there,  
As before that I did appear  
With *Eve* in Paradise.

For I was *Adam*, *Adam I*;  
And I was *Eve*, and *Eve* was I,  
In spite of wind and weather:  
Yet, mark me, *Adam* was not I,  
Neither was *Mrs. Adam I*,  
Unless they were together.



Suppose, then, *Eve* and *Adam* talking,  
 I don't object ; but if they 're walking,  
 There ends my simile ;  
 For though I 've tongue and often talk,  
 And also legs, if once I walk,  
 It puts an end to me !

Not such an end, but I can breathe ;  
 Therefore, to such a kind of death  
 I seldom make objection ;  
 For soon again I come in view,  
 And, though a Christian, this is true—  
*I die by resurrection !*

## ANSWERED.

MR. EDITOR,

**R**EADING in your Paper of yesterday, January 30th, the Poetical Enigma, I beg to enclose to you the following solution, by a Lady, a relative ; and to observe, that I, from my connexions, am not without a knowledge of the original Composer, who was a Reverend popular Preacher, and has been deceased many years.

Yours,

Jan. 31, 1812.

A CONSTANT READER.

THAT you 're a strange old-fashion'd creature,  
 Methinks appears in ev'ry feature,  
 If my conjecture 's right ;  
 You 've plagu'd and puzzled my poor brains,  
 Who will may take you for your pains,  
 I 'll show a woman's spite.

But we have perseverance too,  
 And if my day-dreams will not do,  
 My *Bedfellow* you 'll be ;  
 Though 't will be strange and something new,  
 My pillow scarce will count it true,  
 If there you 're plac'd by me.

That

That fashions change full well we know,  
And what was fashion long ago

Is *now* completely routed ;

Sir *Adam* and his Lady *Rib*

Might pig together in one crib,

But now such freaks are scouted.

Then boast no more your ancient birth.

Whence sprung *we all* ? From mother Earth,

(Into the bargain take it.)

Sir *Adam's* cot, and Lady *Eve's*,

Had but one bed—that dress'd with leaves,

No *Abigail* to make it !

But *now* 't is quite an alter'd story,

Our roomy mansion's pride and glory

Can *separate Beds* afford :

Go, hide your poor diminish'd head ;

My friend, in *Fashion's* law you're dead,

NONENTITY's the word.

### BASIA'S IMPROMPTU,

OCCASIONED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF A LADY DIS-  
PENSING TO SOME GENTLEMEN, SUGAR KISSES, WHICH  
SHE PREVIOUSLY KISSED.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 30.]

ON ONE FOLDING THE KISS CAREFULLY IN PAPER.

NO, envious Air ! this paper shall secure  
My Sarah's kiss, so balmy, yet so pure !  
Go, envious Air ! nor strive to steal my kiss !  
Who would not *steal*, if *stealing* be such bliss ?

On *sugar* refiners let Parliament men  
Harangue with their tongues, and descant with their pen :  
For myself, I've a process that's more to my mind—  
Sugar kiss'd by my Sarah is *double refin'd* !

" *Only* double refin'd !" says an amorous Hector ;  
" I swear by the Gods, 't is celestial nectar !"

124      EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH OBITUARY.

“ *Only nectar!*” cried \*\*\*\*\*—Mr. Hector (between us)  
 “ I hope you ’ll allow, ’t is the nectar of Venus !”

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ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN, ON RECEIVING THE KISS, IN  
 THE TRUE SPIRIT OF GALLANTRY, SWALLOWED IT,  
 PAPER AND ALL !

Cleopatra (’t is said), in a prodigal mood,  
 A jewel dissolv’d in a vinegar cruet :  
 Then vow’d with delight, as she quaff’d the rich flood,  
 That *acid* was *sweet*, when pearls help’d to brew it !

---

Friend ———, determin’d both Monarchs and Queens  
 In prodigal feasts to eclipse out and over,  
 Eats the kiss that was kiss’d by a *Miss in her Teens*—  
 Zounds ! paper and all !—what a *ravenous* lover !

---

Friend B. what tongue thy praise can e’er impart,  
 Who kiss’d the mystic kiss by Sarah given,  
 Then press’d it, glowing, to thy throbbing heart !  
 —How few revere the sacred gifts of Heaven !  
*Gloucester Street.* P. W. E.

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EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH OBITUARY.

[From the same.]

DEPARTED this Island, in the second year of his  
*Secretaryship*, W. Wellesley, originally, and  
 more recently Pole, *sincerely* lamented by a number  
 of *place-hunting Freeholders in the Queen’s County*,  
 and all jobbing Parsons, Castle runners, lickspittle  
 Editors, and *other Union vermin*, that swarm in the  
*cupboard* of a provincial Court. The whole body of  
 the *Roman Catholics* are *inconsolable* at his loss ; as,  
 if he had remained a year longer, he would have  
*effectuated* the measure of *Emancipation*, which, by  
 his indefatigable labours, he so *materially* promoted  
 and matured. The body (which was transported to  
 England, to be deposited in the *Treasury*—the *family*  
*burying*—

*burying-place*) was followed to the shore by the great Law Officers, in hatbands and weepers; the Duke, Sir Charles Vernon, Mr. Hare, the Police-Magistrate, Major Sirr, Sir Arthur Clarke, K. B. and Sir Edward Littlehales, were distinguished in the melancholy procession—as were Dr. Duigenan and Sir Richard Musgrave. A *Cenotaph* is immediately to be erected in the *centre of Fishamble Street*, sacred to the memory of this infatuated Statesman, on which the following plain yet energetic distich is to be engraved in golden characters—they are said, we know not with what truth, to be from the *luminous* pen of the Author of *Love in a Blaze* and other admired productions—

*Here lies what remains of W. W.*

*Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.*

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### LINES

ON MONSIEUR LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S MOTTO, "LUCIO  
NON URO."

[From the same.]

A WAG, requested to translate  
The motto on the coach of state  
That sets all Wales into a wonder,  
"It means," he said, and scratch'd his poll,  
"It means, I *shine* with what I stole:  
My foolish Brother *burns* his plunder."

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### THE BLUE STOCKINGS OF DUBLIN.

[From the same, Jan. 31.]

ABOUT a month since there was a supper party at the Castle of Dublin. It consisted chiefly of *Blue-Stockings*, for orange is not the *only* colour patronized there. The beautiful Lady —, who, like *l'immortelle Emilie*, is equally known in.



126 EPIGRAM ON NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE.

L'algèbre, les soupers, les Latins, les jupons,  
L'opéra, les procès, le bal et la physique,

asked the learned Doctor — (who is almost as versatile as her Ladyship), whether there had been any new discovery in *astronomy* lately? “Why, yes, Madam,” answered the Professor—fixing his eyes at the same time upon the little Ch—f S—cr—t—ry—“I have discovered, since I came to Dublin, that the *elevation* of the *Pole* is not *always* equal to the *latitude* of the *Place*.” Lady ——— stared—the Secretary was confused—the words bore an evident allusion to the latitude of his *Place*—which was no less than two places thrown into one—and to the very little *elevation of mind* which he had shown in either of them. “Hem!” said the Secretary, and at the same time summoning forth a portion of that *uppishness* which he and his family have found such a marketable substitute for *dignity*, cast a look of profound contempt at the Professor, as much as to say that he cared as little for an *Astronomer* as he would for an *Inspecteur de Pavé*—Lady ———, however, could tell him, there was all the difference in life between them.

The conversation then turned upon *optics*, and the Doctor was proceeding, with his usual eloquence, to explain the uses of the *aqueous humour* in the eye; when his G—ce, interrupting him, protested against the introduction of any thing *aqueous*, and said he could tell him of another sort of *drop in the eye*, which never failed to double its powers of vision. So the wine went round as usual, and the science was put off to a more lucid interval.

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EPIGRAM ON NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE.

[From the same.]

PUTTING by Josephine, to espouse a new Queen,  
Boney sets the whole world at defiance;  
And though strange it appear to us Islanders here,  
‘Tis an *incontinental* alliance.

THE

## THE POET WHARTON, M. P. F. R. S.

[From the same.]

THE Treasury-Muse, after a long and mournful silence over the urn of her much-lamented Pybus, has at length selected another votary from the same quarter, and inspired him with the noble ardour of transmitting his name to posterity, not only as M. P. and F. R. S. nor as a sad man of the law, nor as a plodding man of accounts, but as one of that glorious band, who, immortalizing themselves, and conferring immortality on others, have stood forward, like Tyrtæus of old, to awaken the martial spirit of their countrymen, and to raise a bulwark of courage and patriotism against the enemies of all religion, and the subverters of all social order.

Observing the slight mistake of his predecessor, in offering his incense at a foreign shrine, and recollecting the sudden fluctuations to which other Courts may be liable (against which even the magnanimous Paul was not proof), our more wary author pours out the full effusion of his devotion at the foot of our own Royal House, which he considers (so far as regards himself at least) as the giver of all good : but let us hear the Poet himself speaking in prose, before we meddle with his verse : he says, “ What greater reward can a poet contemplate, than the approbation of a Princess, whose intellectual gifts are as excellent as her situation is conspicuous ? What greater delight can an Englishman experience, than that of feeling that he has been the means of pleasing any one branch of the Royal House, from which all his own happiness is derived ? ”

The whole of this beautiful Dedication, equal, undoubtedly, to any of Dryden's, in the style, and not inferior in courtly adulation, prepares us, naturally enough, to expect in the body of the work some bright

vision of the glory of Ruggiero's race, which we accordingly find, immediately after the consummation of that hero's marriage with Bradamante, B. II:—

“ And the majestic Throne of Albion last.”

“ There mark the richest qualities combin'd,  
From sire to son, survive to bless mankind.  
There every gift that wins a nation's praise,  
In lambent radiance o'er the sceptre blaze.  
A manly firmness, and a patriot zeal,  
Unwearied, labouring for the public weal;  
And virtues, which on earth have rarely shone,  
Alike the man ennobling, and the Throne.  
There too a Queen, in whom the world should see  
Her sex's pride, what woman ought to be:  
And there of maiden dames a Royal band,  
(‘Rest of one flow'r by Fate's relentless hand,)  
Whose living charms with Bradamant should vie,  
Or the pure tenants of the sapphire sky:  
Dames, with each grace that decks the features blest,  
With every thought that sanctifies the breast,  
With dignity, and gracious manners join'd,  
That awe at once, and yet engage the mind;  
Dames, whom if e'er the Bard's presumptuous strain  
Shall strive to picture, it must strive in vain.”

How much Virgil received for every one of those charming lines, in which the tenderest consolation is combined with the most delicate flattery, historians have handed down to us: what may be the meed of our modern bard, will, perhaps, long remain uncertain, until some inquisitive motion-maker in Parliament may drag to light his recompense, covered under the cloak of official incidents, or screened in a snug corner of “ Army Extraordinaries;” or some future Finance Committee may stumble upon the poet himself, personally engrafted into the prolific stock of the Four and a Half per Cents; or tasting the royal bounty out of the Droits of Admiralty, or receiving out of Old Stores a compensation for the old stores which

which he has converted to his own use, out of Virgil and Ariosto.

That the Prince Regent should have escaped his due share in such a profusion of panegyric, may be attributed, perhaps, by some malevolent enviers of poetic genius, to the good fortune which appears to attend His Royal Highness in the dawn of his government; but the omission is not accidental—for which of his fairies, or wizards, would venture to predict to the Secretary of the Treasury, when he sent his work to the press, that there would be sunshine from that quarter, when the impression should be finished? The situation of the Commander in Chief afforded a subject for safer compliment, which the judicious poet has not neglected; though he has thought proper to wrap it up in an enigma, hardly intelligible to common comprehensions, unless, being master of his own Sphynx, he had condescended to solve it for us: speaking of “A long line, enrich’d by many a King—”

“Doom’d the Estean Sceptre soon to sway,  
Doom’d, ages hence, Destruction’s march to stay;  
And save expiring Europe, when the shield,  
By Frederick fram’d, great Wellington should wield.”

We shall find our author frequently recurring to Lord Wellington, and it is natural that he should do so; but it is not in his capacity of poet recording high deeds of arms, that his thoughts run so much upon this distinguished General: it is in the quality of Secretary to the Treasury, and M. P. that he is attracted necessarily, and imperceptibly, to ruminate upon the fortunate horoscope of that man, be he warrior or statesman, who has entitled himself to a pension of 4000*l.* a year. It must, however, be a great satisfaction to the Public to learn, not out of the mouths of witches and conjurors, but upon such high



official authority as that of the Secretary, speaking in his own person, that the great work of the downfall of France is actually effected by this hero, and that "Gaul her sceptre lost."—B. 10.

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POLICE.

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 7.]

THE following is said to be among the *interesting* Memorials delivered in. to the Committee of Police..

COPY.

"*Honnurd Sirs*—We the distrest associashun of *reggular* Housebreakers of London and Westminster humbly begs leaf to lay before your Honnurs the blackgard cruel suspishuns upon our carackturs on count of the bluddy buziness at Shadwell, and to as-shure your Honnurs that we had no concern whatever in that bl——d worke which all honest men must be-ashamd on. And moreover to tell your Honnurs that we scorn to lift a Nife in cold blud agenst the throte of Man, Wumman, or Childe!—And we humbly hopes that you will take our case into your considerration; and as our carackturs are dearer to us than life, that you will make as goode a rippport of us to Parlyment as you do of *Theefe Takers*, because we thinks ourselves any day in the weeke as honest men as they!

"So having no more to say at presunt, we humbly takes leaf of your Honnurs.

"Sined for our whole associashun,

"TIM. TICKELLOCK..

"*To the Honnurabel Pullice Committee These.*"

## POLICE.

[From the Public Ledger, Feb. 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT affords me much satisfaction that you have at length announced some change in our *State Police*. It appears that certain of our present *watchmen* and *patroles* are to be dismissed, and a new set chosen in their room. So far all is well; but I am not of the opinion of some of my friends, that this will afford an effectual *security* to the Public. In the ward I live in, I can remember many watchmen changed, some transported, and one or two hanged; and yet, owing to their successors going on, after a while, in *the same way*, robberies have been as common as ever. If we change our *watchmen*, and yet let those who come after them *nap it* in their boxes, and be more a terror to *peaceable people* than to *real rogues*, I do not see any great advantage in the alteration. This is turning round, but it is not going forward. Now, Sir, although I have nothing to say in favour of the *watchmen* that are about to be dismissed, yet I should like to know whether their successors can afford any better security for their good behaviour? I well remember, some years ago, a very worthy gentleman; who, I am told, tried some of them to guard his house and estates; but whether they fell out *among themselves*, or whether they fell out with *him*, certain it was, that he dismissed them all without any ceremony; and they have never ceased since to find fault with their successors, and make complaints against them; thinking that every blemish they could discover in those successors would add a virtue to themselves. But this *game*, if I may so call it, has so long been played, that I hope we shall not any more be taken in with it; and I hope that, whether all, or only part of our present *watchmen* are to be dismissed, we shall hear no

more of those *wholesale robberies*, at which some of them have connived, no doubt, for a share of the booty. The plea, I am told, with the *new* watchmen is, that they are *clever* fellows. Sir, I admire *clever fellows* as much as any one; but I humbly presume, that what we want is *honest men*, who will guard our property as carefully as they guard their own, by day and by *night*; for I need not tell you, that much of the mischief done by *state* watchmen is at night, when we are quietly sleeping in our beds, and never dreaming of waking poorer than when we went to rest. The watchmen, in Shakspeare's time, were provided with what he calls *bills*, and so are our *modern* watchmen; and it is owing to their flourishing such *bills*, that many of us are so poor.—No, Sir, let us have done with your *clever* fellows, and try what mere *honest men* will perform.

I am, yours,

AN ALARMIST.

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### NEW MINISTRY.

[From the General Evening Post, Feb. 18.]

MR. EDITOR,

AT length we are arrived at the era of a new Ministry, concerning which I beg leave to congratulate all those who have been looking up to it, as to a remedy for all our evils. Such persons must certainly be now highly gratified in the near prospect of peace and prosperity; and it is surely not too much to say, that these blessings must flow from the approaching change. The worthy Patriots who are now about to conduct our affairs, have so often pointed out the errors of their predecessors, and so often expatiated on their own wisdom and foresight, that they have nothing to do but to avoid the *former* and bring the *latter* into exercise. Indeed, I consider them as  
under

under great obligations to those very predecessors whom they have so long censured, because, if it had not been for their *folly, ignorance, and extravagance*, how could the new men have accumulated all the *wisdom, knowledge, and economy*, which are now to be exerted in favour of poor Old England?

But, Sir, as men just elevated into high stations are sometimes apt to forget the steps by which they arrived at such honours, I would beg leave to remind them, and particularly their friends and supporters, of a few professions and promises they have held out, and which I have taken the trouble to collect from their past speeches for the last three years.

In the first place, then, as they have repeatedly informed us, that all we have lately been doing *against* the power of France has only a tendency to *increase* it, I fully expect, indeed, I have, from their own declarations, every reason to expect, that they will immediately adopt such measures as may effectually curb the power, insolence, &c. &c. of Buonaparte, and bring him to acknowledge that nothing more was wanted to defeat him in all his designs, than the appointment of a new Ministry. I expect that they will immediately *order* him, or *persuade* him (I don't care which), to withdraw his armies from Spain and Portugal; and that, as a preliminary, and to show how sincere they are in confiding in his honour, they will order Lord Wellington and his whole army to return safe and sound; and, that their arrival here may be the more secure, I expect they will issue such orders to the *winds* and *waves* as will compel them to be quiet during the voyage from Lisbon, or wherever else they may embark. They cannot think that I expect too much in this last request, since they have so often blamed their predecessors for conniving at equinoctial and other gales, whereby ships have been lost.

In



In the second place, I fully expect that all differences with America will be instantly made up. Indeed, if I can at all depend upon their professions, this will follow as a matter of course (immediately upon kissing hands); and, therefore, I mention it principally to express my regret that we have not a system of telegraphs between this country and that continent.—Such a system would save a deal of trouble to the American Legislators, who will be squabbling and quarrelling for some considerable time, before they can learn that *all objections* to a cordial peace are removed.

I next, Sir, look to Ireland, and perhaps with more confidence, if more be possible, than I do to America. In Ireland we surely have reason to expect, not only perfect harmony and peace, by admitting the Catholics into public offices, but all those other consequences that have been predicted, among the peasantry, wealth instead of poverty—clothes instead of rags—and beef and mutton instead of potatoes and buttermilk. I cannot but wonder at the blindness of the *dismissed men*, who could not see the intimate connexion between the doctrines of Popery and the liberty of the subject. Did they never read *history*?

These, you will allow, Sir, are at present our chief objects of concern. I might mention *taxes*—I might mention the *price* of the *necessaries* of life—I might advert to the riots at Nottingham, and the state of the poor in Lancashire and other manufacturing counties, and the general state of commerce; but what would it signify to dwell, even in a newspaper, upon grievances which, we have been again and again told, never could have taken place but under the Administration of ignorant and incapable Ministers, and which, of course, will now all vanish, like darkness before the sun, when we have a wise and able Ministry?

nistry? I might also say something about Parliamentary Reform, and economy in the public expenditure; but, as these blessings are so near at hand, that one may almost fix the day and hour when they will be bestowed, I need say no more, than to felicitate my country on the glorious era at which we are now arrived, and to subscribe myself, Sir, your humble servant,

ONE OF THE HOPEFUL.

P. S.—I forgot to notice the rise of the Three per Cents to Ninety-five, and the return of payments in *gold*; but, as these are comparatively trifles, I leave all this kind of felicity to the Gentlemen of Capel Court.

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### THE NEW MAN OF WAR, CHATHAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I first read in your paper that the Walcheren ship, just launched, was to be called the Chatham, in honour of the Earl of that name, I took it for a sly attempt at irony by some roguish Correspondent; but, finding the same thing gravely announced in *The Courier* and *The Morning Post*, I could no longer refrain from examining into the matter with my own eyes—and sure enough, the first thing I saw at the dock was this very ship, with the Earl's effigy under the bowsprit.

The master-carver has been fortunate in the choice of his log of wood, which is, indeed, an exact resemblance of the original. The stockings are ungartered, and hang down negligently, and the night-cap is still on. The various attributes, though but the commonplace emblems of war and commerce, are not badly executed. His feet are resting on a cannon presenting its

its

its breech, and his head and arm recline gracefully on a keg of Hollands.

There is also an image of Fame, exceedingly large, but at the same time made subordinate to the main figure, by the concealment of her face under his robe, and by holding her trumpet behind her in a position which appears to me awkward, if not indecorous.

The circumstance of time is pointed out, by introducing contemporary characters; and the stout little legs of Mr. Perceval are well contrasted with the thinner ones of Mr. Wilberforce. The twin Secretaries, also, Canning and Castlereagh, are seen scratching at each other with one hand, and clinging to the Earl's blue riband with the other.

On the stern is a representation of the great Hospital at Flushing, and, over it, a very distant prospect of Antwerp.

### IMITATION OF ANACREON.

[From the same, Feb. 27.]

MR. EDITOR, *Wednesday, Feb. 26, 12 A. M.*

THE Admiralty and Treasury having both gained high poetical celebrity, the one by the celebration of Talavera, the other of Roncesvalles, great emulation has naturally arisen among the other offices of Government. As your columns sometimes admit poetry, we request a place in them for the following, as we conceive, exquisite imitation of Anacreon.

You will perceive, Sir, that it is almost a literal translation, only adapted to modern taste, of that Ode of his, in which the Muses are described as giving Cupid, bound with roses, to the custody of Beauty (who in that poem is represented as a different personage from Venus); and when Venus seeks to liberate him, she finds that he prefers his captivity, and refuses to have his rosy *restrictions* taken off. We have

no

no doubt, Sir, that this beautiful morceau of the Teian Bard, in its English dress, though much shorter, will be much more read than either Talavera or Roncesvalles; and for the information of the well-disposed and loyal, who will view it more favourably from a knowledge of its authors, we beg you will state that it is the joint production of,

Yours, Sir,

THE ORDNANCE OFFICE.

WHEN Cupid, by the course of fate,  
Was almost come to man's estate,  
And manhood's serious cares;  
When past the reign of love and sport,  
He graver toils was forc'd to court,  
And guide his own affairs;  
Asleep one day, him Beauty found,  
In chains of full-blown roses bound,  
And with her son's sly aid,  
(Her son, young Fraud, who'd bless'd the vows  
She'd sworn to Interest, long her spouse,)  
To Bigotry convey'd.

Swift Bigotry disarm'd him quite,  
Restricted him, and bound him tight  
With many a cunning band.  
Ungagg'd he just had time to name  
And call his friends, but, when they came,  
Dar'd not their help demand.

Freedom and Toleration, wild  
To hear the bondage of their child,  
(They thought him so to be,)  
Sought ev'ry means to chase his guards,  
And offer'd all their bright rewards  
To those who'd set him free.

Ill he at first that bondage bore,  
And oft was heard to grumble sore,  
And oft a happier reign  
Promise, when free from his enslavers;  
And Bigotry's still proffer'd favours  
Rejected with disdain.

But,



But, ah! when but a year was told,  
 And Bigotry no more could hold,  
 And loos'd his bands perforce,  
 His friends and vassals loud rejoice,  
 And call him with inspiring voice  
 To urge his promis'd course.

Still Fraud's and Beauty's bonds remain'd;  
 Cupid, in prison'd ease, disdain'd  
 The vows that erst he gave:  
 In vain his vassals' clamours ring;  
 For he they hop'd to see a King  
 Had learn'd to be a Slave.

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EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

WITH not one single predilection,  
 From observation or reflection,  
 Where should Jack go for an opinion,  
 But to a Mistress, or a Minion?

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NEW POLITICAL MAXIM.

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Feb. 28.]

TO Cromwell, Wolsey, lowly laid,  
 "Cherish those hearts that hate thee," said:  
 The converse added now we see,  
 "To hate those hearts that cherish'd thee."

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AN ODE

TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL.

[From the same, March 2.]

Q WELL done, Lord E——n! and better done R——r!  
 Britannia must prosper with councils like yours;  
 H—k——y, H—r—by, help you to guide her,  
 Whose remedy only must *kill* ere it cures.

Those

Those villains, the Weavers, are all grown refractory,  
 Asking some succour for Charity's sake—  
 So hang them in clusters round each Manufactory,  
 That will at once put an end to *mistake* \*.

The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to robbing,  
 The dogs to be sure have got nothing to eat—  
 So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,  
 'T will save all the Government's money and meat :  
 Men are more easily made than machinery—  
 Stockings fetch much better prices than lives—  
 Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,  
 Showing how Commerce, how Liberty, thrives.

Justice is now in pursuit of the wretches,  
 Grenadiers, Volunteers, Bow Street Police,  
 Twenty-two Regiments, a score of Jack Ketches,  
 Three of the Quorum and two of the Peace ;  
 Some Lords, to be sure, would have summon'd the Judges,  
 To take their opinion, but that they ne'er shall,  
 For L——p——l such a concession begrudges,  
 So now they're condemn'd by *no Judges* at all.

Some folks for certain have thought it was shocking,  
 When Famine appeals, and when Poverty groans,  
 That life should be valued at less than a stocking,  
 And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.  
 If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,  
 (And who will refuse to partake in the hope ?)  
 That the frames of the fools may be first to be *broken*,  
 Who, when ask'd for a *remedy*, sent down a *rope*.

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EPIGRAMS.

[From the same.]

ON THE RECENT LOPPINGS IN BUSHEY PARK.

THE public have lately been much in the dark  
 Respecting the loppings in Bushey's fam'd Park ;  
 The fact is, the servants, good souls !  
 In hopes it their amorous master will please,  
 Are felling the timber and topping the trees,  
 To guard against future LONG POLES !

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\* Lord E. on Thursday night, said the riots at Nottingham arose from " a *mistake*."

## EPIGRAM,

Occasioned by the Author's hearing the Action for Slander between Levy and Solomon (two Jews) tried at Guildhall, Feb. 24th instant; in which it was stated by Mr. Topping, for the Plaintiff, that his Client was a *Man of Spirit*, and could not suffer his Character to be traduced by such *Words* as had been applied to him by the Defendant.

BETWEEN these two contending Jews  
 Small difference we can see;  
 For that appears a Jew *de mots*,  
 And this a Jew *d'esprit*.

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TO MR. SP—R P—V—L,  
 MASTER TAILOR AT THE COURT END OF THE TOWN.  
 [From the Morning Herald, March 2.]

WORTHY SIR,

**B**EING a master tailor myself in the city, and not ashamed of my calling, I think, as men of the same calling, we ought to speak freely to one another about the distresses that concern our business. I am not a man given much to complain; but I think it proper that you, as the head of our branch, should know that the conspiracy amongst your journeymen *state tailors*, unless speedily checked, is likely to run through every handicraft trade in London, and to throw the whole into confusion.

You must know, worthy Sir, that I observed my men grow restless as soon as it was buzzed about town, that *your journeymen* refused to come and take their reasonable share of the work going on; and no longer ago than last Saturday I overheard some very sharp and impudent discourse going on amongst my people, about the *tailoring trade of the state*, which, one of them said, “was now worse executed than that of any other craft in the kingdom!” To which another as saucily replied, “that, for his part, he did  
 not

not see why *journeymen state tailors*, who refused to do their master's lawful work, were not as liable to be indicted under the Act for a *conspiracy*, as any other men; and being a bit of a songster, he sung out—

“ And the *statesman*, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade as honest as mine :”

in which they all joined in full chorus. They then burst into a horse-laugh, which I did not much like, as I always deemed myself a good Government man. After this my foreman, who is rather a sly, deep chap, said, “ Well, boys, you knows that we shall have this debated right through, to-night, at the Goose and Gridiron, when *Tim Twist* will take the chair at eight o'clock to a minute.” This, worthy Sir, I confess very much alarmed me; and therefore I sent private information to *Squire Townsend*, at Bow Street, that he might keep a good look-out as to their proceedings, for fear that they should put some *cross stitches* in their work that night, which might not easily be picked out. Now, brother, between you and me, is there not a little reason in this poor fellow's remarks? for, whatever may be thought of us *tailors*, we can feel as quickly as other men when we are pricked by any other needles than our own. For my part, I must acknowledge, that I do not see why any journeymen, whether yours of the Court, or mine of the city, or what not, should be allowed to refuse to do their master's lawful work, and that forsooth, only because they cannot persuade better workmen than themselves to *strike*, nor be able, by force, to kick them off the shopboard. If I recollect right, this is the very same set of discontented *state tailors* that *botched* all their work some time back, never setting a stitch on a plain *country suit* with a good will, turning their minds only to trimming *blue and buff* jackets, with gold *French frogs*, and for which they always look for higher wages.

I should



I should like, worthy Sir, to meet you, any night after our shops are shut, to talk this dangerous matter more seriously over a bottle.

I am, worthy Sir, your brother in distress,  
*Bucklersbury,* BENJAMIN BUCKRAM.  
*Saturday Evening.*

## CROSS READINGS.

[From the British Press, March 2.]

MR. EDITOR.

THE following *Cross Readings* may amuse some of the daily admirers of your paper; they actually took place a few days ago, at old Mrs. Deborah Dizzy's, whose chambermaid usually reads the newspapers to her.

*Hackney,*  
 Feb. 25, 1812.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TOM SEEBRIGHT.

"Last week as a fat lusty gentleman, not an hundred miles from P—ll M—ll, was coming out of his house, in apparent good health, he was seized——

"——By the constable, and instantly conveyed to *Hertford* gaol, where he now lies in the *closest confinement*, and *double ironed*; permission has been granted him to see some of his old companions, in hopes of his being induced to give up his accomplices; however, he declares that he is unable to face them at this moment."

"We understand the M——s of H——d has been at last persuaded to accept the high office of——

"——Valet, or upper servant, where the wages are good, and *perquisites* allowed. He has a large family, who are handy men, and willing to undertake any *jobs* in the *House*, or out of the *House*. Inquire for Mr. Jeremiah Sneak, at the private door of the *Feathers Hotel*, M——r S——e."

"His R. H. the P——e R——t has shown great prudence and exemplary wisdom in not accepting the  
 services

services of the *friends of his early life*, as he is now fully aware that——

“——The unfortunate, weak, and misguided monarch, Charles II. owed all his misfortunes to the fatal advice of *mistresses* and *minions*. How happy the people of this country now are, who live in days when such fatal events cannot befall them!”

“Lord C——h has certainly accepted the office of Sec——y of S——e, and means to prosecute the war in Spain with redoubled vigour: his L——p has engaged to send twenty thousand troops to——

“——Their graves: they will be *followed by all the military* in that country.”

“Report mentions that L——d Vis——t S——h has written a letter to the Right Hon. S——r P——l, in which he endeavours to *feel the pulse* of the Minister as to his own services being accepted in any way that may be most likely to administer comfort to his *diseased* country, by which its *intestine* commotions may be *relieved*, its wounds *healed*, and to *purge* it of those *bad humours* which now *corrode* and *fester* its body politic. As yet, we do not understand that any positive answer has been sent to——

“——Dr. Solomon, the efficacy of whose medicines is too well known to need any encomiums. He is the only vender of *Bragge's* pills, and *Hiley's* drops. The Doctor may be consulted at his own house, in Watergruel Street, any time between the hours of nine and three. Letters must be post paid. Please to enclose a one pound note and a shilling, if an opinion is required.”

“The E——l of C——n certainly retires——

“——The distresses of this poor man and his family may be ascertained by inquiring at the *Calf's Head* public house, A——n S——t, P——y: *the smallest donations* will be thankfully received.”

“It is now confidently asserted that L——d V——t  
C——h

C——h has *not* taken office, and that the M——r makes it a condition, before his L——p comes into the Cabinet, that——

“———A reasonable trial is to be granted, when a fair price will be given, provided *he is warranted sound*. For further particulars inquire of Paddy O’Rafferty, ostler, at the sign of the Archer *with two Strings to his Bow*, Wh—t—ll.—N. B. *A few Irish cattle to be disposed of.*”

“The E—l of C\*\*\*\*\*y has been most anxious in his solicitations to the P—e R—t and the M——r, to become L—d S——d of the H——d——

“———For, as Mr. *Aircastle* says in Foote’s comedy, “*I remember him well; he was a fellow who lost his forefinger in stealing toasted cheese out of a rat-trap.*”

“One of the vacant blue ribands, rumour says, is destined for the E—l of L——l——

“———He is a thin ill-looking man, about forty-five years of age, wears his own hair loose about his head, was dressed in a blue coat, and generally wears nankeen breeches; he has gone by various names, and *frequently changed his situation*; it is supposed that he is not *absolutely* hired to his present master, but only on a *waiting job*. He is frequently seen at a *public house* in W—t—r. No greater reward will be offered, as he is a well-known offender.”

“The abominable tricks, outrages, and depredations which have been for such a length of time practised upon the public, to the disgrace and scandal of those who administer justice in the metropolis, has at last awakened the energy of the police magistrates, and they are now employing all their runners to apprehend and bring to punishment that very notorious character——

“———The E—l of Y——h, on whom the refulgent beams of pr—c—ly favour so brightly shine, who will shortly, we trust, be *elevated to the high situation which such services so justly merit.*” “The

"The E—l of W——d is not to keep his office :  
he is about to retire from the *elegant* and *polished*  
circles of fashion of which he has for so many years  
been the *ornament* ; in future he means to enjoy the  
*otium cum dignitate* which he will find in a country  
life, and the society of——

"——Two young ladies, who are willing to  
engage in a *nobleman's* or *gentleman's* family, as go-  
vernesses or *teachers*. They can instruct persons of  
all ages in the modern languages and the study of the  
*graces*, as well as in *elocution*, dancing, the fine arts,  
&c. &c. Inquire for P. Q. R. at Mrs. Diana Trusses's,  
No. 22, New Road."

"We can assure the public, that the Chancellor has  
no thoughts of resigning ; on the contrary, he has,  
within these few days, given orders for himself and  
his attendants, that all the——

"——Old hats may be made to look as good as  
new, shoes mended, *coats turned* so as to appear with  
the gloss on, and every article in the way of dress  
*done up* in the best manner, by me, John Saveall,  
Chancery Lane.

"Wanted, some *second-hand* suits of black."

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### EPIGRAM ON MARK ANTONY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 3.]

MARK Antony of old, we find,  
For love alone the world resign'd.  
How much less loss his love attends  
Who only gives up all his friends !

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### EPIGRAM ON A LATE APPOINTMENT.

LORD C. has so strong an attachment to place,  
To refuse *any* offer, he never was known :  
Thus the *nation's* affairs are involv'd in disgrace,  
By his eager desire for improving *his own*.

March 2, 1812.

WALCHER 28615



## MOTTOS FOR VIGNETTES.

[From the County Chronicle, March 3.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE procured this frank, to consult you on some mottos for Vignettes, designed by the Minerva critic for a little publication that will soon make its appearance, entitled, "Observations on Observations."

*Frontispiece*—1st, a *Rose* drooping, with "Marcescit" (under): at the end a number of priests, supposed to be attending on some funeral procession; the most prominent figure with a book open in his hand, in which you may read as follows—

*Idem isti Eumolpidæ Sacerdotes—rursus illum resecrare cogebant, qui prius eos devoverat; pilæque illæ, in quibus Devotio fuerat scripta, in mare præcipitataæ.*

Second, and last Vignette, a neat painted box, with numberless folios on it, most of them open, with nothing written in them, surmounted with a full-blown *Rose* couchante, with the following inscription—"Hic jacet in tombâ Rosa"—(*cætera desunt.*)

There are two or three parts which I have noted as requiring some explanation; perhaps you can assist me, as your researches as an Antiquary may throw *light* on what I can only *guess* at, and you are F. R. S. and A. S. S. Eumolpidæ, vide Camden, is a place *distans circa viginti millia passuum ex oppido Lud, vergens ad Septentrionem; insignis Sale Medicinali (vulgo dict. Amar.).* This appears to be extracted from some very old Author, as indeed its Latin proves, being evidently *Monkish*, and probably of the middle ages; it is, I think, plain that Epsom must be the *place*; the Epsom salts, and the bitter salts, being the same.—"*Devotio*"—query, whether this be the Register Bill, which would be the greatest curse to the Clergy and Laity, if passed, or whether it means the

the *affidavit* to be annually taken by the Clergy, and you know that an oath and a curse are often deemed synonymous: if this be so, and the word "*resecrare*" seems to confirm this opinion, for this must mean the "Observations" by the Author of the Bill, in which he curses the A——d——n of S———y, from the beginning to the end of them; but certainly takes off the curse at last, by giving up many of the objectionable parts of his Devotio—"Bill or Curse."—"Mare," must be the Thames, as an arm of the sea (at least it is so at the Nore), and *pars pro toto* proves it.—"*Præcipitatæ*," implies a haste to destroy, as if the question would never again be agitated.

In the back ground is a large building of no order, and, I should conceive, not the work of an Architect, from its manifest irregularities, and numberless *recent* additions. It is as clear as *Day*—the original plan was not sufficiently capacious for its inhabitants. The inscription over the door is, at the beginning, entirely obliterated; what is legible is

"——Dies! patet atri janua Ditis."

Here is apparently something wanted to complete the sense; or is it—Alas! Mr. Day;—or does it mean that it is the house of *Day*?—or is Mr. *Day* to be in *constant* attendance?—or only that this house is to be *opened by Day*. When I have your answer, you shall hear again from me. If I should in future put you to the expense of postage, you must excuse me; for since this Register Bill (that you probably have heard of) has confined me to the house five days out of the seven, and has, as some recompense for my trouble, deprived me of 60*l.* a-year, by taking my labours from me, and removing the fruits of them to a distance, I have laid down my only horse; and, indeed, if I had not, I should not be easily tempted to repeat my application for a frank *nine miles off*, the

nearest Member of Parliament and Magistrate we have. He is quite altered since he has understood that (as he is a Dissenter) he must answer, as he calls them, a parcel of impertinent questions, that any Parson chooses to put to him; he talked about my being a spy, and suspected the frank was merely an excuse to get into his house; and instead of an invitation, as formerly, to dinner, I was glad to get away as fast as I could. In great haste to save the post, your devoted,

— Feb. 28, 1812. CLERICUS.

### EPITAPH ON FRIENDSHIP,

WHO WAS LATELY INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL BY SPECIAL FAVOUR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 5.]

HERE Friendship lies; whose life pursu'd  
A vain attempt at doing good;  
Like others form'd of earthly mould,  
She died, when grown extremely old.  
Some former lethargies she'd stood,  
When people thought her gone for good;  
But now she's dead, and none presume  
To write "Resurgam" on her tomb!  
Some people say, who us'd to hate her,  
She was beheaded as a traitor;  
And there's some ground for the report,  
For she has dar'd speak truth at Court.  
Some say, an Ingrate Son's unkindness,  
She'd nurs'd with all a Mother's blindness,  
Whom she'd from many scrapes set loose,  
And willing often shar'd abuse,  
With which he else alone had smarted,  
At last destroy'd her broken-hearted.  
But know, what gave her Death's last shove,  
Was the old feud 'twixt her and Love.  
(Still through life's scene this note directs it,  
When enter Love, then Friendship exit.)

She



She oft had troublous inroads stay'd,  
 By puny boyish Cupids made.  
 But now when sportive years were flown,  
 And Love to size mature was grown;  
 'T was hop'd he now, with gen'rous spirit,  
 Would bow to Friendship's long-tried merit.  
 But he, though half his life was o'er,  
 Was loose and silly as before;  
 In him all youth's unbridled rage  
 Was blended with the fraud of age.  
 Onward with headlong spite he rush'd,  
 And poor old Friendship wholly crush'd.

## ON THE DEBATE OF TUESDAY NIGHT.

[From the same.]

**O**PPPOSITION, through Brougham, have repeated their  
 scorn.

Of the Orders in Council and Licenses' sway;  
 While Ministers show us a *Rose* (without thorn!)  
 To perfume Corruption, and stop their decay:  
 Say, which shall the Nation in preference keep,  
 The *Rose* that would sweeten, or *Broom* that would sweep?

AUDITOR.

A HINT FROM THE OLD CHRONICLE OF KING  
STEPHEN.

[From the British Press, March 5.]

**M**R. Stephen studied law,  
 And eke with small renown;  
 His breeches cost him one pound one,  
 His *seat* not half a crown.

St. Stephen preach'd with holy zeal,  
 King Stephen rul'd the land;  
 But Mr. Stephen wrote a book  
 No man could understand.

God grant the King and Council may  
 From Orders more abstain;  
 Or Mr. Stephen ne'er employ—  
 Such Orders to explain.



O! may he shun St. Stephen's fate,  
 And spare his prosey breath,  
 Lest, in a furious rage, *the House*  
 Stone Mr. Ste— to death.

---

TO FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

[From the same.]

SOME Virgins will to darkness run,  
 Yours is a "*Virgin of the Sun*;"  
 Though your bright Maid, the Critics cry,  
 Is but a Virgin—"in your eye;"  
 But be this sober truth, or fun,  
 Pray have no Virgin—*with a Son*.

AMICUS.

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PASQUINADE CIRCULATED IN DUBLIN,  
 ON THE DUKE OF RICHMOND HAVING RECENTLY KNIGHT-  
 ED MR. CLARKE, AN APOTHECARY, AND MR. MORGAN,  
 A YOUNG MEDICAL ATTENDANT IN THE FAMILY OF  
 THE MARQUIS OF ABERCORN.

[From the General Evening Post, March 5.]

FORTUNE's not merely blind, but was blind in the dark,  
 When she knighted such Galens as Morgan and Clarke,  
 She'd have giv'n, if possess'd of the visual organ,  
 The *Pestle* to Clarke, and the *Mortar* to Morgan!

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ECONOMY.

[From the same, March 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE seems to be one point on which men of  
*all parties* are agreed, viz. the necessity of *economy*  
 in our *public expenditure*; and, although I might  
 congratulate the Public on so remarkable a circum-  
 stance as that men of *all parties* agree upon *one point*,  
 yet

yet my joy is considerably damped when I find that they agree in nothing but the simple proposition; and that, when they attempt to carry it into practice, men of *all parties* agree *no longer*. But for this, Sir, with what pleasure should I listen to the representations that are daily made about the pressure of the times, the vast sums raised from an impoverished and industrious people, the number of failures, bankruptcies, beggaries, &c. because such feeling and eloquent harangues must inevitably tend to the conclusion that *economy is indispensable*; yet, when we arrive at the end of a string of such speeches, we do not find that *economy* depends on *eloquence*, or that we are saving our *money* when we are spending our *breath*.

How comes it that men of all parties, when in power, have found it so difficult to carry into effect their own schemes of economy? This question is worth asking, at a time when it, I am afraid, will make little difference whether the present Ministers continue, or a new set succeed them. Yet who is to answer this question? Presumptuous as it may seem, I have a great mind to try my hand at an answer, and I trust to your impartiality to admit it, and to the good-humour of your readers to bear with it.

I really then am of opinion, Sir, that one principal reason why we make such slow progress in *public* economy is, that we practise so little of the *private* kind. Some writers, I am aware, affect to make a wonderful distinction between *public* and *private character*, as things nowise connected; and do not, therefore, scruple to tell us, that a private spendthrift may make a good public economist; and they have carried this comfortable doctrine so far as to hold out a private tyrant for a man of public benevolence, and a private swindler for a right honest patriot. But owing, perhaps, to some imperfection in my mental optics, I cannot see this wide distinction between  

H. 4public

public and private character. I cannot suffer two persons, whom I firmly believe joined by God in holy matrimony, to be divorced at the option of those, who, for their own convenience, would have them live *separate*, and often in a *state of prostitution*. I believe that every man has, from his Creator, *one mind* and *one body*, and I very much doubt if there be such a being in the world as a man with *one body* and *two minds*. I cannot, therefore, agree in the above separation, the division of characters, which, in my opinion, admit of no distinction : and this opinion of mine leads me to a conclusion which may throw some light on the subject of economy ; namely, that a man will make a very bad public economist, who has not learned that trade in the management of his private concerns. But, Sir, while I speak of *learning* this trade, I am far from thinking or saying that it is *easily* learned—so far, indeed, that I much and deeply lament that it is one of the most difficult lessons in human life ; and hence, I am persuaded, much of the public wants and miseries now complained of, do arise.

As my own experience is, I humbly presume, not very different from that of my fellow subjects and citizens of this great city, I will appeal to any of them, whether, when impelled to economize, from any cause whatever, they have found it an *easy* matter ? Whether they have found their whole family *unanimous* ? Whether their wives, sons, and daughters have agreed, with *one heart* and *voice*, to lop off superfluities ?—And yet, Sir, it is obvious that if we do not *rehearse* the character of economist at home, we shall *play* the part very badly on the public stage. What is the reason that so many high men, proud men, nay, men who are said, in the cant of the day, to be men of “honourable minds,” will struggle, at all risks, for valuable places, preferments, and sinecures, but be-  
cause

cause they have neglected to husband their private portions and fortunes, and are become *state-beggars*, differing in no respect from *street-beggars*, unless that they are perhaps a little better dressed, and ten times more impudent and clamorous? And what pretty economists will such men make, when they have got hold of the public money! What reason have we to think that, in the management of it, they will be one whit more prudent and more conscientious than before?

But as to private economy, which alone, in my view of the matter, can lead to public saving, I have yet to insist, from experience, on the *difficulty* of the thing; and having drawn up my own case, and submitted it to the inspection of many of my neighbours, who all assured me that it was *their* case also, I shall, in a day or two, take the liberty to transmit it to you for insertion, if you shall think fit. Meantime I am, yours,

A DOMESTIC STATESMAN.

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### CATTLE SHOW.

[From the British Press, March 7.]

A CORRESPONDENT observes, that our account of the Cattle Show at Sadler's Repository is incorrect, and that the following black cattle ought to have found a place in it:—

A *red Bull-calf*, of the H—d-shire breed.—This animal was of large size, and so uncommonly vicious, that it was conceived necessary to post a notice, cautioning the public to keep out of his reach!

A *very old Bull*, which also attracted much notice by the remarkable *length of his horns*.



## LETTER FROM ——— TO ———.

[From the same.]

**A**T length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,  
When, with P-re-v-l's leave, I may throw my chains  
by ;

And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do  
Is to sit down, and write a wise letter to you.  
I meant before now to have sent you this letter,  
But Y-rrn—th and I thought perhaps 't would be better  
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—  
That is, till both Houses had pros'd and divided,  
With all due appearance of thought and digestion;  
For though H-rif-rd House had long settled the question,  
I thought it but decent, between me and you,  
That the two OTHER Houses should settle it too.  
I need not remind you how cursedly bad  
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went m-d ;  
A strait-waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,  
A more LIMITED Monarchy could not well be.  
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,  
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle  
A playful young bear—and then mock his disaster,  
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.  
I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,  
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.  
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,  
The same chest of tools without cleansing or patching ;  
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce \*,  
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once ;  
And think—only think—if our Father should find,  
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,  
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—  
That R-se was grown honest, or W-stm-rl-nd wiser,  
That R-d-r was, e'en by one twinkle, the brighter—  
Or L-v-rp—l's speeches but half a pound lighter—  
What a shock to his old Royal heart it would be—  
No !—far were such dreams of improvement from me.

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\* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

And it pleas'd me to find, at the house, where you know  
 There's such good mutton cutlets and strong curaçoa\*;  
 That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,  
 And my Y-rm—th's red whiskers grew redder for joy!  
 You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I would,  
 By the law of last Sessions, I might have done good;  
 I might have withheld these political noodles  
 From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;  
 I might have told Ireland I pitied her lot,  
 Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I did not;  
 And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows  
 Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous—  
 But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,  
 We've been, all of us, nearly as m-d as himself.  
 You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I  
 Are the last that can think the K—— ever will die.  
 A new æra's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe it;  
 And all things, of course, must be new to receive it;  
 New villas, new fêtes (which e'en Waithman attends);  
 New saddles, new helmets, and—why not new friends?  
 I repeat it "NEW FRIENDS"—for I cannot describe  
 The delight I am in with this P re-v-l tribe:  
 Such capering! such vapouring! such rigour! such vigour!  
 North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,  
 That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,  
 And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.  
 When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,  
 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!  
 It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,  
 But think how we furnish allies with good breeches:  
 We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted;  
 But then we've got Java, an island much wanted.  
 To put the last lingering few who remain  
 Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.  
 Then how Wellington fights! and how squabbles his  
 brother!  
 For Papists the one, and with Papists the other;  
 One crushing Napoleon, by taking a city,  
 While t' other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!

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\* My favourite luncheon.

O deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,  
 With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.  
 No—let England's affairs go to wreck, if they will,  
 We'll look after th' affairs of the Continent still;  
 And with nothing at home but starvation and riot,  
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.  
 I am proud to declare I have no predilections,  
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections  
 Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,  
 And the finer they are, the more sure to run through:  
 Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come in  
 To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Br-mm—l,  
 Who threaten'd last year in a superfine passion  
 To cut me, and bring the old K-ng into fashion.  
 This is all I can lay to my conscience at present—  
 When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,  
 So royally free from all troublesome feelings,  
 So little encumber'd by old-fashion dealings—  
 When such are my merits—(you know I hate cracking)—  
 I hope, like the vender of best patent blacking,  
 “To meet with the generous and kind approbation  
 Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation.”  
 By the by, ere I close this magnificent letter,  
 (No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better,)  
 'T would please me if those whom I've flatter'd so long  
 With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from  
 wrong,  
 Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—  
 To let too much light in on me never would do;  
 But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid  
 While I've C-md-n and Eld-n to fly to for shade;  
 Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,  
 While there's W-stm-rl-nd near him to weaken the charm.  
 As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,  
 Sure joining with H-rtf-rd and Y-rm—th will do it!  
 Between R-d-r and Wh-rt-n let Sheridan sit,  
 And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit;  
 And against all the pure public feeling that glows  
 E'en in Whitbread himself, we've a host in G—rge R-se.  
 So, in short, if they wish to have places they may,  
 And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,  
Who,

Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose)  
 By the two-penny post to tell Grenville the news.  
 And now, dearest Fred. (though I've no predilection,)   
 Believe me yours always, with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P-re-v-l going—  
 Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing?

## WALL CHALKING.

[From the Morning Post, March 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those authors, who, from not mixing in general society, are regarded as oracles; but unless I am at once explicit, I do not think any of your readers will guess the line I have chosen, in order to distinguish myself. I am, Sir, one of those efficient appendages to a Political Party, called WALL CHALKERS, and from my hand have emanated most of the pithy sentences which adorn the ends and corners of the streets in the metropolis.

I was formerly writing-master at a day-school in Bloomsbury, where being employed by a dependent of a certain Duke (now no more), to copy pamphlets for the printers, during the French revolution, it was suggested to me, that I might make a very pretty living, by turning my talents into the channel through which they have since flowed.

My first essay at *Mural Literature* was chalking up, at the desire of my Patron, "*Cheap Bread*," and "*Rights of Man*," it happening to be a year of scarcity, unavoidable by mortal exertion, and irremediable by mortal wisdom, but a fit season to irritate the discontented. "*No Pitt*" was one of our standing dishes; and coupled with a cry against the Sovereign himself, I used to pass whole nights in posting it about the town.

When all delusion about France had vanished,  
 when



when the soul of the Son of Chatham was gathered into its native sphere, and the Opposition (which, like the frothy billows roaring against the rocks, had before become important from the resistance it met with) dwindled into a select party, I was out of employ, till a certain Baronet sent me a retaining fee; then "*Burdett for ever*" graced the walls, and this I continued to write, till a fatal oversight lost me the protection of my Patron. At the period when Sir Francis was sent to prison, during a week of sickness, I intrusted my chalk to my eldest son, who was weak enough to use it, by writing over the walls of Foley House and its neighbourhood, "*Burdett for ever*," in company with "*Finnerty for ever*," and "*Gale Jones for ever*." My Patron sent for me, and told me that I ought to have known what the real *aristocratic* feelings of a *democrat* were, and wondered that I did not understand, that whatever use Sir Francis might make of the *scum*, he did not wish them exalted into rivals for popularity; he withdrew his pay from me, and has since, I believe, intrusted his chalking business to an old Gentleman, whose Christian name is "*Jack*," and who was very active on that and similar occasions, at Sheerness, formerly.

This little mishap lost me much practice; for when the *dirty shirt* patriot, Colonel Wardle, brought forward his charges against the Duke of York, several of the profession were employed to chalk up, "*No Morning Post*," "*Wardle for ever*," "*No York*;" and a certain friend of the Colonel was at the time so hard driven for hands, that in the country, it is said, he undertook the business himself.

As soon as the Regency began, I again came into play, under the auspices of a certain lofty Nobleman, and I industriously placarded, "*No Perceval*," "*The Greys and Grenvilles*," "*Catholic Emancipation*;"

in

in which service I had nearly exhausted a chalk-pit, when I received a verbal order not to proceed. I was then turned to private business, and, in my old neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, gained a few shillings by illuminating the dead walls about Hart Street with "*Combe for ever*," Combe being the name of a brewer of very *patriotic* principles.

About this time I engaged on liberal terms to put up "*Holland and Peace*," which is still visible. When the Restrictions ended, I thought to outrun even expectation, and, without directions, set to work, heart and soul, with "*The Prince for ever*," "*No Perceval*;" but, lo! the great Nobleman I first had worked for sent for me in a violent passion, and told me that I must be mad—that the Prince had sacrificed the vanity of *two* of his personal friends to what he fancied the good of the country, and that I must pursue a new line. After consulting two of the Edinburgh Reviewers, "*O fall'n Prince*," was thought pithy and poetical, and with as much care and legibility as my old cry about "*Holland and Peace*," it is to be seen every where.

Why, then, you will ask, betray the secrets of my vocation?—You shall be answered. My patriotic Patron, knowing my boldness, desired my aid to placard "*No Wellington, Suchet for ever, Burdett and Buonaparte*." My answer was firm; I hope not intemperate. I told him, "that so long as his discretion veiled his intentions, and he appeared *willing* to do good, I would serve him, but that he could by no means vindicate the *design* of exalting a Frenchman over an Englishman: that it was evident what that man meant who would under-rate the achievements of a hero, who would live in English hearts so long as they should beat, and whose name would ever shine in the annals of our country." He made no reply; but, from what I hear, none of the profession  
can

can be found rascally enough to undertake the business for him.

After this I applied to Administration : told them what opportunities offered of retaliation—to couple “*Burdett and Scott*,” “*Wardle and the Wrights*,” “*Turton and Nonsense*,” or by way of designation post up “*Whitbread the Bully*,” “*Cuthbert the Silly*,” “*Wardle the Dirty*,” “*Tierney the Turn-coat*,” and fifty others ; but I was told that the present Ministry stood upon the sure ground of talent and integrity ; that they needed not the assistance of mobs ; but that, true to the Church and State, they would, unawed by threats and unbraved by party, ever abide by the principles they had candidly and openly avowed. In this doubtful æra of Politics, I am out of employment, and should you hear of any Ex-minister desirous of being written *in*, or any declining politician who wishes to be written *up*, I will undertake his business. I write a fair legible hand, and, from the present state of the nightly watch, will contract to set on foot any cry in forty-eight hours without interruption or discovery.

References may be had to several persons for whom I have chalked, and specimens may be seen in “*Holland and Peace*,” and “*O fall'n Prince*” (about which I have taken most pains), in Scotland Yard, Charter House Square, the Inns of Court, and many other places. If, therefore, I should obtain a patron through the medium of your paper, I shall be truly grateful, and remain, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

Wallworth, March 4, 1812.

MARK WHITE!

P. S. I have had an application from Nottingham to chalk for the frame-breakers ; but from the channel through which it was made, I rather think it came by the recommendation of the Baronet, and I therefore refused it.

THE



## THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS:

[From the British Press, March 9.]

THE following Letter, from the Manager of the Opera House, at the Pantheon, to his brother, who conducts the Theatre at Bath, appeared in The Bath and Bristol Mercury, about a fortnight ago:—

Opera House, Pantheon,

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

Feb. 18, 1812.

HAVING obtained a license as Manager, free from all restrictions, I lost not a moment to open the Theatre. It had been long my intention, and I often avowed it, to begin with *Hamlet*—and to play the *Prince of Denmark* myself. You well know with what enthusiasm I have recited the passage in the *Ghost's* speech, where he says—

“ Upon my secret hour they—stole  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment.”

These lines, which I have ever conceived as describing the fatal effects of wicked advisers, who poison the minds of Princes; the passage, too, where he reproaches the vile courtiers, *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, with being spies set to watch and betray him, under the pretence of being attached to his person, with many others, I considered peculiarly applicable to the present times, and eminently calculated for stage effect; but my nerves, I confess, were not equal to the arduousness of the part; and as I despair of strengthening my hands by engaging those first-rate Performers, whose talents have been so long and so justly admired by the Public, I do not mean to attempt any thing great, or upon a large scale, but to work through, at least for the remainder of the season, with my present miserable company, provided, as you know novelty is every thing with us, I could increase  
and



and vary it a little by the addition of a few strollers. —To come now to the progress which I have made in filling up my establishment.

I have engaged a property-man; but, as *Moses* says, in *The School for Scandal*, he is “an unseisonable dog,” and insists upon having all his family employed;—his brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, grandmothers, are to fill the parts of mutes, waiting-maids, and candle-snuffers—and all at large salaries.

The son, I am told, is a *sharp fellow*, and has often played a part in the *Peep behind the Curtain*. He speaks French fluently, and is reckoned to play *Canton*, in *The Clandestine Marriage*, better than *Baddely* used to do it; he will make an admirable *Filch*—do well in *The Lying Valet*—and other parts in broad farce and low comedy.

I have an offer from an ill-looking blear-eyed fellow from C——d. They tell me that his manner of performing the *Liar* exceeds any thing ever before seen on the stage; and that he plays *Iago*, and also *Millwood*, in *George Barnwell*, to the greatest perfection.

I am also in hopes of engaging a performer who has lately been upon the stage, and exhibited in a variety of parts. He, too, is a relation of my *Property-man*; he will undertake any part at a moment's notice, and, by getting him, I immediately have *Two Strings to my Bow*. He is said to be the *First Grave-digger* we now have upon the stage.

I have an offer of a gawkey country fellow from *Chichester*, who is always ready to turn his hand to any thing; he may be of use as box, book, and house keeper. Can you send me a *Polly* and a *Lucy*, as our ladies are too old. I mean to spare no expense in getting up the *Beggars' Opera*, nor, indeed, any pains, for I am resolved myself to dance the *horn-pipe* in fetters. Nothing shall deter me from it; my  
new

*new* friends say they become me so well—my gyves are turned to graces.—That d——d fellow, Mathews, is now on a country excursion; but Sir J. L—de has offered to play *Cypher*, in *Up all Night*, until his return.

A man of high fashion has tendered his services, and wishes to play *Lord Townly* for a few nights; but he is so devilish ill made about the legs, that I fear the audience won't suffer him to go through the part.

I am in treaty with a fine stately Gentleman for *Doctor Caius* and *Doctor Pangloss*; I can't, however, depend upon him, as I know he would leave us the moment he could better himself, having once been at the *head* of a strolling company; he has some followers, who may make good Lord Mayors and Aldermen, and walk in processions; he may also fill some minor characters, such as *Lord Burleigh* in the *Critic*, &c.

With such support, then, my dearest Brother, if aided by your exertions, as well as by a vigorous and sonorous Orchestra, formed on the most harmonious basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which *the Muses* were ever engaged. You are authorized to communicate these sentiments to *Mr. Twedle Dum*, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to *Mr. Twedle Dee*.

I am, always,

Your ever affectionate Brother,

JOHN SCOT, Manager, P. O. H.

P. S. I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to the *Little Manager* of the Westminster Debating Society.

## THE HARE WHO ABANDONED HIS FRIENDS.

A FABLE, IMITATED FROM GAY.

Erratum—line 26, for *Heir*, read *Hare*.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 9.]

**A** HARE, who, by his pleasing life,  
 Spite of their usual course of strife,  
 Had for his friends contriv'd to gain  
 The noblest beasts that walk the plain;  
 Who'd erst brought o'er, his side to take,  
 The Elephant of pow'rful make,  
 And had receiv'd in many a fray,  
 Protection from the Lion Grey;  
 Who'd been allied, in peace and battle,  
 With two of the old Scottish Cattle;  
 Was by the Ostrich brave caress'd,  
 And the young Fox's love possess'd:  
 Chancing one morn abroad to stray,  
 Met a foul Jackal in his way;  
 This brute of old, himself had thrust  
 Into the Elephant's high trust,  
 Gain of the Fox's kindness made,  
 And base his confidence betray'd.  
 With endless appetite endued,  
 He'd rake the foulest dung for food;  
 And though to all notorious made,  
 Unblushing plied his dirty trade;  
 Plunder'd the weaker all day long,  
 Pimp'd, lied, and cheated for the strong.  
 In vain would he have sought to share  
 The love and friendship of the Heir;  
 But that, assistant by his side,  
 A female Swan display'd her pride;  
 Who yet had ne'er been known to wander  
 From her old mate, a stiff-neck'd Gander.  
 Quick glow'd the Hare with love most fervent,  
 And swore himself her willing servant.  
 His aid the Jackal sily lends,  
 To drive away his ancient friends;

Who

Who well he knew would never bear  
His friendship to disgrace the Hare ;  
And sought all means to make him known  
To brutes with hearts just like his own.

And now, our Hare's ferocious foes,  
The Gallic Huntsmen's cries arose,  
And he must seek from friends the pow'r  
To meet them in the trying hour.  
Where should he turn, what course pursue ?  
The strength of his old Friends, he knew,  
Was with much greater safety fraught,  
Than all the tricks his new ones taught ;  
But would they to his fav'rites bend,  
Or call the filthy Jackal Friend ?

He spoke them thus : " Ye've been, 'tis true,  
My faithful Friends my lifetime through ;  
But I've acquir'd, within this year,  
Others who now are much more dear ;  
Who, nothing caring what might hide,  
All my desires have gratified,  
Have fed me with the choicest dishes,  
And bid me never stint my wishes ;  
And, while I revell'd free from cares,  
Ne'er plagued me 'bout my own affairs.  
Nay, more ; what binds me most their slave,  
They to this brave old Badger gave,  
Who long has serv'd me with attention,  
A den, to which he'd no pretension.  
This Weasel takes my fancy most,  
And him I wish to rule the roast,  
A keen, sly brute, was nurs'd among lawyers,  
But trusted then by few employers,  
With private interests to deal,  
Retir'd to guide the public weal ;  
And is determin'd, come what will,  
Ruin and shame ! to do so still.  
Here are some more of monstrous merit,  
The Otter, naval brute of spirit,  
' A Teller,' most exact of all,  
The fish that to his net may fall.

These



These Monkeys too my friendship hold,  
 The short-legg'd Cinque Baboon, who bold  
 In foreign wars erst wish'd to roam ;  
 The tall, dull Ape who rules 'at home.'  
 The heavy ram-fac'd Ourang Outang,  
 And the wigg'd Boggo good at doubting,  
 All these, as friends, I wish to give ye,  
 With Jambo here, who 'keeps the Privy.'

"Now, my old Friends, if some of you,  
 (Those Jackal likes,) will leave the crew  
 Of beasts with whom you've wont to herd,  
 And all you've heretofore preferr'd,  
 All the opinions that you've borne,  
 And all the solemn vows you've sworn,  
 (Which difficult you cannot call,  
 For with great ease I've done it all,)  
 To these dear Brutes will servile bow,  
 Whom you've abus'd and scoff'd till now ;  
 Gladly shall I receive in truth  
 Some, whom I've lov'd from early youth ;  
 For they will then associates be  
 Quite fit for my new Friends and me."

The noble Beasts their noses clos'd  
 As he produc'd each Friend propos'd,  
 Some words refusing deign'd to say,  
 And then majestic stalk'd away.  
 But with them then were seen to move  
 The old Scotch cattle nam'd above,  
 The Bedford Stag, the lofty steed  
 Of Rockingham's high-blooded breed.  
 The Royal Spaniel, Devon Hart,  
 And Buck's Rhinoceros, depart.  
 The Fox and Wolf-dog swell'd the train,  
 With all that's noble on the plain.  
 The Hare surpris'd, with vain essay,  
 The stately Ostrich tried to stay ;  
 Who oft had, free from sickly throes,  
 The iron borne of many foes :  
 The Hare to him rich favours threw,  
 Offer'd to deck his wings with blue,

If he the schemes would only back all,  
 Of the sly Weasel and foul Jackal.  
 Rejected here, he tried to staunch  
 The anger of the Lion blanch.  
 But both their high disdain express'd,  
 And proudly left him with the rest.  
 None stay'd behind of all the crew,  
 Except a hungry Rat or two.

"Well," said the Hare, "go, Weasel! see  
 For other Friends for you and me."  
 (For the brave Goat, I should have said,  
 Had down the Hare's employment laid;  
 And sorely did the Weasel need  
 Some beast of wisdom to succeed.)  
 The Hare and Weasel then, 't is said,  
 To an old Ass applied for aid,  
 Who erst had held a high position,  
 But now was only a Physician;  
 Who to a herd prescrib'd their rules  
 Of a few Donkies and some Mules.  
 These liv'd as friends through ev'ry weather,  
 And always us'd to graze together.  
 Whether it was the proud old Ass  
 Demanded too much hay and grass;  
 Whether (for he had seen some fail)  
 He thought the whole concern was frail;  
 Or whether such association  
 He thought might blot the reputation  
 He long had held for plain stupidity,  
 With stains of int'rest and cupidity;  
 Grave Doctor Donkey would not heal  
 The wounds that pain'd the common weal,  
 Till he himself receiv'd a plaster  
 To save his Donkies from disaster.

With better luck and foresight keener  
 They sought the smiling smooth Hyena,  
 A brute, whose visage kind and gay  
 Seem'd only made for peace and play,  
 Who erst beguil'd with pleasing sounds  
 A pack of Erin's gallant hounds.

Woe to the wretch who trusts too much,  
Or puts himself within his clutch !  
No beast more ready could be chosen,  
In truth he was the Jackal's cousin.

Thus doth the ill-befriended Hare  
To guide the noble tribe prepare,  
Thus, Gaul's fierce hunters close at hand,  
He hopes their onset to withstand,  
And o'er his fancied pride exults,  
That ev'ry worthy beast insults.

If any now my moral wish,  
'Tis this—When Otters watch our fish ;  
Successful when the Weasel begs  
The trust to guard our golden eggs ;  
When the unmask'd Hyena tends  
The care to make and keep our friends ;  
In Monkeys' hands when Folly puts  
Edg'd tools to play with, 'stead of nuts ;  
When the foul Jackal's rav'nous maw  
Is by no Lion kept in awe,  
The Hare in short for succour goes  
To brutes who've been his bitt'rest foes ;—  
It needs no second-sight to trace  
The future curses of the race.

And may our Hare (so shall he thrive)  
Think of them, ere their truth arrive !

## ECONOMY.

[From the General Evening Post, March 10.]

MR. EDITOR,

MY last letter, which appeared in your Paper of Saturday, went to establish two positions ; the one, that *Economy* is *necessary* ; the other, that it is very *difficult* ; and I promised to transmit to you the result of my own experience in the matter, with the humble hope that those complaints may be in some degree suppressed, the causes of which we can in no degree remove.

I allow,

I allow, however, that it is very easy to *talk* about Economy; and I and my family *talked* so long about it, that, at length, we began in good earnest to try what could be *done*, to lessen the enormous weight of household expenses, taxes, and other notorious grievances. I began with suggesting, that, as London, in consequence of the many spirited improvements carried into execution by the corporation, was now become a tolerably healthy place, we might give up our *country-house*, and thereby nearly save one half of our domestic expenses.—*Negatived* unanimously, 1. Because *nobody* now lived in London; 2. Because *every body* had a country-house; and, lastly, in the shape of an interrogation, “What would the *world* say?”

I next hinted, that as carriages pass our door at least a dozen times a-day, and we might have hackney-coaches when we pleased, the expense of the *chariot* might be saved.—*Negatived* unanimously, 1. Because stage-coaches *linger* on the road; 2. Because my wife and daughters are always *sick* in stage-coaches; 3. Because *positively* there is *no riding* in stage-coaches; and, 4. Because one cannot always get a hackney-coach without a *deal* of *waiting*.—These resolutions were also flanked by the awful interrogatory, “What would the *world* say?”

I then tried some other articles; but as they were all voted necessary, *nem. con.* I need not trouble you with the recital, nor with the learned debates which followed each of my propositions. But as I continued to express my dissatisfaction, and frequently to hint, that I *must* and *would* begin a system of Economy, I was at length assured that something effectual should be done to silence *my clamours*; and accordingly we have gone on for a considerable time, pursuing a system of Economy, which, I am confidently assured, is that practised in *higher places*, and



by greater personages. It would fill your whole paper were I to give you all the particulars in which we have been so *saving*; but a few *items* may be quite sufficient to instruct your Readers how to husband their finances in *dear times*.

The first remarkable effort, I remember, was locking up the *small-beer* cellar, by which means two important points were gained: first, the servants *could* not drink the beer, when the door was locked: and secondly, they *would* not drink it when the door was opened, as it happened to turn sour. I remember I was one day told we had saved in the course of a month *three shillings and sixpence* by this contrivance, and the same night I paid *three guineas* for tickets to Signor Squallini's concert.

Another time, a prodigious saving, amounting, in six weeks, to above *half-a-crown*, was introduced in the consumption of *tens candles*, for the kitchen and nursery; and my bill for wax-lights for two *routs* in that time, did not exceed *five pounds sixteen shillings* sterling. Much about this period I was told of the expense of job-horses, and therefore gave 16*ol.* for a pair of greys, both of which died within half a year, although they were kept at the *same* livery-stable from which I had my jobs.

Some of my family were annual *guinea subscribers* to a Dispensary; but it being strongly surmised, that public charities are grossly abused, and *one's money* absolutely thrown away, it was unanimously agreed to retrench this *superfluity*; and the same day, one of my annual subscribers gave *thirty-five guineas* for a small suit of lace to Mrs. Mechlin, the great milliner of Bond Street.

Another very notable saving, the fruit of *honest industry* and *ingenuity*, was, that my females learned to make up a great many articles of dress, formerly given out for that purpose—caps, shoes, and other articles  
were

were so neatly *made*, or *mended*, last summer, preparatory to our annual visit to Brighton, that it was clearly demonstrated to me, upon black and white, that the same things made in the shops would have come to *three* or *four pounds*—and that summer, I well remember, the house at Brighton cost me *nine guineas* a *week* rent, and was so convenient, that, in consequence of the above savings, we continued there a month longer than usual.

As I believe it is universally agreed that the *necessaries* of life are scandalously wasted, I assure you there is no such waste permitted in my family; no bread used that is not three days old, which all allow to be an admirable expedient; and while I can congratulate myself on a saving, in the course of a year, of nearly *twelve*, or perhaps *fourteen shillings*, by this expedient, you will not think me a miser when I tell you that my pastry-cook's bill for *desserts*, during the same time, exceeded 64*l.* sterling.

Sometimes, however, these systems of Economy are not carried, in my family, without considerable debating. I remember, on one occasion, when the payment for *water* was called for, I was told it would be a very great saving to lay in the — water instead of that which we found upon the premises. I hesitated about this, and very warm words followed, which might have produced rather awkward effects, had I not asked their opinion of a *pipe* of *port*, for which I gave that morning the sum of 128*l.* and which was unanimously voted to be *reasonable*.

I might instance in many other cases the very great savings which I have been enabled to make by this excellent system; but what are already noticed may be sufficient to explain the nature of the system, and to enable your Readers to judge whether they have ever seen any thing like it, either in public or private affairs. If they have, or if they give me credit, they

will at once perceive all that I have been labouring to prove—the *difficulty* of economizing. One gentleman, indeed, to whom I showed a rough draught of this letter, affected to treat it as a matter of very great facility. He had even the assurance to tell me, that all the difficulty I complained of, and all the difficulty complained of in *higher places*, arose from Economists not knowing which end to begin at,—“Your Economists, now-a-days,” said he, “are a set of chandler’s-shop politicians; they can reckon, and they can save the farthings and fractions on pennies and two-pences, while they lavish pounds without any reckoning at all. And for one penny saved in *necessaries*, a pound at least goes for *luxuries*.—There is for example, Mr. —”

But here, as he was going into what I deem personal scandal, I interrupted him, by saying, that I was determined to stick to *my* argument; and all the allowance I would make to *his*, would be, that I should conclude my letter with this position, namely, that *much* of the difficulty of public or private Economy arises from not knowing which end to begin at—or—always beginning at the *wrong end*.

I am, Sir, yours,

A DOMESTIC STATESMAN.

## SPORTING SALE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, March 10.]

### *Pack of Fox-Hounds.*

TO be sold, in One Lot, to *clear the Kennel*, the most noted Pack of Fox-Hounds ever known by the oldest Sportsman in England. A high price was offered, but refused, for one or two couple of them, to form a new Royal Pack. They were bred from different strains of high blood, and though a few of the

the *Puppies* are rather lively tongued, most of the old Hounds *run mute*. They are, at this time, become somewhat low in condition, from the *scarcity of flesh*; but regular boilings would soon fine their skins. They are remarkable for fine noses, and will run a *drag* keenly the coldest scenting day. They are parted with for no other reason than that *Will GREENFIELD*, the Huntsman, has unfortunately quarrelled with the *Country*, which, on that account, will not *stop* for him. *Will's* noted Hack, *GREY Fretful*, which has carried him several seasons to cover, will be sold with the Hounds: though disqualified for a *King's Plate*, having once bolted, he would train well for the *Yeomen Prickers' Plate* at Ascot: he is remarkably full of bone, and, though he tosses up his head awkwardly in a *curb*, rides well in a *snaffle*. Would make a famous *teaser* to a brood stud.—Also, a Couple of *Terriers*, that have run some time with the Pack: they are thorough *vermin*, and famous for lying at a *Fox* as long as he lived.

\* \* Catalogues, with Pedigrees of the Hounds, will be given in a few days.

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### BLUE AND BUFF.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 11.]

SPENCER \*! 't is strange and odd enough,  
 To see you clad in *Blue and Buff*,  
 The badge of those who tried to save  
 The land for which you've dug the grave;  
 While, let another year be spent  
 In *War, Exclusion, Discontent*,  
 That grave must close o'er Britain's fame,  
 Extinct her trade, disgrac'd her name,  
 And Sexton Perceval adjust  
*Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!*

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\* The late Mr. P——v-l.



No Popery brawlers 'gainst *Reform*  
 Should choose *another* uniform;  
 The Sanbenito, red and black,  
 Would better suit the *pension'd* back,  
 With flames and devils thick besprent,  
 And other hellish ornament,  
 Fit for that time, and for no other,  
 When bigots roast, and broil, and smother;  
 But not for this, when good and wise,  
 With op'ning hearts and unseal'd eyes,  
 See the *true* interest of the nation  
 In *Peace, Reform, and Toleration*.

What! do they think to gull the people  
 By hanging *Bell* up in their steeple?  
 Or brandishing their penal code  
 'Gainst those whom want—nay, famine, goad?  
 Ah! Blue and Buff in *masquerade*,  
 Will ne'er revive our drooping trade;  
 This must be done by *genuine* stuff,  
 By Fox and Co.'s *true* Blue and Buff.

But what will our Prince Regent do  
 With these *soi-disant* Buff and Blue?  
 His *qui proquos* will never cease,  
 He 'll talk to Perceval of *Peace*!  
 To Eldon of an *ended suit*!  
 With York, the best way *to recruit*!  
 And chat with Viscount Castlereagh,  
 Of *Ireland's prosperity*—!!—  
 And when they talk, pray will he own them,  
 Of war *ad internecionem*?  
 Of *fix'd* resolve of *never* sharing  
 The *common rights* with Sister Erin?  
 Persistence in their Orders frantic,  
 And *fatal* quarrel Trans-Atlantic?—  
 Time only in his circuit can, Sir,  
 This most *momentous* question answer.  
 Meantime we 'll leave their Buff and Blue  
 To this *pawn-broking* piebald crew,  
 Who deal in *pledges* to the state,  
 Each *strutting* with his *duplicate*—  
 From such, indignant, let us turn  
 To those who cling round Fox's urn;

In *sober* suit their homage pay,  
 (For Fox's colour *now* is GREY,) 175  
 Who scorn the *back-stair* path to trace,  
*And sell their country for a place.*—  
 Though titles tempt, and ribands lure,  
 With Sheridan can dare be *poor*;  
 And, spite of *strange infatuation*,  
 Be honest, and uphold *the nation*;—  
 Consistent, zealous, firm, and true,  
*Immortal Fox's Buff and Blue.*

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### THE KENNEL.

[From the Morning Herald, March 14.]

THE Kennel of Fox-Hounds still hang on hand. *Will* GREENFIELD, their savage-tempered Huntsman, however, talks swaggeringly about the high prices that have been bid for them in *couples*, but that he is determined not to part with them but in a bunch, except a few of the *babbling puppies*, which, from the want of *flesh*, and not having been *wormed*, are a little liable, he says, at this season, to run *mad*. *Will's Hack, Grey Fretful*, has been often had out, and tried, but is found too slack for a *Teaser*, and having a couple of *blood spavins*, won't do to carry a Lady *safe*: less money is now expected for him, as a knowing jockey or two, who have handled him, say he is touched in the wind!

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### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the British Press, March 14.]

STRAYED, a Bull of the Welsh Breed.—He has been long considered a fine generous animal, and worked most kindly in the Royal team until within these few weeks, when he became restive, and broke loose. Whoever will give notice of him, so as that he may be recovered, shall be handsomely reward-

ed, on application to Mr. JOHN BULL, at the sign of the Crown and Sceptre, Constitution Hill. It is feared that he has got into the hands of some very bad dealer.

N. B. He *was* considered a fine animal—his friends not having lately seen him, cannot say what he is now. They have heard, indeed, that he is wofully changed, and all for the worse.

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### ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 16.]

FINE and feathery artisan !  
 Best of Plumists ! if you can  
 To such lofty task presume,  
 Make for me a Pr—ce's Plume ;  
 Feathers bright, and feathers rare,  
 Such as suits a Pr—ce to wear.  
 First, thou downiest of men !  
 Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;  
 Such a Hen, so tall and grand,  
 As by Juno's side might stand,  
 If there were no Cocks at hand.  
 Be she ancient, be she fat,  
 Never mind, no matter that.  
 Seek her feathers soft and brown,  
 Fit to shine on Pr—ce's Crown ;  
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !  
 Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.  
 Ranging these in order due,  
 Pluck me next—an old Cuckoo,  
 Emblem of the honour'd fates  
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates.  
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—  
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,  
 Thus to have his feathers blest  
 Shining on a R-y-l Crest ?  
 Bravo, Plumist !—now what Bird  
 Shall we find for Plume the Third ?

You

You must get a learned Owl,  
 Bleakest of black-letter Fowl ;  
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,  
 Foe to all that's fair and bright !  
 Seize his quills, so form'd to pen  
 Books, that shun the search of men ;  
 Books, that, far from every eye,  
 In " swelter'd venom sleeping " lie !  
 Stick them in beside the two,  
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo—  
 Now you have the triple feather,  
 Bind their kindred stems together,  
 With a silken tie, whose hue  
 Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;  
 Sullied now, alas, how much !  
 Only fit for Y-rm—th's touch.  
 Now beneath, in letters neat,  
 Write—" *I serve,*" and all 's complete.

## PLAYS IN REHEARSAL.

[From the same.]

**T**HE following Tragedies and Comedies have been  
 in rehearsal at the Royalty Theatre, and will be  
 speedily produced, with unexampled splendour:—

Florizel and Perdita—Family Quarrels.

The Wags of Windsor—Raising the Wind.

The Double Marriage—A New Way to Pay Old  
 Debts.

Who's the Dupe?—The Careless Husband.

King or No King.

Double Dealer—Is He a Prince?

Two Noble Kinsmen—The Liar.

New Brooms—The Road to Ruin.

Papal Tyrants—The Refusal—The Wonder.

The Feast of Darius—The Devil to Pay—The He-  
 roic Daughter.

A Peep into the Seraglio—Hartford Bridge.



Mysterious Visitor—Busy Body—The Gamester.  
The Chains of the Heart—The Mad Lover.

Together with the Military Burletta of  
The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.

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THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

[From the British Press, March 16.]

THE following letter appeared in The Bath and Bristol Mercury last Monday.

No. II.

Opera House, Pantheon,  
March 7, 1812.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

I WRITE to you again, to say, that my first performance is fixed for Thursday next, the 12th instant. From all I hear, we shall play to a crowded house. I am told most of the *O. P.*'s will be there, perhaps with the intent of making a riot; I shall, however, be prepared for them, by having the *nightly watch* at my elbow. I confess I feel terribly nervous, and fear I must have recourse to a drop of the good old cordial we have so often tasted together; for it is an unpleasant task to encounter so many of my old stage friends, whom I have endeavoured to seduce from their present honourable engagements. We are to have a private rehearsal in the ante-room before the doors are open, to try the young Actors who have never before appeared on any stage: some of them are rare fellows, and want licking into shape most confoundedly. My ——— is capital in *Polonius*, for he has all the sneaking manners of the true-bred courtier; as *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant* says, "*He boo'd and boo'd again,*" and has a happy insincere smile upon his countenance, which never forsakes him. We tried him in the scene with *Hamlet*, where he says—

Do

Do you see yonder mirror that 's almost in the shape of a stag with large horns?

*Pol.* By the mass 't is like a stag indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it 's like an old ram's horn.

*Pol.* It is crooked like an old ram's horn.

*Ham.* Or like a white liver?

*Pol.* Very like a white liver.

This was uttered in such a sycophantic style and manner, that, when repeated on the stage, I am sure the audience will thunder down applause. The other courtiers did tolerably well. *Rosencrantz* and *Guil-denstern* have lived too much in low company to play the polished men of fashion; the former has often been exposed to the public, and the latter is precisely what *Hotspur* describes in the First Part of *Henry IV.*

———“ A certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his *whiskers long*,  
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.  
He was perfumed like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff.”——

My other courtier, *Osrick*, I fear will be mistaken by the galleries for *ostrich*, as he is so devilish ill made about the legs, which are like those of the bird in question; besides, he must always wear gloves, as he lost his fore-finger when a boy, stealing toasted cheese out of a *rat-trap*. I suspect he will be well hissed.

My Sub-Property-man, Sir, will never do in genteel comedy. I hear he has once played *Lovel*, in *High Life below Stairs*, and was inimitable when he personated the red-haired foot-boy; he is, however,

at home in *Filch*, *Scrub*, and those sorts of characters where impudence and vice prevail.

The rest of the company I have no right to complain of; they are subservient in every respect, and have neither *prejudices* nor *predilections*; they sweep the stage, pick up the rotten apples and orange-peel, fetch and carry, snuff candles, and trim lamps. But I do not see any prospect of my being able to go through the season, unless you can assist me. Hitherto all efforts to strengthen my hands have failed. What the d—l is come to the fellows I cannot tell, as they seem to be upon their high ropes, and not to care about salaries or emoluments; on the contrary, they appear to fancy themselves no longer actors, like myself, but talk of feelings of honour, private virtue, and such stuff. You will scarce believe me when I relate to you, that a stout-hearted little fellow, not five feet four inches high, had the impudence to refuse to accept of the offer I made him, of taking charge of all the horses, elephants, and live animals, which are now so much in request. Nay, I offered to put him in the fine gilt car, in our first grand procession, whenever it should take place. There's a fellow for you! I have begged of him not to tell of my offer, lest *Sawney M'Greedy* should fancy himself affronted, and quit me; for I must say, Sawney takes good care of the cattle, and of himself too. I have written to the Managers of Norfolk, Leicester, Bedford, Scarborough, and Guildford, but all without effect. You will perceive what a miserable set I have got, and, unless you can assist me, I must open with the present company, bad as it is. Do answer this, my dearest brother, and let me know your sentiments, and advise me how to pursue my plans in the best manner.

I hear *Tweedle Dum* and *Tweedle Dee* have decided to appear in the front row of the pit. How  
can

can I face them? I am, my dearest brother, ever  
yours most affectionately,

JOHN SCOT, Manager, P. O. H.

P. S. I believe I must get rid of my *first fiddler*; the little fellow begins to be d——d insolent, and I see is wishing to govern me: that won't do. Petticoat influence is the only influence a Manager ought to acknowledge.

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### ANSWER OF LORDS GREY AND GRENVILLE \*.

[From the Morning Post, March 16.]

**I**N a dutiful strain we beg leave to address  
Your Highness in terms of respect, and express  
Our thanks for the manner so gracious and kind,  
You adopt of unfolding the Regent's good mind,  
By laying before us his Letter to you,  
Where the good of the State seems alone his great view.  
With your Highness's leave, we shall jointly make free,  
As the subject strikes us, just to let you now see.  
The Regent, in style than which nought can be better,  
On various topics has touch'd in his Letter;  
In patriot strains, for the good of the State,  
He invites Rival Parties to scorn strife and hate;  
To join hand and heart in one noble endeavour,  
Their Country to save, and its perils to weather:  
The thought is refin'd, and can only proceed  
From a breast long the seat of each generous deed;  
From a Prince whose best glory is only to find  
The proud prop of a Throne is a patriot mind.  
At the close of his Letter he wishes those friends  
Who early in life turn'd his name to their ends,  
Would strengthen his hands, and their int'rest embrace,  
By sharing with Perceval, power and place:  
From Councils thus form'd, on a liberal plan  
Of wisely selecting each eminent man,  
He fondly predicts he with glory shall close  
A war unexampled for dangers and woes.  
Your Highness will easily see the cause why  
To parts of this Letter we give no reply:

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\* See p. 154.



But where it alludes to our Party, we think  
From frank explanation we ought not to shrink.

We most earnestly beg that the Prince will believe,  
For office or power we never can grieve :  
No sacrifice, Sir, can be ever too great  
To show our regard for the Prince and the State,  
Save of *honour* and duty—and there we must say,  
That we never can barter these jewels away :  
All else we could yield, if we only could see  
The People and Government wisely agree :  
If discord and strife could be banish'd awhile,  
And union and harmony strengthen our isle.  
All exclusion that's *personal*, Sir, we disclaim,  
One *general sweep* is alone our true aim ;  
For unless we are all of *one mind*, we foretell,  
We shall never in Council amalgamate well.  
And how to agree can we venture to hope,  
When intolerant Perceval bawls out—No Pope !!  
No bloody Queen Mary's days seek to revive !  
No roasting of Protestant martyrs alive !  
No vespers Sicilian—Bartholomew's day !  
No *Hanover* Prince to bring back *James's* sway !  
But down with the Catholics—up “ *Church and State*,”  
And *No Popery* ! chalk on each wall and each gate.  
Intolerant bigot!—you ne'er can succeed.  
To force on your Prince so unchristian a creed.  
In this age more enlighten'd, Philosophy reigns,  
And Princes and People now list to her strains ;  
So Louis, by sapping the props of his Church,  
By *philosopher* Neckar was left in the lurch ;  
And we, all *philanthropists*, ne'er will refuse  
For our colleagues in office—Turks, Papists, or Jews.  
From no one we seek to exact a harsh test,  
On public political measures we rest ;  
Religion we leave to each varying mind,  
To choose for itself as it best seems inclin'd :  
Though experience shows that in *Britain alone*,  
On a *National Church* safe reposes her *Throne*.  
On this ground alone, whence we never can swerve,  
We candidly say, without any reserve,

We.

We scorn to unite with a *Bigot* so great,  
Who won't let the Pope have a voice in the State.

On other grave points we so firm are oppos'd,  
An union can ne'er with success be propos'd ;  
The Regent will do us the justice to say,  
Already we twice have declin'd to give way ;  
First two years ago, when propos'd by the King,  
And again by himself in the course of last spring :  
When his Highness was pleas'd to request we would state  
Our advice how to form a strong Council of State.  
The reasons we humbly then brought to his view,  
Are strengthen'd by dangers increasing and new ;  
Nor down to this moment it ne'er can appear  
That conflicting opinions are drawing more near.  
Reluctant we feel, as the subject is stale,  
To enter at large on a wider detail :  
Suffice it to say of each act that is past,  
We, *in toto*, condemn, from the first to the last.  
No political folly was ever more plain,  
Than wasting our blood and our treasure in Spain :  
And mark the sad consequence, often foretold,  
We're chok'd with *Bank-paper*—and drain'd of our *gold*.  
We daily are nearing a terrible smash,  
When our *blood* is all wasted, as well as our cash ;  
But the danger most pressing that threatens the State,  
Is the feverish turn of the Irish of late :  
For whiskey and politics jointly combine  
To make Ireland seem a combustible mine :  
His Highness alludes to a recent debate,  
When a motion was made to consider her fate,  
When Administration most wisely profess'd,  
That resisting her claims would retain her at rest.  
So widely we deem on this point they are wrong,  
'Tis in vain to expect we could act with them long ;  
For were we to-morrow in public employ,  
Each Catholic bosom should vibrate with joy ;  
The Pope and his train of grim Catholic sons,  
Of Abbesses, Relics, fat Monks, and lean Nuns,  
Again should revive Superstition's dark day,  
And Freedom's bright orb be obscur'd by its sway.

We

We therefore can never officiate with those  
 Who to Popery's progress avow themselves foes.  
 It remains with us only to beg you will tell  
 His Highness the Prince, that we all wish him well;  
 Whatever promotes his own honour, or ease,  
 His fame can advance, or his subjects can please,  
 Will meet the warm wishes, we fervently say,  
 Of his dutiful subjects both *Grenville and Grey*.

SIMKIN.

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 EPIGRAM

ON THE REFUSAL OF THE BLUE RIBAND.

[From the same, March 17.]

**R**EFUSE a Riband, do you say?  
 It's true—nay, do not doubt it—  
 But what's the reason?—Reason!! they  
 Look *blue* enough without it.—

J. B.

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 THE DECISION.

— *Quid non regalia pectora cogis,  
 Auri sacra fames?*

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 18.]:

**O**NE Prince's heart *two* Rivals share:  
*This*, a prim, puritanic Fair,  
 A starch'd, intolerant Witch.  
 For *her* he felt but little passion:  
 His *wants*—not *love*—the grand temptation:  
 For—she was wondrous rich!  
 The *other* was a lofty Dame,  
 For whom he own'd a nobler flame;  
 A flame from childhood fed!  
 Her bosom pure affection rul'd;  
 Yet still its ardours Reason cool'd,  
 Its progress Honour led!  
 Like Hercules, with doubting mien,  
 He paus'd—the adverse Dames between:

To

To *this* his vows are bound !  
 But while he views the charms that deck her,  
*That* slily brings from her Exchequer

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS !!!

This weighty argument succeeded,  
 While vainly long attachment pleaded !

And yet to leave her loth :  
 Her, and the golden bait he ey'd ;  
 Then craz'd—in frantic accents cried,  
 “ Oh ! let me grasp you both ! ”

Ah ! where was Hercules' example ?  
 The lofty Dame was seen to trample  
 On the seductive treasure !  
 Then one indignant glance she gave,  
 And vanish'd !—leaving G——e, the slave  
 Of party, fraud, and pleasure !

RATOATE.

## LOVE AT FULL GROWTH: A POEM.

“ *Omnia vincit Amor, nos et cedamus Amori !* ”

[From the same, March 19.]

THOUGH love I sing, no hackney'd theme I choose :  
 I write of flames prais'd by no other muse.  
 “ Love rules the Court \*, ” sings Scot, and so it may,  
 But not such love as decorates his lay.

Not the trite love, that in life's morn imparts  
 Their earliest warmth to youths' and maidens' hearts ;  
 But that which can in tenderest vows engage  
 Its lusty votaries of a certain age :  
 Not that, with beauty's inspiration warm,  
 Which dwells on some brisk damsel's sylphid form ;  
 But that, whose eyes with doting gaze behold  
 The solid waist its arms can ne'er enfold :  
 Not that, which 'neath Arcadia's milder skies  
 Dwells free as air, and feeds on smiles and sighs ;  
 But that, whose smiles the smoking entries know,  
 And vents its sighs o'er fiery Curaçoa :

\* Lay of the last Minstrel.



Not that, its vows to Heathen fanes that showers,  
 But that which calls on common well-known powers ;  
 " O ! that some illness short would here find place,  
 And give my hands to meet in an embrace !  
 O ! to my love thy rage, my thirst, impart,  
 And leave, O Wolf, my belly for my heart !"

Hail wedded Love ! ('t is wedded, past all pother,  
 Where both are wed, though not to one another :)  
 Hail, that no change from altering beauty fears !  
 Hail the " new æra" of Love's riper years !  
 Shall youthful flames, that have weak rule enjoy'd  
 O'er boyish breasts, where all before was void,  
 Where no fond predilection empire held,  
 Where no first passion sway'd, to be expell'd,  
 Compare with thee, that canst o'er hearts preside,  
 Age should have cool'd, and reason fortified ?  
 Thy influence instant from the bosom tears !  
 All it has thought and learn'd in fifty years.  
 Before thy sway all life's long prospects die,  
 All early friendships, fix'd opinions, fly ;  
 Professions, pledges, vows, thy pow'r can scare,  
 And truth itself, if truth was ever there.  
 For lovesick perjuries Jove laughing eyes,  
 And greatest Lovers tell the greatest lies.

Though hearts with frequent fires have flam'd so high,  
 That all that 's left must be as cinders dry,  
 Thou canst inflame them still, and make them blaze  
 As wild and flagrant as in youngest days ;  
 Make, e'en where passion never yet has been,  
 Fat fifty sportive as light seventeen ;  
 Make matrons, strict for years, no longer coy,  
 And the big Father lovesick as a boy.  
 Nor while his eyes shall swim, in transports pure,  
 With floods of mingled passion and liqueur,  
 Shalt thou the Matron only picture fair,  
 But all her kindred shall become thy care !  
 By thee, her spouse, than dullest Peer more dense,  
 Shall sometimes seem to talk a little sense !  
 Has she a kinsman, whose whole life to trace  
 Is to behold one course of foul disgrace,

Where

Where Av'rice brings forth frauds as thick as lice ;  
 With pleasing semblance thou canst cloak "the Vice,"  
 And he shall be from all the world beside  
 The old new lover's chosen friend and guide.  
 Nor that old swain shall wonted thoughts engage ;  
 Young he shall be in every thing but age ;  
 His mind, though past be half his course on earth,  
 Void of impressions, as at earliest birth,  
 New and regenerate by his lovesick zeal,  
 Shall no resentment, predilection feel ;  
 All whom he 's hated shall his friendship use ;  
 All he 's despis'd direct him as they choose.

These are thy triumphs, Love !—What passion sung  
 In any numbers, or by any tongue,  
 Such new, such rare, such curious honour wears,  
 Or boasts the trophies our old Cupid bears ?

Then hail, Great Pair ! if such a pair there be,  
 And such a pair no eye could fail to see ;  
 Who not for Love's most childish sports too old,  
 Whom not one couch, and scarce one coach can hold ;  
 Hail, ever loving, lively, lovely, large !  
 Your fame should be my Muse's constant charge !  
 Twice hail, if such there are ! if such I knew,  
 The world at large should hail their greatness too,  
 Who justly place love's cares all else above ;  
 For " Love beats all, and we are rul'd by Love."

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### BANK NOTES AND GUINEAS.

[From the same, March 21.]

*BANK Notes*, it is said, once *Guineas* defied  
 To swim to a point in Trade's foaming tide ;  
 But ere they could reach the opposite brink,  
*Bank Notes* cried to *Gold*, " Help me ! *Cash us !* I sink !"  
 That *Paper* should sink, and *Guineas* should swim,  
 May appear to some folks a ridiculous whim ;  
 But, before they condemn, let them hear this suggestion—  
 In *pun-making*, *gravity* 's out of the question.

## POLITICAL MARINE LIST.

[From the same.]

THE *United States*, a new first-rate, has been ordered to be fitted for immediate service; but owing to her great size, it is presumed some time will elapse before she can acquire her *full complement*.

The *Sidmouth*, Capt. Smallpox commander, after lying a long time seasoning in dock, is, at length, pronounced fit for *immediate service*. It is believed she will be chiefly employed as a *hulk* to exercise the young Recruits off Point *Intolerance*, and prepare them to be drafted into the *Fury* fireship, *Persecution*.

The *Walcheren*, Castlereagh, is put *into commission*. Since her last voyage she has been completely *copper-bottomed*.

The *Regulator*, Bentinck, has *come to anchor* in Messina in Sicily.

The *Royal Charles*, Lennox, which it was expected would be *put out of commission*, is to hoist a *blue pendant*, and *continue on her station*.

The *Emancipation*, having *missed her reckoning*, is for the present put back into *Compromise Bay*.

The *Reversion*, Perceval, has run upon some sand *Banks*; and on fathoming, the well is found to have *three feet water in the hold*.

The *P. R.* in a stiff gale, wind blowing hard from the *Irish coast*, parted company with the *Friends* off *Cape Irresolution*. Great fear is entertained, as some of the timbers are unsound.—Last seen by the *Ryder* in latitude 50, *without a bowsprit*, running for *Port Hertford*.

Sailed the *Tilney Long* on a *voyage of discovery to the North Pole*.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, March 24.]

T WAS ask'd t' other day of an eminent sage,  
What less deserves trust in a dissolute age,  
Than a dog in a larder, or cat in a cage.  
The Scholar said, having a moment reflected,  
"Why, nothing on earth,—royal friendship excepted."

M. F.

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PROJECT FOR A CHANGE OF COUNCILS.

[From the same, March 27.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS conversing with a friend of mine yesterday upon the alarming appearances of the times, and the very little prospect we have of any alteration for the better; when, after some deliberation, he proposed the following remedy, as the only means of arriving at the bottom of the evil, and producing a fundamental change in the councils of the Empire. He proposed to engage some personable elderly lady, who will suffer herself to be cooped up and fattened, till she *outweighs* every other by a stone or two: "we must then," says he, "give her full powers and proper instructions; and this is the only chance we have of saving the country!"—Philosophers state it to be one of the great laws of gravitation, "that the attraction of bodies is in proportion to the quantity of matter which they contain;" and as the attraction of *female* bodies seems very much regulated by the same law at present, my friend's reliance upon the effects of an increase of matter does not appear to be at all chimerical or ill-founded. I therefore submit his proposal through the medium of your patriotic paper; and, requesting a few hints with respect to the shortest fattening process, from any of the noble feeders of (what is called) *new light* mutton,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Q.



P. S. It ought to be mentioned, that one lady has been tried in the balance against the Favourite, and has been "found wanting." The following is a pretty accurate account of the experiment :

"Let us see," said the R——t, "*which* heaviest weighs, Britannia or ——, and, lo ! he displays  
The balance to try them, high hanging in air,  
With the Goddess plac'd *here*, and her Ladyship *there*.  
They were, both of them, ladies of pretty good weight,  
But Britannia had been rather sickly of late ;  
For she 'd got in the hands of a d-mn-ble quack,  
Who had very near laid the poor Dame on her back ;  
And, in spite of her vigour and proud resolution,  
Had almost destroy'd her good old constitution ;  
Besides, too, 't was rumour'd, to add to her fright,  
That *the Doctor* was coming to finish her quite !  
Then, no wonder, alas ! the poor Lady was thin,  
And unable to weigh down the scale she was in :  
For the Dame on the *other* side sitting, God bless us ! -  
Was equal at least to three whole Marchionesses ;  
Accordingly, scarce had her Most Noble r-mp  
Been plac'd in the balance, than down it came plump ;  
And the R——t exclaim'd, while he view'd them together,  
"Poh ! weigh'd against ——, Britannia 's a feather !"

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### EPIGRAM

UPON A LATE SPEECH MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS  
WHEN THE PAYMASTERSHIP OF WIDOWS' PENSIONS  
WAS ABOLISHED.

[From the same, March 28.]

MAC Mahon arose,  
(When Bankes did propose  
Of the Paymaster's Pension to rid us,)  
And said, with long face,  
'T was no *sinecure* place,  
To satisfy so many widows.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[From the British Press, March 30.]

WE have read an old work, entitled, An Account of Royal, Noble, and Illustrious Authors. It is but a small volume, and comprises the literary history of many centuries. Now-a-days so high does the *furor scribendi* rage, that to frame a bare list of our Illustrious Authors would require the space of folios; and among no particular class of men has the mania of authorship been more prevalent than among our Senators. Not to mention the many *weighty* pamphlets on the Bullion Question, and the long and tedious dissertations on the Orders in Council—not to mention political tracts and party disputation—lots of our Senators have of late been subject to the awful visitation which prompts unlucky wights to rhyme. All Bedlam or Parnassus is broke loose, and the effusions anti-jacobinical of Canning and Ellis, have been succeeded by the heroic Talaveras of the heroic Croker, the Roncesvalles of Wharton—(there are Secretaries for ye!!)—But these are nothing to the works in preparation, for “In the press, and shortly to be published,” the following are a few of the most interesting :

Delicate Investigation, a Romance, by S. Perceval: to which is added, a *legal* Disquisition on the Art of Shifting.—The motto—

“ —Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder ?”

The Complete Letter Writer, by W. W. Pole.

Hoyle upon Games improved, by Lord Yarmouth.  
With an introductory Essay in praise of *Vices*.

A Dissertation on Poles, by the Right Honourable G. Ponsonby, in which the tendency to injury in carriage and Secretary Poles is fully demonstrated.

Essay

Essay on *Order*, by C. Abbott.

Disappointment, an Elegy, by G. Canning; and  
Small-beer, a Sonnet, by Sturges Bourne.

Nautica, or Walcheren, an heroic Poem, by Sir  
W. Curtis, splendidly printed, and embellished with  
a frontispiece of the author in a *Shell* with a sea-  
nymph, drawn by turtles instead of tritons. Notes,  
illustrations, and *designs*, by Lord Castlereagh.

An Essay on the Breach of Privilege and the Privi-  
lege of Breech, addressed to the *sitting Members*—  
G. Eden.

Purity, a Poem; with a Peep at a Peerage, a Farce;  
by George Rose.

Sternhold and Hopkins, a New Edition with addi-  
tions, by Hawkins Browne.

Thespisiána, or Theatrical Anecdotes, and a Squint  
into the Green-Room—S. Whitbread.

Analysis of *Bristol* Hot Wells, or the good Effects  
of getting into Hot Water, by Bragge Bathurst.—The  
Experiments by the Doctor.

Dialogues of the Dead, by Secretary Ryder; to  
which is subjoined, a new method of preserving what  
has been destroyed.

Duigenan, or Toleration.

The Necessity of extending the Benefits of Martial  
Law to Ireland—M. Sutton.

Finance, a Fable—by the Right Honourable John  
Foster.

Cleomphus, a Tragedy—by J. Fuller.

An Essay to prove and demonstrate the Purity of  
the Scots, and the Possibility of managing Matters  
without having recourse to Flogging—by Sir F. Bur-  
dett.

The Sea of Politics, an Allegory—Lord Cochrane.

The Liberty of the Press—gang,—maintained by  
Sir V. Gibbs.

The Piety of Resignation; author, C. Yorke.

Hints on National Monuments, by C. Long; proving, that when the House of Commons resolve "to make good the same," they are not bound to see "to make the same good."

There are many other equally new and desirable Publications preparing in the upper part of the *Chapel*, of which a list may hereafter be given.

## SHIP NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

(Continued from the *Morning Chronicle*!—See Page 188.)

[From the *Morning Herald*, April 1.]

**T**HE *Five Friends*, Captain A——, by lowering her masts, has arrived safely off Savoy stairs, with a cargo of paragraphs.

The *George Turn-ye*, blown from her moorings off *Democracy* stairs in the Borough, has arrived at a port in Ireland. This ship made many attempts to fetch St. James's Bay, but could not. She has now a heavy cargo of *slang* on board for a *market*. The master may be spoke with on board.

The *Francis the First* slipped her cable off Tower stairs, and proceeded to sea, without a *manifest*; her destination is unknown, but she is supposed to be bound for a harbour in the *Bight of Despotism*, the new land lately discovered by the French, at the end of *Strait Reform*. She has on board an assortment of *Liberty beads* and *Good-of-the-People* trinkets, suitable for the trade there.—N. B. This vessel has lately lost her *Master*, who steered her so well through the difficult passage called *Letter-of-the-Law*.

The *Hope-Ill*, Captain John *Placeless*, has arrived off Newport. This vessel, in attempting to *run down* the Duke of Brunswick, a distressed galliot from Germany, received some shots from the *Perceval*, 74, so close that they went through both her sides. Afterwards, in showing *wrong fires* off the Irish coast,



the Croker gun-brig nearly blew her out of the water. She is last from *Sicily*, where she also received some damage.

The *Michael Angelo* (——— builder, late owner), after attempting to fetch *Chair Bay*, went bump ashore on Cape *Ridicule*. The Master has been very free in treating all those who have come to him in this distressed situation. In short, his liberality has been so much abused, that some, who have partaken of it, instead of helping him to carry out a bower, or to unlade a small cargo of presumption, have gone away laughing at him. As he has where-withal, he should go out of the carrying trade and live snug. He once went out under convoy of the *Pitt*, but could not carry sail enough to keep the convoy in sight, so fell astern, and was taken up by the *Fox*.

The *George Canning*, Wellesley master, lies off Pickle-Herring stairs, with a broom at her mast-head. This ship, in attempting to surprise the *Castlereagh* in the dark, and to treat her like an enemy, had several shots fired over her by the *Royal Sovereign*, to convince her of her mistake.—N. B. These were some of the last shots fired by that noble and venerable ship; and those who remember her steady course through the worst of weather, will not be surprised, that these were fired in moderation to her inferior, and with humanity, rather than in anger.

(To be continued.)

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## THE DIVERSIONS OF H——D HOUSE.

A POLITICAL VISION.

[From the same, April 2.]

AS I was musing upon the perilous state to which the Church of England is now reduced, by the sappings and minings of certain influential Politicians, who

who seem as if they were all labouring, in unison, to make it appear ridiculous, if not criminal, to be a Protestant, and though they affect to have *The Bill of Rights* eternally in their mouths, have, it appears, *the bills of wrongs* in their hearts—I fell insensibly into a slumber, and fancied myself transported, instantaneously, to H——d House, on the evening succeeding a political dinner, which the lordly owner had given to some Anti-Lutheran friends, whose wives and daughters had arrived to tea and cards, and were amusing themselves with playing at whist, &c. The grand saloon, in which the company were assembled, was decorated with a fine bust of Ignatius Loyola; the Marquis of L——e at a masquerade, in the character of Malagrida, and a fine view of the *College of Maynooth*, superbly framed, over the chimney.

While I was surveying the apartment, I thought that I overheard the following babbling, unconnected discourse, among the parties:—

Sh——y din'd at Lord Ch——y's! His H——ss was there,  
With *his Protestant crew*! An't they all in despair?

Pray what were the toasts? A few *obsolete* saws,  
"The Church and the King," "Constitution and Laws."

What quizzes! Let Fibs, in the night, go and scrawl,

"No Manchester Square," upon C——n H——e walk.

Let Falsehood, in caricatura, begin

To empoison the mob, and insinuate sin;

Imply some base act, for ignorance to prey on,

And be sure cease not to cut at Colonel M'M——n.

Such things hurt the P——e!—Why? Because, from his youth,

He had serv'd his great Master with honour and truth.

"Poh! Poh! What's the Colonel to us? Here's a riot!"

Bawl'd Lady Fallal; "mind your cards, and be quiet."

We shall lose the five points, if you don't watch their play;

Who was that *play'd the knave*? I think 'twas Lord G——y!

By a *cartel* that's just come to Plymouth from France,  
I have gather'd some news that will make some hearts  
dance.

The *Pope's* all agog to send Monks by the dozen!

Pray who 'll be his Nuncio? Lord T.? No; his cousin.

Hath Bel been to confession? Now say, 'pon your honour,  
Was her Priest *Pere El—e*, or Father O'C——r?

No, her faith's undetermin'd, like colours that run;

Or a Prude betwixt Beaux, or shot silks in the sun.

Now at mass!—now at Rowland's!—now this, and now  
that,

She still flits between both, like an unhallow'd bat.

Like Mahomet's tomb, as suspended she's seen,

Not in heaven, nor hell, but betwixt and between!

“Ma'am, you've play'd the wrong card; I led clubs.”—

“No; 't was I.”—

“What a vixen! I'm chous'd!”—“You revok'd, Sir.”—

“O, fie!”—

“Though we'd honours enough, you ne'er spoke in your  
place!”—

“Lord, Miss, had you call'd, I'd have shown you my—ace.”

“Not one half of my company yet are come down,”

Cried Lord H——d, “though cards went to all who're in  
town.

Where's B—c—gh—m?” Counting his pensions and pick-  
ings.

“Where's Angelo T——r?” Attending *the chickens*.

“Where's T——y?” He's gone with his coat to the  
dyer's.

“Where's his old Grace of N——k?” He's gone to *Black  
Friars*.

“Where's Br—g—m and where's R—m—ly?” Gone to  
their pleadings.

“Where's C——g?” He's teaching Lord W———y *new  
readings*.

Now the Servant announc'd that the supper was waiting,  
When the Beaux dropp'd their cards and the Ladies ceas'd  
prating:

“We are winners four points,” bawl'd Sir Peter Belwether,  
While those losing the game mix'd the pack all together;

While

While some smelt the soup, and made eager grimaces,  
And condens'd round the table with chop-licking faces;  
While some stretch'd their necks out, with phizzes forlorn,  
Like lean geese, at a farm, when the cook scatters corn!

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RULES FOR A LINE OF CONDUCT!

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PARTY.

[From the same.]

**I**F the Heir Apparent has honoured you by making you the companions of his domestic hours, you are, immediately on his attaining power, to let him understand, that you expect to be well paid for your having received that honour! You are to claim whatever he has to bestow; and that, not as a boon, but as a right; in order to begin as you mean to go on, and to accustom him to the discipline you intend to establish. You are, in short, to consider him as the heir of a private estate, and yourselves as the tenants, whom he had admitted to his society. Of course, you are entitled to leases of his best farms upon your own terms.

If you find him occupied by a sense of public duties, and desirous of dividing his attention between you and others, whom he holds necessary to the public service, you are instantly to commence an outcry of ingratitude and treachery: in order to begin as you mean to go on, and to accustom the Public, in their turn, to the discipline you intend to establish! You are to embarrass his Government by every means in your power, whatever may be the consequent suffering of the Country. During any negotiations with a half-hostile state, you are to declare, that, unless the whole point in dispute be ceded by Britain, this country must be ruined. During any temporary regulations for resisting the current of cash to the continent, you are to represent that these regulations are



nothing but the struggles of *bankruptcy*; and as this is a word universally intelligible, you are to teach all your political *Starlings* to find occasions for repeating it as often as possible. A hundred other achievements, especially that of preventing peace, by proclaiming that the trade and manufactures of this country must be entirely destroyed by the war, your own ingenuity will suggest to you.

But you are not to confine yourselves to objects of a public nature. You are to wring the hearts of all who oppose you, by carrying *your war* into the scenes of domestic privacy. If any distinguished opponent have a pleasure in the society of elegant women, that inclination you are not to view as a proof of their accomplishments, or of his meritorious taste, but as affording you an opportunity to brand them with profligacy, and to teach the lower classes, already capable of thinking little but ill of their superiors, to couple their names with the most opprobrious epithets. By these means, you will show your *friendship*, and, of course, prove his *ingratitude*!

As all this cannot be done without a somewhat boisterous elaboration of such faculties as you have, you will find a *sweet complacency* with yourselves, at the end of every day's work, should it produce no other effect. You will extend your labours from speech-making down to paragraphing, chalking, and encouraging the arrogance of lower speakers.

When any of the latter should blurt out a score or two of assertions upon serious topics in Church and State, if one part in ten of his mischief should serve your present purposes, although the other nine parts should tend ultimately to your own destruction, you are to commend his *patriotism*, to acknowledge that his education and habits have made him fully competent to pronounce upon such questions, and to consider

sider his assertions as proofs, not of the *motives*, but of the opinions of himself and of his very deliberate, enlightened, and *independent* hearers !

## QUIDNUNC'S SCHEME FOR THE IMMEDIATE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 2.]

*Quidnunc's Park, April 1, 1812.*

1st. **T**HAT Bank Notes shall be called *Royal Bank Firm*, and to pass current.

2d. That Tokens of 3s.; 1s. 6d.; 1s.; 6d., and copper, pass current.

3d. That, for the conveniency of change, *Royal Bank Firm* Notes shall be issued for 10s. and 5s.

4th. That the public expenditure this year, amounting to 70,000,000 sterling, shall be paid in *Royal Bank Firm* Notes, which can be made in a few hours ; so that *Loans* and *Exchequer Bills* may not be wanted.

5th. That all Stockholders and other public claimants, without exception, shall be duly paid their principal and interest in *Royal Bank Firm* Notes, which will *extinguish the National Debt* in the twinkling of an eye.

6th. That as the National Debt will, by this means, be discharged, and the current expenses of the year *provided for* by the *Royal Bank Firm* Notes, *all Taxes and Duties* may cease.

QUIDNUNC.

## A MATRIMONIAL PARODY\*.

[From the same, April 3.]

IT is with great satisfaction we can at length announce the long-expected nuptials of Mr. William Simpson Soames Wilkins, and Miss Soames Simpson.—The ceremony took place on Tuesday at St. Giles in the Fields. At eight o'clock, the procession approached the church by Hog Lane, in order to avoid the crowd assembled to view it in Dyot Street, Barnbridge Street, and the neighbourhood. Miss Soames Simpson, now Mrs. William Simpson Soames Wilkins, was handed from the Hackney-coach (No. 254), by Mr. Soames, who led her into the vestry. She was simply dressed in a flowered gingham, with a belcher handkerchief carelessly tied over her shoulders, and wore a plain black silk bonnet with a narrow lace edging at 9d. per yard—her gown cost 12s.—her handkerchief 7s. 6d.—and her bonnet 4s. It was supplied by Mr. Barber of Cranbourne Alley. The Bridegroom was dressed in a long drab great coat, with a black neckcloth and leather gaiters.—But a singular circumstance impeded the rites for a short time:—on Mr. Wilkins approaching the altar, it was discovered that he had forgotten to put on any *small-clothes*, and a friend was despatched to a neighbouring shop in Monmouth Street, from which a pair were quickly procured, and the ceremony proceeded. After it was concluded, the happy pair left the church on the St. Giles's side, where a new taxed cart was waiting to receive them, into which they stepped, accompanied by Miss Molly Simpson, the bride's second sister, and set off for the Three Compasses at Paddington, where they remain till Saturday, when they proceed to the

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\* See the newspaper accounts of the marriage of Miss Long to Mr. Wellesley Long Pole.

Lady's house in Tothill Fields.—Miss Soames Simpson, now Mrs. William Simpson Soames Wilkins, has settled 4*l.* 10*s.* per annum upon her mother, and has generously given her two sisters 1*l.* 15*s.* each.

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SHIP NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 194.)

[From the Morning Herald, April 3.]

**T**HE *Variable*, Baring, has been seen about mid-sea between England and America. The first vessel of this name was built from a model supplied by the first Marquis of Lansdowne, and there is something of the *Petty* style in the build of the present ship. She did herself much credit, however, lately by her gallant manner of facing a number of enemies off the Great Bank of Old-Sound-Land.

The *Barrister*, T. T——, a *running* ship, for the Cape of Good Hope, has been blown back. This vessel suffered many *damages*, soon after being launched, when she drove a better ship than herself ashore, on *Cuckold's* Point. She is a dull sailer, and it is supposed will go out of the trade in about another twelvemonth.

The *Tar*, Cochrane, has been seen at sea half-unrigged, and appearing to have nothing to steer by but the wake of the *Francis the First*. Great apprehensions are entertained for this vessel. When she neared the land, after her first voyage, she was in most gallant trim, and came into *Garden* Bay, with her *Royals* set, to the admiration of every spectator; but, the *Francis the First* happening to be there, making some showy manœuvres, the *Tar*, instead of coming to anchor in good soundings, began to imitate these, in doing which she made a broad yaw, flew up in the wind, got it again as she could, seeming careless upon which board she took it, and at last came rousing in



upon *Nonsense Point*. It is thought she has never been well repaired since ; but she would make a fine ship, if taken, before she gets too old, into one of the *Royal Docks*, and frigate rigged. When she was up the Mediterranean, she went ashore at *Malta*, and was with great difficulty *got off*.

The *Joe Miller*, Jekyll, is out upon a *circuitous* voyage. There is a great deal of the *Petty* style in the build of this ship. She is made for sailing upon a wind, and can go pretty near to it. The Master complains of his owners, and says, if it had not been for some old *Rolls*, which he got from a relation deceased, he might have wanted *bread* for any thing they have given him.

The *Dictator*, Barleycorn, after being run foul of by the *Jolly Sergeant*, is arrived off *Wrangler's Head*. This ship first went to sea under convoy of the *Fox* for *Place Island*, and was, for some time, a steady ship in that employ. She is still partly in that trade ; but it is remarkable, that, ever since she was run foul of by the *Francis the First*, she never comes in sight of that ship but she follows all her manœuvres, and the Master seems neither to consider his own cargo, which is always very valuable, nor any thing else, so much as showing the fleet that he will not be outsailed by that ship, nor will he carry less sail, whatever may be the weather. This makes some fun for the crews of the other ships, because they can always know what the *Dictator* will do by looking at the *Francis the First*. Yet this is not on account of any friendship between the two Masters. On the contrary, it is thought, that, if all the experienced and prime seamen of our two great convoys were driven out of the service, these two ships, though not visibly fitted for war, would fight for the station of Commodore ; for which purpose each is supposed to carry secretly a  
stock

stock of ammunition, including a quantity of the *new lights* and *imperial rockets*.

The *Greedy-gut* barge is arrived off *Temple-stairs*, with a cargo of *paper*, from *Whitehall*. This cargo, though large, is only the half of what she would have taken in, if she had not been prevented by the cockswain of the *Hint* cutter, who hailed *Bargee*, and told him she must be unmanageable, and would certainly drift up to *Hall-stairs*, and be sunk there, if she took it all.

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AN IRISH COLLOQUY.

[From the County Chronicle, April 3.]

SAID P—le to Pat, "Thou Popish elf,  
Be silent on thy claims;  
Dost thou not know I've bound myself,  
And glory in my chains?"

"O yes," cried Pat, "I well know that;  
But be not quite so bold,  
Nor think that thine resemble mine;  
*Thy iron chains are gold!*"

A brother Pat, who, standing nigh,  
O'erheard this idle vapour,  
Observ'd the bull, and made reply,  
"For gold, *erratum—paper!*"

March 26, 1812.

AN IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

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IMPROMPTU,

ON PETITIONING TO RESCIND THE "ORDERS IN COUNCIL."

[From the British Press, April 7.]

WHAT! abolish the Orders in Council! O, no!  
'Tis folly excessive to ask it—

As M——s have a rare picking, you know,  
And have so many *eggs* in *one basket*.

Whilst the *Orders* remain, *they* can *Licenses* sell,  
And, their *friends* with their influence serving,  
They can hum Johnny Bull, and a fine story tell,  
Whilst *he* (honest creature) is starving!

J. B.

## ON A RECENT MARRIAGE.

[The following is the last, we hope, of a *long* series of puns, upon this *long*-talked of subject.]

MR. WELLESLEY POLE TO MISS LONG, ON PROPOSING TO MARRY HER AND TAKE HER NAME.

[From the same, April 10.]

THOUGH you were *Long*—before you'd marry me,  
 I can't be *Long*—until I marry thee;  
 But, love me, *LONG*! and be my *Long*-lov'd wife,  
 And I'll love thee—a-*Long* the length of life;  
 Then, since we both do *Long* to end this pothor,  
 Why, let us both be-*Long* to one another!

## LINES ON THE FESTIVAL OF ST. SWITHIN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 11.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOON after the arrival of the Duke of R-chm—d in Ireland, he was treated with a rural *dejeuné* by a Roman Catholic lady of distinction. This entertainment took place on the festival of St. Swithin, that most diuretic of all saints, who is sometimes the cause of showers for forty days together; and the following lines were written upon the occasion.

Yours, &c.

O.

WHILE o'er his hostess' rosy face  
 The eyes of R-chm—d twinkled,  
 Saint Swithin came, and round his Grace  
 Her \* holy water sprinkled.

(Thus should No-Popery men, they say,  
 Be serv'd by Popery women;  
 Another gave Lord C—stler—gh  
 Sweet holy streams to swim in †.)

\* I am not sure whether St. Swithin is a *he* or a *she* saint. I believe, like the Dagon of antiquity, it is doubtful.

† Alluding to an accident at Madame Catalani's, some years ago, when this great state pilot was near being overwhelmed and lost to us; "*mediâ Palinurus in undâ.*"

But

But bless the party, bold and strong,  
That Church and State maintaineth,  
And may their Viceroy *reign* as long  
As good St. Swithin *raineth*.

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EPIGRAMS.

[From the same, April 14.]

"I OWN," says Phillis, young and mellow,  
"Of proverbs I'm inclin'd to doubt one—  
They say that 'feeling has no *fellow* ;'  
Pray, what's the use of it without one?" R.

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"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,  
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."—  
She will not *give* a kiss, 't is true ;  
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it. R.

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IMPROMPTU

ON THE PARLIAMENT CLOCK STEALER.

"And when *Old Time* shall lead him to his end,  
*Goodness* and he fill up one monument."

SHAKSPEARE—HUM!

[From the same.]

FROM our *good* House of Commons they've stolen a  
*clock*,

A most palpable fraud, and deserving the block ;  
For if our *good* Members are thinking of dinners  
For the poor, famish'd, perishing weavers and spinners,  
And of *raising* the lank manufacturers' hopes,  
By some other methods than *gibbets* and *ropes* ;  
If they wish to preserve us from *Perceval's crew*,  
And to Erin to give what to Erin is due :  
If they long a Reform in their House to arrange,  
To save us from *paper*, and grant us *some change* ;  
If they wish to prevent of our debt the increase,  
And to lay, in a word, *the foundations of peace*—  
A theft more atrocious no robber could choose,  
For our *Members* have certainly no *time* to lose.



## THE DISORDERS OF THE TALENTS!

WITH THE PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THEIR RELIEF;

BY DR. DENNIS O'DOGHERTY, LICENTIATE:

*(Now first published for the Good of Mankind,)*

IN A FAMILIAR POETIC EPISTLE TO HIS OWN FOSTER-  
BROTHER PHELM, OF BALLYHACK, IN THE COUNTY OF  
WEXFORD, ESQ.

[From the Morning Herald, April 15.]

BROTHER Phelim, I write, 'case I've something to say,  
Of the d——d ups and downs which I met t'other day,  
When Will Pons—by told me, with kindness right hearty,  
I should raise fame and fortune by doct'ring *the party*;  
And so the next morning, without opposition,  
I, Dennis, became their state body-physician.  
Billy told me their maladies rag'd all one way,  
So I took them by contract—no cure—then no pay.

'Twas on bright Patrick's morn, when, as proud as a Turk,  
I set out, well equipp'd, on my medical work;  
I had buckled my carrots in M. D. array,  
And mounted a chariot, at one pound a day;  
For my pension was certain, Will said, the next hour;  
My patients were purg'd, fit for places and power.  
But my sunshine of fortune was soon clouded o'er,  
As, Phelim, you'll learn, when you know something more;  
For so bother'd was I, by their cursed long faces,  
That, bad luck to my skill, I mistook all their cases!

The first patient I saw, for what patriot ranks higher?  
Was Dick Sh—ry, much scorch'd by *St. Anthony's fire*,  
Who, like his bold genius, was standing alone,  
And receiv'd me, fine fellow! like one of his own.  
So I order'd at once, to prevent any blunder,  
A decoction of *whiskey* to get the flame under.  
I perceiv'd he had got some *old Port* on the shelf,  
Which he said he knew how to prescribe for himself.  
"Repeat, then," said I, "this same *tonic* solution,  
As agreeing so well with your *dry* constitution!"

I went now to Lord G—nv—lle, with pride so elate,  
Who for poor Erin's good had bewilder'd his pate;  
Of the muz in his nob he wish'd much to ged rid,  
Which we Ballyhack boys, you well know, call the *gid*;

He

He had doctor'd himself, like a rap of a quack,  
Till he manag'd to lay himself flat on his back ;  
What with *Jesuit's* bark, and his d—'d *Friar's* balsam,  
His tongue was grown rough, and his breath not quite  
wholesome ;

So, to ease his poor napper, instead of a blister,  
I gave t' other end, as most swell'd, a warm cl—st-r !

To Grosvenor Street next, my brisk chariot descended,  
Where another proud G—nv—lle I gravely attended.  
His nurse said, her Lord a brain-fever had got,  
Which I thought rather odd, where the *brains were forgot*.  
On his *Temple* a crown of *gilt paper* he wore,  
And to act as *sole Regent* of England he swore :

Then rav'd of high blood, which his title announces,  
So I whipp'd out my lancet, and borrow'd twelve ounces !

To fam'd H—l—nd House I then pelted my way,  
That is haunted by mischievous spirits, they say.  
Though with sleek swarthy skin, and his round belly full,  
My Lord flapp'd both his ears, and appear'd mighty dull.  
“ Sure,” says I, “ not a heart-ache has ever befel you ?”  
Quoth he, “ Ask my Lady ; 't is *she* that must tell you !”

Next the woes of George T—rn—y I had to beguile,  
Who had so long been sp—wing the bitt'rest of bile.  
He told me, an inward complaint he had gotten,  
Which his liver had speck'd, like a sheep's that is rotten.  
But by J—s, my jewel, I presently found  
'T was its only first cousin, his *heart* was unsound ;  
And well might it be, since it could not find rest,  
Being plac'd in the dark, on the *wrong side his breast* ;  
So I tipp'd him a pretty strong opiate pill,  
To make the black devil within him lie still !

Grim L—d—le's Laird I took next in my route,  
Whose malignant disorder I scarce could find out ;  
A *Scotch haggess* he'd got, with a view to restore him,  
But my Lord could not touch it, though smoking before  
him ;

He star'd ghastly wild, and roar'd out, “ He'd been able  
To tell *more* than had pass'd at the P—— R——t's table.”  
I look'd at his *lingua*, t' account for this wonder,  
When I found three black spots that were spreading wide  
under ;

Those

Those I cut pretty deep, as I plainly foresaw  
'T would be safer to give him at once—a *lock'd jaw*!

I then went to see how Sam Whit—d was doing,  
Whose brains were at work, like his grains that were brew-  
ing;

He turn'd up his nose, and, with snorting disdain,  
D—'d physic, and said, "He 'd a pleasure in *pain*!"  
So for fear my advice in more fury should put him,  
I took three grains of prudence myself, and soon cut him!

I visited now *Malagrida's* own darling,  
Who was chatt'ring and hopping about like a starling,  
Cutting all the fine capers he'd pick'd up in France,  
So I fancied he'd got the *St. Vitus's dance*;  
Och, my honey, thought I, you should prance your own  
way,

Was not Erin's poor self the *blind Piper* to pay!

To that Eton boy C—nn—g I then made a trip,  
Who was shaking and sad with the *Walcheren* pip;  
For the flesh-wound was festering down to this day,  
Which he got in the rump from my Lord Castlereagh;  
By my faith but I wonder'd at this, till I saw  
That a Perc—v—l caustic still kept the place raw!

Without fetching breath, I was then forc'd to spin,  
To appease, if I could, pepper-hot William W—ne;  
A thumping round *Leek* in his beaver he wore,  
Which he snatch'd, as I enter'd, and smack'd on the floor!  
He exclaim'd, "That the *Gwathins* were cast at their birth  
For the only *Welsh Princes* to rule upon earth;  
As for M—M—h—n's merits he car'd not an ace,  
Since his worth had not sprung from *Cadwallader's* race;  
He should therefore oppose him with tongue, teeth, and  
nails,

As a servant unfit for a *Regent of Wales*:

Nay, would move, that His Highness was bound to complete,  
With *his* one pair of hands, all the work of the state!"

But as this did not like me, I said I must fly,  
And would call when Will's pulse did not beat quite so high.

Now to apron-string Cr—v—y I ran on my stumps,  
As I heard the poor *crature* was down in the dumps,  
And of *jalap* I gave him some smart op'ning lotions,  
As he never could do without plenty of *motions*.

I stopp'd

I stopp'd at the G—'s, but was not let in,  
 'Case to pry in their shop of intrigue was a sin,  
 Where such crosses go on 'twixt lascivious brothers,  
 That a man scarcely knows his own get from another's !

As to Sir Jacky N—wp—t, I found him so ! so !  
 Having *blister'd himself* from the top to the toe ;  
 And the *Waterford Journal*, whose paragraphs rule him,  
 Had that morn brought no sweet-oil of *riot* to cool him !

Billy L—b, W—d, and B—n—tt, I guess'd by their cries,  
 As inflammable boys, were ———'d up to the eyes ;  
 So I meant to have drawn, by a slow saliv—t—n,  
 Their tongues from their mouths, for the *peace* of the nation.

Though my visits, dear Phelim, were paid without ceasing,  
 By my soul, but I found all their symptoms increasing !  
 And soon learnt, to my grief, that a *Grey* northern hound  
 Had run into the kennel and bit them all round !

Soon as ever I heard of the deeds he had done,  
 Sure, to view this d——'d lurcher, I instantly run ;  
 When mad enough quite in all conscience I found him,  
 And snapping at every crature around him !

Now the murder came out, without any more pother,  
 As they all turn'd *mad dogs* from one end to the other !

So I gave up my patients, and prospect of pelf,  
 Lest, amongst such a pack, I might get bit myself ;  
 And then begg'd Billy P—ns—by straight to assure 'em,  
 None but Doctor Monroe or the d—v—l could cure 'em !

Och ! some sly wag nick-nam'd them *The Talents* to wrong  
 them,

For but one kind of talent could I find among them ;

That 's the talent all right-royal worth to defame,

And to set poor old Ireland's self in a flame !

And now, brother Phelim, to wind up my strain,

I've return'd to my pestle and mortar again !

DENNIS O'DOHERTY, Ex M. D.

P. S. Thank G—d, Billy P—ns—by prov'd, on inspection,

Only cursedly *sick* of the Gr—nv—lle *connexion* !



## IMPROMPTU

ON MR. WHITBREAD'S HAVING STYLED MR. PERCEVAL  
"AN ADVENTURER FROM THE BAR."

[From the Morning Post, April 20.]

BREWER Whitbread, from decency far,  
Himself has expos'd to a rap;  
For surely one brought from *the bar*  
May rank with one bred for *the tap*.

## EPIGRAM

UPON LORD G—Y'S ATTACK, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,  
UPON A LATE SERMON.

[From the same, April 21.]

SURELY G—y lost his temper, when, loud in debate,  
He denounc'd mother-church for her love to the state.  
"Lose his temper?" cried Sidney, who ne'er baulk'd a jest:  
"He could not lose *that which he never possess*." D.

## THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS;

A DREAM.

"His Royal Highness would be scarcely able to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers, by which he would be encompassed."—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech on Col. M'Mahon's Appointment.*

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 23.]

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,  
But could not sleep—at length I said,  
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—gh,  
And of his speeches—that's the way."  
And so it was; for, instantly,  
I slept as sound as sound could be:  
And then I dream'd—O frightful dream!  
Fuseli has no such theme;  
Lewis never wrote nor borrow'd  
Any horror half so horrid!  
Methought the Pr—ce, in whisker'd state,  
Before me at his breakfast sate;  
On *one* side lay unread petitions,  
On *t'other*, hints from five physicians;

*Here*

Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,  
 Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours;—  
 There plans of saddles, tea and toast,  
 Death-warrants, and *The Morning Post*!  
 When, lo! the papers, one and all,  
 As if at some magician's call,  
 Began to flutter, of themselves,  
 From desk and table, floor and shelves;  
 And, cutting each some different capers,  
 Advanc'd, (O Jacobinic papers!)  
 As though they said, "Our grand design is  
 To suffocate his R-y-l H-ghn-ss!"  
 The leader of this vile sedition  
 Was a huge *Catholic petition*,  
 With grievances so full and heavy,  
 It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.  
 Then *Common Hall addresses* came  
 In swaggering sheets, and took their aim  
 Right at the R-g-nt's well-dress'd head,  
 As if *determin'd* to be read!  
 Next *tradesmen's bills* began to fly,  
 (And tradesmen's bills, we know, mount high;)—  
 Nay, e'en *death-warrants* thought they'd best  
 Be lively too, and join the rest!  
 In vain some *billets-doux* were seen  
 To place their gentle forms between  
 These rebels and their R-y-l Master—  
 The rabble reams but rose the faster;  
 All made of vulgar rag ingredients,  
 Enough to smother ten such R-g-nts!  
 But, O the basest of defections!  
 His *letter about "predilections,"*  
 His *own dear letter*, void of grace,  
 Now flew up in its parent's face!  
 Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,  
 He just could murmur "*Et tu Brute?*"  
 Then sunk, subdu'd, upon the floor,  
 At Fox's *bust*, to rise no more!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 I wak'd, and pray'd, with lifted hand,  
 "O! grant this dream may ne'er come true,  
 Though *paper* overwhelms the land,  
 Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

# PROPOSAL FOR RAISING A "BROAD-BOTTOMED" ADMINISTRATION.

[From the same, April 24.]

SINCE the R——t can't form, in this wonderful nation,  
A wise and a *broad-bottom'd* Administration,  
Let him take to his councils (for she is a gen'us).  
The beautiful *broad-bottom'd* Hottentot Venus.

W. W.

## EPIGRAMS.

[From the same, April 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

Cambridge, Saturday.

THE statue of our "*Alma Mater*," in the shape of  
*Fame*, which has long adorned our senate-house,  
was yesterday taken down and removed, preparatory to  
the erection of a statue of the late Mr. Pitt in its place.  
If the following lines, on the occasion, meet with your  
approbation, pray insert them in your paper.

THE towers of Granta, to their lasting shame,  
Indignant *Alma* quits;  
And for her statue, in the shape of *Fame*,  
Leaves infamy in *Pitt's*.

ACADEMICUS.

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

PITT's statue comes—see blushing *Glory* yield!  
No wonder *Fame* to Pitt resigns the field;  
For twice ten years, while Britain mourn'd his sway,  
*Glory* and Pitt ne'er met one single day.

G. B.

## EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day? "O! worse and worse!  
Mac is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse!"  
The Pr—ce's *purse*!—no, no, you fool!  
You mean the Pr—ce's *ridicule*.

IMPROMPTU

## IMPROMPTU

ON SEEING MR. PERCEVAL LAST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE  
OF COMMONS IN HIS COURT DRESS.

[From the British Press, May 1.]

THE Minister's in a condition,  
Well he may be vain in :—  
A sword to slay the Opposition,  
And bag to put the slain in.

FUNGUS.

## THE WEIGHT OF AUTHORITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 1.]

HOW can I doubt the Catholic cause is just,  
Which Pitt and Fox upheld: the mighty dust!  
Which Grey and Grenville urge, which Wellesley loves,  
And Doctor Patrick Duigenan disapproves?

## III. BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

## CHAP. I.

[From the Morning Herald, May 4.]

Verse 1. *Good old King's Affliction.*—2. *The Gr—v—tes' Dream.*—6. *Murmurs of the People for the Shekels of Gold and Silver drawn out of the King's Treasury for Tributes to the House of G—v—e.*—7. *Evil Covenant between Gr—v—tes and F—xites.*—8. *The Prince commands them to appear before him.*—12. *He questions them on their Disquietude.*—13. *They demand absolute Rule over the People.*—14. *The Prince expostulates with them.*—16. *Their Dismay and Banishment.*—17. *Samuel reproaches them for their Timidity, and proposes to stir up the People—but fails therein.*—22. *The People rejoice at their Overthrow.*—23. *A Feast proclaimed throughout the Land on this Plague being stayed, &c.*

1. NOW it happened about this time, even at the beginning of the wheaten harvest, that the good old King was afflicted with a sore disease.

2. And a certain ruler of the race of Gr—v—lle  
communed



communed secretly with his own heart, until he dreamed in a dream, that it was ordained that he should have rule over the King's son, and over his household, and over all his people ;

3. And that he should make the King's son, and his brethren, pass under his yoke, so that they should become unto him hewers of stone and carriers of water.

4. Now the Gr—v—tes were a proud and a stiff-necked generation, that walked not after the commandments of God, nor after the written ordinances of man.

5. And they did evil in the sight of the Lord, inasmuch as they had long made idols after their own image and similitude, and commanded the people to bow down, and worship them.

6. And it came to pass, that at this time there were great dissensions in the land, because many shekels of gold and of silver had been drawn out of the King's Treasury, to pay tribute four times in every year to the rulers of the house of Gr—v—lle ; at which the people murmured, and were sore vexed.

7. And the leader of the house of Gr—v—lle, finding himself in a great strait, groaned in the spirit, and said, I will call unto me the rulers of the F-xites, and take counsel together with them, how we may obtain dominion over the Prince, and over his people ; peradventure they will enter into a covenant with me.

8. Now the F-xites being descended from a noted soothsayer of the eastern country, called themselves *men of talents* ; although they were a backsliding race, inasmuch as they had lost favour in the sight of the Prince, inasmuch as they had slandered his name, and afterwards approached him with deceitful lips.

9. And they entered into an evil covenant with the leader of the house of Gr—v—lle, even a covenant by oath,

oath, that the Prince should have no rule or authority over his father's people.

10. So, when the Prince heard this, he was much displeased, and called together the wise men of the King's household, and took counsel of them how he might overthrow the evil designs of his enemies, and not suffer his people to fall into bondage.

11. And they advised him, that he should command the leaders, both of the Gr—v—ites and the F-xites, to appear before him, on a certain day; and they did so.

12. Now as soon as the Gr—v—ites and F-xites came into the presence, even the presence of the Prince, they bowed their heads even to the dust; and the Prince, imagining that they were in tribulation, had compassion upon them, and said unto them, Wherefore are you so disquieted, and what is the cause of your complaining vehemently?

13. And they replied, as it were with one voice, and said, Give unto us power and might, and authority over all, that the people may have peace in the land!

14. But the Prince said, Not so: for it behoveth me that I should retain a portion of my father's counsellors, that, peradventure, when he recovereth of this malady, he may be joyful at their sight.

15. And they murmured, and said, We have bound ourselves by the covenant of an oath, that, unless our desire be this day fulfilled, thou shalt not sit peaceably upon the throne, nor enjoy the inheritance, of thy father.

16. And the Prince's wrath was kindled against them, and he said unto them, Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, for ye have taken counsel together for the destruction of my people: and he commanded that they should be forthwith banished into captivity.

17. Now the leaders of the Gr—v—tes and the F-xites no sooner heard this sentence, than they all became speechless as men that are dumb, and looked one upon another with great amazement :

18. But there was a man standing in the midst of them, whose name was *Samuel*, of the tribe of *Quashey*, who were publicans and sinners from their youth up, having profited exceedingly as venders of inflaming liquor.

19. And he said unto them, Why stand ye thus discomfited and speechless in the Prince's presence ? Let us go forth, that the people may be stirred up by my words.

20. But they shook their heads, as doubting his power over the people ; howbeit, he reviled them, saying, Do I not know the use of the *worm*, and the *vat*, and the *guile*, as did my father before me ? why marvel ye, therefore, at this my saying ? for I have the gift of pouring poisonous words into men's ears, until they do beguile them of their reason, even as *new wort* bewrayeth those that drink freely thereof.

21. And he waxed wroth, and ran out of the portal as one beside himself ; and, stretching forth his hand, he said, Harken, O ye people, unto the voice of Samuel, who is sore grieved for your vexations, and fain would stir you up to your own deliverance, so that you be no longer ruled with a rod of iron, but break your bonds in pieces, like a potter's vessel !

22. Howbeit the people hearkened not unto him, but mocked him to scorn, so that he retired as one debased.

23. And it came to pass, that as soon as it was proclaimed unto the people, that the leaders of the Gr—v—tes and F-xites were thus set at nought, that they came round about the gates of the palace with timbrels and dances, and lifted up their voices in shouts of thanksgiving for their great deliverance.

24. Moreover, the Prince ordered a mighty feast to be proclaimed, and there was great joy, because this plague had been stayed throughout the land.

25. And it came to pass that some of the Gr—v—tes went clothed in sackcloth; but the F-xites, in the bitterness of their rage, became common revilers, and daily stirred up fresh indignation against themselves amongst the people.

26. Now the rest of the Acts of the Gr—v—tes and the F-xites, how they followed their own wicked devices, and went after other men's wives, and committed all manner of lasciviousnes, will they not be written in the second chapter of the third book of the Chronicles of the children of Israel?

THE GAMES OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL,  
AS INTENDED TO BE PLAYED BY ALL THE TALENTS IN  
1807, AND RECENTLY PROPOSED AGAIN FOR ADOPTION.

[From the Morning Herald, May 7.]

WHILE honest John Bull,  
With sorrow brim-full,  
Lamented his trusty friend Pitt,  
Some sharpeners, we're told,  
In cheating grown old,  
Thus tried all their *Talents* and wit.

"Let's invite him to play;"  
John never says nay:  
So they ask'd him what game he approv'd:  
Said John Bull, "Why, *All fours*,  
Or *Drive knave out of doors*,  
Are the games of my youth which I lov'd!"

Lord H-w-ck spoke first:  
"In these games I'm not vers'd,  
For they surely are old-fashion'd things;  
The best game, *entre nous*,  
Is the good game of *Loo*,  
Where *knaves* get the better of *kings*!"



Sam W—tb—d rose next,  
 By all court cards perplex'd,  
 Since in *trade* they can reckon no score;  
 For at *cribbage* 't is known,  
 That with court cards alone  
 You can't make "*fifteen two, fifteen four!*"

Then S———n rose,  
 Saying he should propose,  
 (Though at all times he play'd upon *tick*,)  
 The good game of *Whist*;  
 For, if honours be miss'd,  
 The game might be won by a *trick*!

Now with blustering voice,  
 T—rn-y roars out, "My boys,  
 I approve none of all your selections;  
 What I'll recommend  
 To myself and my friend,  
 Is to play the good game of *Connexions*!"

Next, with perquisites stor'd,  
 Spoke T—ple's good Lord,  
 All whose wants are supplied by the nation:  
 "From our memory blot  
 Pique, repique, and capot,  
 And let's practise, my friends, *Speculation*."

"Try again, Sir, your skill,"  
 Says B—dett, "at *Quadrille*;  
 There seem none but your friends to *ask leave*:  
 As for *calling a king*,  
 I shall do no such thing,  
 But shall soon *play alone*, I believe!"

Bred in keen Yorkshire air,  
 Young Lord M-lton drew near,  
 Who's improv'd in all talents of late,  
 Said, "He fear'd not success  
 At the good game of *Chess*,  
 And should soon give the King a *check-mate*!"

"Hark!" says G—v-lle, "young man,  
 I'll whisper my plan:

While

TO ONE WHO CENSURED MODERN DRESS. 219

While professing great zeal for the Throne,  
We may leave in the lurch

Both the King and the Church,

By encouraging slily *Pope Joan* !"

In one hand a new dance,

In the other finance,

To throw on each subject new light,

Young *Petty* appear'd,

And begg'd to be heard,

In setting the game of the night.

" *Cassino*," he cries,

" Sure, of all games, supplies

Amusement unblemish'd with strife ;

For that black, grey, or fair,

With their fellows should pair,

Must to all form the pleasures of life !"

Without farther debate,

Down to *Cass* then they sate ;

But how strange is the game I record,

The *Knaves* are paid off,

Of all Court cards the scoff,

And in triumph the King *clears the board* !

John, rubbing his eyes,

At length, with surprise,

Discover'd the tricks of the crew,

And gaining in sense

What he first lost in pence,

From the Wolves in Sheep's clothing withdrew !

HOYLE.

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TO ONE WHO CENSURED MODERN DRESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 9.]

WHAT though these garments, light as woven air,  
Disclose each charm that decks the modern fair ;  
Why so censorious, friend ? what is 't to you,  
If Paradise is open'd to our view ?  
Like Mother Eve, our maids may stray unblam'd,  
For they are naked, and are not asham'd.

## A PUN,

ON READING IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE, MAY 12TH,  
1812, THE MARRIAGE OF EDWARD REYNOLDS, ESQ.  
TO MISS SARAH HUSBAND.

[From the same, May 13.]

THE strangest metamorphosis in life!

That thus a *Husband* should become a *wife*;—

And be contented with a silent vote,

Changing the *breeches* for the *petticoat*.

Perchance the Bridegroom, while he holds the charms

Of this his *female Husband* in his arms,

Dreads a new change, and piously beseeches,

That she may never *reassume* the breeches!

E. F.

## TO —.

[From the same, May 23.]

IN the dirge we sung o'er thee, no censure was heard;

Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;

We forgot, in that hour, how the Statesman had err'd,

And wept for the Father, the Husband, and Friend!

O! proud was the meed thy integrity won,

And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,

When in grief we forgot all the ill thou hadst done,

And, though wrong'd by thee living, bewail'd thee when  
dead!

Even now, if a selfish emotion intrude,

'T is to wish thou hadst chosen some lowlier state—

Hadst known what thou wert—and, content to be *good*,

Hadst ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, blest through their own little orbit to move,

Thy years might have roll'd inoffensive away;

Thy children might still have been blest with thy love,

And England would ne'er have been curs'd with thy  
sway!

## EPIGRAMMATIC PUNS.

[From the same.]

**P**RINCEPS his rent from tinneries draws,  
 His best friends are refiners ;—  
 What wonder then his other friends  
 He leaves for under-miners ?

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YE Politicians, tell me, pray,  
 Why thus with woe and care rent  
 This is the worst which we can say,  
 Some wind has blown the *Wig* away,  
 And left the *Hair Apparent*.

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 WHA' WANTS ME !

[From the same, May 26.]

**I**N consequence of the loss of the *little white leader* of the State Diligence; the Proprietors are under the *painful* necessity of dropping the concern; as, in spite of their most *adroit* and *well-meaning* efforts to supply the loss, they have found no horse that will run in their *team*, except that *noted job* Old Nick, who has not wind for the work.

The horses which ran in this machine (including some of the best *Flushing* breed, with a strong cross of *bigot blood*) are to be disposed of, warranted *true to the collar*, and *equal to any work*. The Proprietors humbly recommend them to all Gentlemen engaged in the *Black* way.

Apply at the *State-stable*, Downing Street, where the *animals* are allowed to remain till the new concern opens.



## THE PHANTASMAGORIA.

[From the British Press, May 26.]

A NEWLY-INVENTED Phantasmagoria is now open for exhibition, which rivals in attraction all the other places of public amusement. The works, which are allowed by the connoisseurs to be *chefs-d'œuvre*, are improvements upon the pictures in water-colours, being mostly done in milk and water.

No. I.—*The New Leader*.—By Viscount C-stle—gh, R. A. S. S.

“E'en Kings themselves have follow'd her—  
When she has gone before.”—GOLDSMITH.

This is a tolerably correct drawing of a Royal Mail Coach. The new Leader is a sorry jade, something like Don Quixote's Rozinante, but without the spirit of that steed, and perhaps resembling more an Irish hack. He appears to have fallen down at the Inn-door just as the coachman was preparing to drive off. The disappointment in the countenance of the coachman is well expressed; it is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

No. II.—*Master Nicholas's Dream; or, the Triumphs of abstract Currency*.—A man in the robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer, weighing paper against gold.—By Mynheer Van Leintort.—Under written—

“He was weigh'd in the balance, and found wanting.”

This is a very feeble performance. There is nothing of taste or fancy in the design; and the colouring of the Portrait is harsh, cold, and dry.

No. III.—*A Portrait of a broken Rag Merchant*.—  
By the same Artist.

It is in the true style, but without any thing of the humour and richness, of the Dutch School.

No. IV.—*Jonas in the Whale's Belly*.—By Monsieur

sieur March au Paris, an eminent Artist at Liverpool.

The title of this picture is a flagrant *misnomer*. Jonas, the main figure, is quite out of his element. Instead of plunging about in the whale's belly, he looks as if he had been just disgorged, after having passed three days and nights there, and the wretched animal had been troubled the whole time with the colic.

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### THE WHIP CLUB.

"With graceful ease he smack'd the thong."—WHITEHEAD.

[From the Public Ledger, June 1.]

WHAT can Men of Fashion do?

Why, drive a Curricie and Two.

Can Men of Fashion do no more?

Yes; drive a smart Barouche and Four.

Do Men of Fashion end with this?

May they not drive too fast?—O, yes!

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### THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

[Original.]

THE following Lines were written Impromptu, by LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, Esq. one evening in August 1810, at Brandenburg House, on seeing the Margravine of Anspach engaged in Needle-work.

IN humble work permit the humbler train

That praise to reap which multitudes obtain.

But why shouldst thou unprofitably claim

Imperfect honour from inferior fame?

Wit shines in thee amidst a blaze of grace,

And beauty revels in a matchless face!

We hate the work which draws such eyes away,

For eyes like those give spirit to the gay.

Wisely desist; improve the rapid time

With wit in prose, and elegance in rhyme;

Too long neglected, bid the Muse maintain  
 Claims of her own, and boast a second reign !  
 Let meaner talents weave the curious thread ;  
 Be thine the science of the heart and head :  
 Taste then shall lead where magic Fancy flies,  
 While Beauty wins, and Sense allows the prize.

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### THE ROSE AND THE BUCKETS.

A PARODY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 5.]

ONE day, old George Rose, in a fit of finance,  
 Saw, or thought that he saw, in two buckets,  
 The two gasping nations of England and France,  
 Not worth by their warfare three ducats.  
 As he gaz'd with a Birmingham friend on their plight,  
 They grew tir'd of their ruinous swig ;  
 And raising their heads, you may judge of his fright,  
 They emptied their tubs on his wig.  
 George Rose, thus bedrench'd and bedrown'd in the shower,  
 Was by Mac to the Regent convey'd ;  
 The stream had condens'd the pomatum and flour,  
 And weigh'd down his beautiful head.  
 He hastily seiz'd him, unfit as he was,  
 For a Statesman so dripping and drown'd,  
 And swinging him rudely—too rudely, alas !  
 Old Rose tumbled flat on the ground.  
 Then the Regent exclaim'd, “ Had I shaken him less,  
 He'd have pros'd at the Board for a while—  
 But he's down, and I'll fly from the dreaded Address,  
 For his grumbling will end in a smile !”

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### LIST OF THE NEW CABINET.

[From the same, June 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN order at once to confute all the false reports of  
 difficulties in the formation of a Ministry, I trans-  
 mit you an exact List of the Cabinet, which has been  
 agreed

agreed upon. I cannot conceive whence all the idle stories that have been circulated arose; for there never was the slightest disagreement between the component parts of this Administration, and the public will see that the places are all filled by equal integrity and talents.

First Lord of the Treasury, Marquis of Looverpill.

Three Secretaries—Home, Foreign, and War,  
Lord Jenksbury, Messrs. Livesbury and Hawkinson.

Master General of the Ordnance, Count Hinkinson.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir Cinquesbury Jenkspool.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Baron Liverloop.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hawkinpool.

Lord Privy Seal, Earl of Stinksbury.

President of the Council, Viscount Livkinson.

Mr. Fifesbury, Lords Walmerpool and Combekinson, are also to have places. This list you may depend upon as accurate; and in order to satisfy the public, you are perfectly at liberty to publish it with my name.

(Signed) STINKINPOOL.

*Jenkinburypool House, June 7, 1812.*

## THE NEW MINISTERS.

[From the same, June 11.]

THE Hydra's Head, as Poets say,

By Hercules when cut away,

Could seven other heads produce,

Of equal worth, and equal use.

How different, alas! its state,

Since our Hydra met its fate:

To make a Head each effort fails,

And so it gives us seven Tails.



## THE R——T'S LAST TRUMP;

OR, THE DEAD ALIVE.

[From the British Press, June 13.]

Tune—" *The Chapter of Kings.*"

I 'LL sing you a song of our R——t great,  
 And how he performs the affairs of State;  
 How he, rather than cause any further strife,  
 Recal'd his old M—st-rs back to life,  
 And told 'em, " Pray, Gentlemen, don't make a  
 bother,

You have all got a place in your turns."

An accident chanc'd, made the R——t sad,  
 And I don't see that we've any cause to be glad—  
 Though, in consequence, M—st-rs down were thump'd,  
 But *he* tickled their tails,—and then, up they jump'd,  
 And told 'em, " Pray, Gentlemen, don't make a  
 bother,

You have all got a place in your turns."

First, as E-d-n was lying, near drown'd in tears,  
 The R——t desir'd him to " calm his fears;"  
 At that sound he arose—and again grew big,  
 And next day told his man—" *to new-powder his wig;*"  
 And thought 't was no time to be making a bother,  
 For they'd all get their fees in their turns.

Next to him lay brave Ch-lm—d-l-y, a courtier stout,  
 Who had fought very hard—*but his snuff was out:*  
 When the P—— on his *pouch* gave some gentle knocks,  
 Up he jump'd, and ran home to replenish his box;  
 And thought 't was no time to be making a bother,  
 For they'd all have their places in turns.

As S-dm—th was lying and gasping for breath,  
 And with calm resignation was waiting for death,  
 The P—— gave a nod, that at once eas'd his pain,  
 Up a D——r he rose in *full practice* again;  
 And thought 't was no time to be making a bother,  
 For they'd all have their fees in their turns.

The R——t at L-v—p—l then shook his head,  
 And fear'd that *his* life was entirely fled—

To the Treasury pointed,—he opens his eyes,  
And off to the Treasury Bench he flies :

And thought 't was no time to be making a bother,  
For they 'd all have their places in turns.

Then H—tf—d, and R—se, and a number more,

He restor'd to the favour they had before ;

And so they 'll continue without a doubt,

Till a new set arises to—" *kick them out,*"

And politely cry, " Gentlemen, don't make a bother,"

We must all have our places in turns."

### WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE ?

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 15.]

Q.—MY thought is a night-cap—and now, by what rule  
Is a night-cap, I pray you, like Lord L—v—rp—l ?

A.—Because it is still (be it white, red, or brown)

A somniferous thing much attach'd to the *Crown*.

Q.—Why is a Pump like Viscount C—stler—gh ?

A.—Because it is a slender thing of wood,

That up and down its awkward arm doth sway ;

And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away

In one weak, washy, everlasting flood !

Q.—Pray, why is R——r like an ass ?

A.—I pr'ythee let *that* question pass,

When things so *perfectly* agree,

There's no room left for simile.

### A PARTY DUET,

BY THE LORDS GR—Y AND GR——LLE.

[From the Morning Herald, June 15.]

Tune—" *I've kiss'd and I've prattled,*" &c.

LORD GR—Y.

I 'VE intrigu'd it with fifty dull *Statesmen* all round ;

To please our poor *Talents*, d'y'e see ;

Never dreaming intriguers at length would be found,

That could chouse *Bogey* Gr——lle and me !

LORD GR——LLE.

Lords W—ll's—y and M—ra told me fine tales,  
 And swore that Premier I should be ;  
 So I reckon'd it certain his Highness of ——  
 Must soon be a bond-slave to me !

LORD GR—Y.

Your eye was as dull as a sloe in the hedge,  
 Though so highly you toss up your nose ;  
 For ten times a-day you have heard me allege,  
*You'd be trick'd by bamboozling George R—se !*

LORD GR——LLE.

Charley Gr-y, you're a lad so to fire inclin'd,  
 That our tempers could never agree ;  
 And T—rn-y declares that your gunpowder mind  
 With yourself has now blown up poor ME !

DUO [*con affettuoso*].

No longer we stand like a poplar tree,  
 That, proud of its *straightness*, grows ;  
 But look like two ninnies of humbled degree,  
 Just stripp'd of their gaudy Court clothes.

*Da Capo*—"We've intrigu'd it," &c.

## NEW MOTTOES.

[From the same, June 18.]

THAT portion of the *Opposition Talents* who are fortunate enough still to retain decent *Coats* to their *Arms*, have made some variation in their *Mottoes*, to square a little with the political eccentricity of the times. Among these the following seem to have been adopted by them with good *taste* as well as *Talents* :—

Earl G—y,  
 Mr. W——b——d,  
 Lord Gr—v—lle,  
 Mr. Sh——d—n,  
 Lord H——l——d,  
 Mr. T—rn—y,

*Ignis fatuus !*  
*As I BREW, so I'll bake !*  
*Templa quam destructa !*  
*Nunc est bibendum !*  
*Ask my Lady !*  
*I can TURN with the TIDE !*

Lord

Lord D—gh—re,	<i>Hoc age!</i>
Hon. W. L—mb,	<i>I'm a lost MUTTON!</i>
Mr. C—v—y,	<i>I TELL a melancholy TALE!</i>
Mr. M. A. T—yl—r,	<i>Cock-a-doodle doo!</i>

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### KING CRACK AND HIS IDOLS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 25.]

**K**ING Crack was the best of all possible Kings,  
 (At least so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly;) But Crack now and then would do bet'rodox things,  
 And, at last, took to *worshipping Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been plac'd  
 In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,  
 That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his  
 taste!—

They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch!  
 Hollow, wooden, and rude as if carv'd in the dark,  
 They had, *some of them*, heads—but 't was curious to see—  
 In what places they wore them; for, Heav'n save the mark!  
 Their noses were stuck where their tails ought to be.

Yet these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!—  
 Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,  
 Cried aloud, one and all, “Come, your Godships must  
 pack—

You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*.”  
 Then, trampling the gross Idols under their feet,  
 They sent Crack a petition, beginning, “Great Cæsar!  
 We are willing to worship; but only entreat  
 That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these  
 are.”

“I'll try,” says King Crack—then they furnish'd him  
 models

Of better-shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back;  
 Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of  
 noddles,

In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack!

So



230 INSCRIPTION FOR THE LID OF A CHEST.

So he took to his darling old Idols again,  
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their  
faces,  
In open defiance of Gods and of men,  
Set the monsters up grinning, once more, in their places!  
R.

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PROPOSED INSCRIPTION FOR THE LID OF A  
CHEST, IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE PRIVY  
COUNCIL.

[From the same.]

Beneath, are deposited  
all that remains of the once celebrated  
ORDERS IN COUNCIL.  
Circumscribed by this narrow boundary,  
and reduced to a few shreds  
of worthless parchment,  
those haughty and innovating Decrees  
which, in their lifetime, convulsed Empires,  
and tore the scanty morsel  
from the grasp of starving Millions,  
now repose in harmless obscurity.  
Through the baser passions of the human heart,  
the *moral* Genealogist  
may perhaps trace their origin to a remote distance;  
but their immediate progenitors were  
MALIGNITY and INFATUATION.  
Fostered by unremitting parental care,  
and the laborious exertions of their nearest relatives,  
SOPHISTRY and FALSEHOOD,  
they rapidly attained  
a formidable and disgraceful maturity.  
During a disastrous period  
of Six Years,  
they exercised an uncontrolled oppression  
over the Industry and Resources of the Poor;  
Polluted the National Reputation for Commercial Integrity  
with the most loathsome villanies;  
Cherished the infant Manufactures of our Rivals;  
and insulted the Public Rights of Mankind,

by

by a long series of hateful and aggressive Depredations.

Their career was at length arrested  
by the awakened energies of their victims ;  
and after a resistance

which only proved the genuine cowardice of Tyranny  
when opposed to the united efforts of  
Rectitude and Patriotism—

overwhelmed by the contempt of the Wise,  
and the execrations of the Good,  
they expired June 16th, 1812.

On the same day,  
their only legitimate descendant,

THE LICENSE SYSTEM,

shared the fate of its guilty parents ;  
and their death is thus recorded

by a British Public,  
as an Event

awfully instructive to future Legislators,  
and strongly illustrative

of the consolatory and important Truth,  
that it is essential to the very *Nature* of Evil,  
to issue in its own Destruction.

L. M. N.

## NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

[From the same, June 26.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT gave me much pleasure to hear, some time since,  
that that able veteran in politics, the Right Honourable G——ge R——e, was about to retire, upon a  
Peerage and Pension, to the dignified leisure which  
his long public services entitle him to ; and I am sure  
you will agree with me, that he, who has transacted  
so much “*negotium sine dignitate*,” ought at last  
to enjoy a little “*otium*” *with* it. I have since  
found, in the History of the Athenians, a very appo-  
site precedent for such a well-bestowed tribute of na-  
tional gratitude. “An Ass,” they tell us, “having  
grown

grown old in carrying the rubbish of one of their principal temples, was declared sacred and pensioned by the republic, in order to be exempt from labour the rest of his life." This happy animal was honoured with the name of "the Sacred Ass of Athens;" and I sincerely hope that my countrymen will imitate the generosity of the Athenians, and that the title "*Sacred Ass of England*" may accompany the virtuous Statesman in question to his retirement.—My author tells me further, that "the habit of carrying (rubbish) was so strong in this laborious ass, that he went regularly every day to associate with those that succeeded him, and seemed to reject the idleness which had been indulged him as a reward." In like manner, I have no doubt that our venerable Statesman will imitate the inveterate industry of his sacred Athenian prototype; and that we shall still find him hovering about his old Treasury haunts (*Asinus aureus*); still cutting jokes about buckets, &c. (*Asinus inter simias*); and still watching the concerts of the under clerks, to observe whether the musicians sing as if they were paid or not (*Asinus ad lyram*).

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

O.

## TO THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

[From the Morning Post, June 26.]

**B**LEST infant Prince, for whom thy sire has gain'd  
Fame, honours, titles, splendour, fortune, throne;  
All these for thee thy father hath obtain'd.  
Enough—thy virtues will be all thine own.

C.T.

ROUTS.

## ROUTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 27.]

THE *economy* of our modern Routs is a high recommendation of the arrangement. To have all the world at once is extremely commode; for the same expense in lights, and shrubs, and ornaments, that one hundred would require, will suffice for a thousand;—and at the same time crowd the rooms so excessively, as to make all expenditure in ices and fruit impracticable.

There is another advantage in a crowd—there is no necessity for selection. The Assembly may be incongruous with impunity—the equivocal character may jostle the rigid—and the person whom nobody knows, may be cheek by jowl with a Duchess.

For that very reason also it becomes a delightful solitude; for the company is so squeezed together as to prevent all society. The contact is so intimate as to put an end to all distinctions of limbs; and he must be very mal-adroit who does not entangle himself with his next neighbour, if the arm or waist that is near him have attractions to bewilder his eyes. How perfectly at their ease, and how safe from all observation, may not a pair, *qui s'entendent*, be in the midst of an assembly where there is not room to move? There is, in truth, no solitude like a Rout!

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 BLUE AND BUFF!

[From the Morning Herald, June 29.]

TO RESPECTABLE JEW BROKERS.

TO be disposed of by hand, several new suits of *Blue and Buff*, spick and span new, and which having been made up for an expected day of party-triumph, accidentally postponed *sine die*, will be sold a bargain. It might prove a profitable speculation to  
any



any *Israelitish clothesman*, who could afford to lay them by, until the unfortunate gentlemen who were measured for them rather hastily, may, in more prosperous times, command cash or credit, by forcing themselves into power by their *Talents*, which are unquestionable.

Likewise a few more costly suits of the same dignified uniform, which have been *turned* only once, except that particular one which has experienced the operation of *twice turning*, to fit more appropriately the person of the Right Hon. George T——y.

All the apparel may be viewed at a respectable pawnbroker's, the Three Blue Balls, in the neighbourhood of St. James's, where it has been carefully deposited to prevent the *moth* from taking it.

Farther particulars may be known at the *Teller's Head*, Water Cress \* Alley, *Lothbury*, where the pawnbroker's duplicates are lodged.

## SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF "ERIN GO BRAGH."

[From the Morning Post, June 29.]

O! MOURN for the days of confusion and sorrow,  
 Of kingdoms o'erthrown, and of greatness betray'd,  
 Uncertain the fortune that hangs on the morrow,  
 And Europe divided, debas'd, and dismay'd.  
 In vain the great names that through ages descended,  
 Ranks, titles, and thrones, in one chaos are blended,  
 And the Corsican smiles on the fall of the world.  
 O England! my country, sole country remaining,  
 Art thou too his triumphs at last to adorn?  
 Art thou, like the rest, to be dragg'd uncomplaining,  
 At the wheels of his chariot, all bleeding and torn?  
 Thou island of islands, thou land of sweet beauty,  
 Thou land where brave Nelson bade all do their duty,  
 Art thou too to fall, with the fall of the world?

\* Cresco, Crescis, CREVI!

Thou

'Thou land where the crest of the fifth Harry brighten'd,  
 Whose heroes have perish'd for freedom and law ;  
 Where Eliza has triumph'd, and Chatham has lighten'd,  
 And Marlborough blaz'd in the track of Nassau !—  
 But why should I mention the deeds of old story ?  
 You Britons are still, like the Britons before you,  
 Badajoz renews your bright vision of glory,  
 And your country shall stand 'mid the fall of the world !

## BAR WIT.

IMPROMPTU BY MR. JEKYLL,

On a Case of Ejectment, tried at the Cardiff Assizes, in which  
 the Plaintiff, a rich Man, retained all the Bar except a  
 Mr. Abraham, who was for the Defendant, a poor Man.

[From the British Press, July 3.]

**D**IVES the Cardiff bar retains,  
 And counts their learned noses ;  
 While the defendant, *Lazarus*,  
 On *Abraham's* breast reposes.

## LIEN, LION, LYEN.

On the different Pronunciation of Sir A. P. and the Chan-  
 cellor, of the word *Lien* : the former pronouncing it *Lean*,  
 and the other *Lion*.

[From the same.]

**S**IR Arthur, Sir Arthur, what is it you mean,  
 The Chancellor's lion you tell us is *lean* ?  
 Is the Chancellor's kitchen at length come to that,  
 That nothing about him can ever grow *fat* ?

## SHIP NEWS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 3.]

**T**HE following article is extracted from the *Grin-*  
*mouth Telegraph* :

Just returned into *Independence* Harbour, from a  
 voyage of discovery to the Utopia of *Consistency*, the  
*Moirá*.

*Moir* and *Wellesley*; they touched at *Liverpool* going out, and at *Sidmouth*, and took in wood and water—looked into *Compromise Bay*, but the current ran too strong—the *Horne Tooke* broke up—the *Cobbett* (quarantine nearly expired) *expecting every day to get out*—proceeded to *Yarmouth*—hailed the *Whisker* bomb-ketch and the *Manchester* first-rate—brought-to at *Cape Canning*—all well, and the colony in a thriving condition—stopped at the islands of *Grey* and *Grenville*, lat. 51. 6. in the Archipelago of *Politics*—inhabitants hospitable and *fair in their dealings*—furnished a quantity of *Magna Charta Madeira*, which had gone the rounds, and some barrels of *sturdy sour krout*, excellent against the *scurvy of favouritism*, which makes such ravages in the *constitution*—four leagues further, W. N. W. made the island of *Castlereagh*—harbour dangerous—a *long neck* of low land stretching out to the E. and a ledge of sunken rocks on the S.—natives speak in a squeaking tone—odd custom, burying their fighting men in *marshes*—might fill up vacancies amongst *Commissioners of Irish Bogs*—singular pillar of parchment on a base of broken promises, dedicated to *Union*—great part of this island *barren*—the rest covered with *couch* grass and two faces under a hood—passed by *Fort Ryder*—fired a shot to waken the centinels, but without success—sent off a letter in the long-boat to the Governor, to *revise and correct the state and condition of his nightly watch*—returned a polite answer, with a present of *night-caps* for our crew, which they acknowledged by a salute from twelve *sixpenny* brass cannons in honour of the *Cabinet*—saw a number of gallowses along shore—cotton-mills falling into decay—extensive *rope* manufactory, *in full activity*. Sailed at 10 A. M.—came to anchor at *Eldon Cove*—inquired whether we could have a conference with the chief—messenger detained *fourteen hours and three quarters* before he could

could come to a *decision*—asked for some *seals* we saw along the coast—positively refused them, being esteemed *droits of the Admiralty*—took in a curious assortment of *scruples* for the English and Irish *Methodist* markets, a new mode for working a *sum in division*, and one hundred and a quarter of oatmeal, being all that the place afforded—our first mate got the itch here—effectually relieved by *the Melville brimstone ointment*—arrived, after a short passage, at Prince of Wales's Island—sand-bank off Carlton Harbour considerably *enlarged*—nothing but *small craft* can now venture in, even at high-water—remarkable increase of barracks and false hair—*Fort Hertford* particularly strengthened, and the parapets raised so as to command the greater part of the island—the manufacture of wands and ribands on the *decline*—plenty of red tape, veal cutlets, patent wigs, chocolate, saddles, and old women, for home consumption—departed with light and variable breezes—struck on *Punctilio Bank*, and could not get off without throwing the Catholics overboard—hoisted a blue flag at the mizen, as a signal of distress—wore—and by the trade-wind of *the Constitution* brought the vessels into Port Independence, where they are gone into dock to have the barnacles scrubbed off their bottoms, and to undergo other repairs; then to proceed immediately with the *Emancipation* 74, Henry Grattan commander; the *Reform* 90, and the *Free Press* 112, on a cruise in search of the French fleet. It is *whispered* here, *under the Rose*, that Captain Stephen has surrendered the command of *the Orders in Council*; which, being found *totally* unfit for service, is to be *cut down* and converted into an *hospital-ship*—the *McMahon* cutter brought to an anchor, and the Barracks blown up.—Wind, for the last four weeks, from the westward, bringing *heavy clouds and thick fogs*—getting darker over *Point Parliament*—more settled and brighter weather by no means expected.



## LIBERTY HALL:

## A NEW SONG FOR A CABINET DINNER.

"Every one now may have his own way in the Cabinet; it is quite a sort of *LIBERTY HALL*."—*Mr. Tierney's Speech on the late Negotiations.*

[From the same, July 4.]

**S**END the toast about briskly, my good fellows all!

You may fill as you like, this is *Liberty Hall*;

Where he who loves comfort, and glories in pelf,

May enjoy his opinions and pint to himself.

Here's "Howe'er we may differ in most other cases,

May we always agree to hold fast by our *places*,

And long may reversions and sinecures fall

To the free-thinking worthies of *Liberty Hall*."

Here C-stler—gh sits, after wasting his wind

In telling us every thing else but his mind;

And, releas'd from his pledge to keep Ireland enslav'd,

Now he's sure of his place, thinks she *ought* to be sav'd.

While Eld-n, enjoying a full dispensation

From ev'ry thing (bless him!) that's like toleration,

May still load the Papists with blubblor and gall,

And ne'er be the worse for't in *Liberty Hall*.

Here R-d-r has leave (and there never was man

Had such latitude giv'n) to be dull as he can;

While S-dm—th, *of course*, is permitted to *trim*,

Since the habit's become second nature in him.

Here V—ns—tt—t himself has a license ta'en out,

To go on without knowing one thing he's about;

And, in short, so we be not too honest, we all

May just follow our fancies in *Liberty Hall*.

So here's to the good jolly place-hunter's health,

Who has no proud objections to power and wealth;

And whom nature has blest with a bird-limy bottom,

That sticks in good places when once he has got 'em.

It matters not what his opinions may be;

If they stand in his way, the more simpleton he!

And in case he should have no opinions at all,

Why—he'll be but the fitter for *Liberty Hall*.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE D—E OF C——D  
AND ONE OF THE CATHOLIC DELEGATES.

[From the same, July 6.]

SAYS His Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,  
“ Why refuse us the *veto*, good Catholic Neddy ?”  
“ Because, Sir,” says Ned, looking full in his phiz,  
“ You’re *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already !”

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ON HEARING IT REMARKED THAT A CERTAIN  
WIT’S “ FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED.”

[From the same.]

NO, no ; his fire he still retains,  
Whate’er you may suppose ;  
Its lustre has but left his *brains*,  
And settled in his *nose* !

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EPIGRAM: SEA AND LAND.

[From the Morning Post, July 6.]

THE French declare, that though we beat ’em,  
Whene’er upon the seas we meet ’em ;  
Yet when by land we chance to meet,  
Our army fights not like our fleet :  
No more it does—for on the seas  
We beat ’em, one to three with ease ;  
But when by land we meet, ’t is true,  
We only beat ’em one to two.

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SHIP NEWS EXTRA.

[From the Morning Herald, July 6.]

WIND N. N. E.

REMAIN as in our last.—The *Dictator*, Captain  
Gr-nv-lle, went into dock to have her *bottom*  
looked at, and her *head* scraped and new painted.  
The *Norfolk*, three-decker, unfit as a *flag*-ship to  
carry *blue* at the main, is *cutting down* for a *hulk*.  
The *Demi-Catholic*, Capt. C-nn—g, is ordered to  
be

be lengthened and new ruddered, if her timbers are found stout enough for a first-rate. The *Revolutionaire*, Capt. Rom—ly, drifting last night athwart hawse of the *Prison* tender, drove her ashore, when all the convicts escaped up the country! The *Double-dealer*, Capt. T—rn-y, having carried away her *false keel*, by running foul of the *Prince*, is hauled on the Hard, and her *copper* having also been disturbed, her plank is now to be closely examined, and if found rotten, as expected, she will be broke up. The *Uxorious*, Capt. Holl—d, has dropped down to *Mother-bank*. The *Leveller*, Capt. B—rd-tt, took fire in her powder-room, from trying some combustible stink-pots, and hand-grenades, on a new principle; but got under by the jolly-boat crew of the *Britannia*, who keep a constant watch under her stern. The *Samuel Victual-ler*, Capt. Whit—d, has made a signal in the offing that she has *beer* on board for the fleet; she picked up the *Brawler* bum-boat, Cr—v-y master, off the *Fudge* beacon, having sprung a leak, and obliged to heave most of her damaged cabbages and sour kroust overboard. The *Conflagrator* fire-ship, Capt. L—d-le, having still her old store combustibles and phosphorus matches on board, is ordered into the upper harbour, for fear of an explosion.

Six P. M.—Just come in under royals, the *True Briton*, Capt. S—dm—th, and anchored alongside the *Liverpool*, *Eldon*, and *Castlereagh*. All the ships in the harbour, except those supposed to have disaffected crews, manned yards, and gave her three cheers.

*After Post.*—The Port Admiral has just received an account that the *Luddite* fever has shown itself on board several of the ships at anchor in *Opposition Waters*.—Farther advice in our next.

## FRENCH VALOUR.

[From the Morning Post, July 8.]

WHENE'ER we meet the French at sea,  
 'Tis said we beat them one to three;  
 Whene'er on land they come in view,  
 'Tis said we beat them one to two.  
 But what wise man can this receive  
 As that a wise man should believe;  
 Since, or engag'd on land, or sea, we find,  
*Their valour always leaves ours far behind?* T.

## TO CABINET-MAKERS.

[From the British Press, July 8.]

WANTED some skilful hands, to put in order a very curious Cabinet, supposed to be of the workmanship of the reign of Charles the Second.

It is composed of twelve parts, which are contrived to fit very closely together, and made to go in and out by a secret spring, which was invented by a Scotchman, some years since, and by him first applied to this purpose.

This Cabinet is very curiously tessellated, inlaid with various pieces of mosaic work, and adorned with little wooden figures, all new within a few years, and made at a vast expense.

These figures, by a secret touch of the main-spring, are so contrived as to utter or emit sounds like human creatures, and may be made to change their notes, and sing in quite a different key, without any alteration of the words, but merely by shifting their places.

This main-spring is so exquisitely contrived, that the slightest touch, even of a child, or a female, is sufficient to put it in motion, and direct its movements.

Owing to an accident this Cabinet lately experienced in one of its supporters being broken, it has become unable to perform its movements, and has therefore been sent to different cabinet-makers to re-



pair; but on account of its complicated machinery, none have yet been able to agree in what is necessary to be done.

The most eminent are of opinion, that it ought to be completely taken to pieces, while others recommend only a partial repair.

Whosoever will undertake to put the same into complete repair, without taking it to pieces, or looking at the works by which the secret spring is regulated, and which must on no account be touched, may apply at the office of the proprietor, where a model of the Cabinet, and a plan of the alterations proposed, may be seen.

N. B. Expedition is required.

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### SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 9.]

ONE evening last May, as the *Administration*  
Were fishing for gudgeons in *Manchester Square*,  
A plank started out from its regular station,  
And the junto *sunk down* in the punt in despair.

They were dragg'd to the shore by some friends that were  
boating,

H—t—d caught Y——h's *whiskers* and L———l's *nose*;  
V——t kept B——t and H——y floating,

While he threw out *two buckets*, and fish'd up G——e  
R——e.

Like a *county address*, they were laid on the table,

The Faculty scrubb'd them, and open'd their veins;

They were buried in dung from the *Regency stables*;

They were tickled with *feathers*, and coddled in grains.

E—n long remain'd cold, but they dreaded to pain him,

As *deciding* he often look'd thus;—still they hope—

At last a tobacco-smoke clyster *per anum*

Reopen'd his lips, and he murmur'd, *No Pope!*

M——e's

M——e's skull long resisted *th' electrical shock*,  
 And S——th was hours ere enabled to feel;  
 S—t was flat as a *flounder*, Gr—t stiff as a *block*,  
 But R—e started up, and cried out, *No repeal!*  
 Thus reviv'd, to their punt they ran highly elated,  
 And not with *sound oak*, but with *rags*, stopp'd the hole;  
 Their hooks with *the Treasury worms* they rebaited,  
 And C——n was *ballast*, and C——h, *Pole*.  
 And *a-fishing* again they are gone on *the Square*,  
 But I'm told that *the rags* are condemn'd by *the nation*:  
 Of sinking again, let them therefore *beware*;  
 There is not one chance of their *resuscitation*.

T. T.

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 TAX ON MUSIC.

[From the Public Ledger, July 14.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS the tax upon leather is certainly highly unpopular, and, according to the representations of the trade, likely to become oppressive, I hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is too young in office to be obstinate, will adopt the hint thrown out in your and other papers, and exchange this for a tax on *music* and *musical instruments*. I know of none more reasonable, nor, in the present state of things, none more likely to be productive.

Music, although classed among the sciences, is not, like other sciences, confined to the learned.—Science as it is, there is just enough of the *mechanical* in it to constitute a *trade*, and a very good trade too, whether the article dealt in be a fine voice or an old fiddle. Music too, although a science, is also a *luxury*, and, upon that account, any tax upon it is the less likely to be evaded. It is the prevailing humour at present to pinch and save in necessities, but by no means to discontinue or abridge one article that administers to vanity and ostentation.

That the sums given, as salaries, to our musical *professors*, as they call themselves, and to our singers, male and female, exceed all bounds and all proportion to the real value of the article, is, I think, universally acknowledged; and a frequent subject of complaint, when compared with the paltry income of the most eminent literary characters of the late or present age; and even when compared with the incomes of professional men of the highest eminence in divinity, law, or physic. A tax, therefore, on music, extending itself to all the various sources of property arising from music, would be, to say the least, highly equitable, and therefore highly popular.

There is one view of this question which cannot easily be evaded. The inroads which music has made in our dramatic territories is such, that the legitimate drama is almost extirpated. The introduction of musical dramas, or operas, as they are called, was certainly fatal. It accustomed the public to receive that pleasure from the external senses, which before had its source in the understanding; and in the course of time, an alliance, offensive and defensive, being made between *music* and *nonsense*, our audiences now quietly submit to the latter, provided it be accompanied with a *quant. suff.* of the former.

But I perhaps forget that it is not so much my business to rail at music, as to point out its eligibility as an object of taxation; and this, I presume, will appear very plainly, when we consider that it is not now confined to opera-houses and play-houses, to concert-rooms, or to other public places appropriated for the purpose. Like the Egyptian frogs, it has entered our palaces and our private houses, our halls, our chambers, our dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and even bed-rooms. Whoever has a house has a piano—whoever has a daughter, has a piano—every sale exhibits a piano—every bankrupt's creditors have a piano

piano divided among them—and a house without a piano may be suspected of something very wrong in the taste or circumstances of the owners. Under this necessary of life may be seen a library of *new music*, *new* because it never has time to grow old: such are the pleasant fluctuations which the *dealers*, aided by their steady allies the *teachers*, can introduce into any family. The man who buys a piano for *Miss*, as soon as she comes from the boarding-school, saddles himself with an expense of 20*l.* or 30*l.* a year, to keep *Miss* in employment, and not suffer her to fall into the shocking blunder of playing a tune that is out of fashion; that is, five or six weeks old.

Were I to expatiate farther on the propriety of music as an object of taxation, I might yet add another circumstance worthy of the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I have said that music is a science—is a trade—is a luxury; and I may now add, that it is a *nuisance* too, an incentive to vanity and idleness, without any profitable returns. Thousands are daily taught to play on one or another instrument, who make no greater progress than to be able to hurt every good ear that hears them, and to oblige their friends to offer prevaricating and insincere compliments, at the vast expense of truth. With respect to music as a source of idleness, I will appeal to the many thousands in this metropolis, who having been so unfortunate as to possess a tolerable voice or finger, abandon all regular pursuits and employments, for precarious invitations to social parties, and the ambition of being “first fiddle” at all public dinners and public houses.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer will make the proper inquiries, there can be little doubt that he will find in this article alone a very productive source of revenue, hitherto untouched, or but very slightly. It might branch out into a tax on all instruments of



music; on all printed music (by means of a stamp); and on all concert-tickets, which also should be stamped. In the case of the property-tax, too, there could be no great harm in increasing the ratio on property derived from singing two songs in an evening for 5*ol.* or *presiding* (as it is affectedly called) at the piano forte for the same time, at a salary not much less; but I shall not enter farther into the details of collecting, as these may be furnished by other hands. I really think, however, that even in this late period of the session, an attempt should be made to remove taxation from an article of the first necessity, connected with the prosperity of the industrious workman, and lay it upon another article of most extensive consumption, for which no such plea can be set up.

I am, Sir, yours, Z.

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### A CHARACTER.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 16.]

SHAH Abbas the Great had a smooth eunuch Minister;  
Feeble in wisdom, but potent in guile;  
His kindness ill-omen'd—his promises sinister—  
Blood in his blandishments—death in his smile!

Still inflaming the ills he affected to sooth,  
Still caressing the victims he meant to despoil;  
He could torture complacently—bloody and smooth,  
Like a murderer's knife newly steep'd in sweet oil!

Refining on all that most supple and harsh is,  
Cold, treach'rous, and calm, like a sea without surge,  
He got rid of the brave by the poison of marshes,  
And broke down the free by the torture and scourge!

Proud outcast of manhood! while coolly he hurl'd  
Destruction around, it consol'd him, no doubt,  
That, though pow'rless in bringing men *into* the world,  
He, at least, had the dire art of sending them *out*.

ODE.

## ODE TO FORTUNE.

BY MOMUS MEDLAR, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "HIGHGATE TUNNEL,"  
IMITATED FROM HORACE.—BOOK I. ODE 35.

*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.*

[From the same, July 18.]

GODDESS, by grateful gulls ador'd,  
Whose wand can make a clown a lord,  
And lords to coachmen humble;  
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,  
Then bids our wealth in paper rise—  
Rise!—Zounds, I should say, tumble!  
Thee, barking *Fire* assurance baits,  
With face as brazen as her plates;  
She in thy lobby lingers;  
But fire, alas! to smoke will turn,  
And sharers, though no houses burn,  
Will sometimes burn their fingers.  
In troubled *Water* others fish,  
Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish;  
They're welcome if they love it:  
They who, on water, money lend,  
Can seldom manage in the end  
To keep their heads above it.  
Who sinks in *Earth* but sinks in cash,  
'T is to make nothing but a smash,  
Do nothing, but undoing:  
New bridges halt amid the flood,  
New roads desert us in the mud,  
And turn out "Roads to Ruin."  
The knavish crew in puffing skill'd,  
Next high in *Air* their castles build,  
But air derides their trouble.  
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,  
And Winsor's gas, like Windsor's soap,  
When blown, appears a bubble.  
O Fortune, in thy giddy march  
Kick down (and welcome) Highgate Arch,

But be content with one ill :  
 When from the gallery ruin nods,  
 O whisper silence to the gods,  
 And spare the Muses' Tunnel.  
 Grim Bankruptcy thy path besets,  
 With one Great Seal and three Gazettes  
 Suspended from her shoulders :  
 Diggers and miners swell thy train,  
 Who having bor'd the earth in vain,  
 Now *bore*—the poor shareholders.  
 While vulgar dupes, compell'd to pay,  
 Decoy'd too far to fly away,  
 Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks ;  
 Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes,  
 Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,  
 Till they themselves are lame ducks.  
 Farces like those to send adrift,  
 Blind Goddess, give my Farce a lift,  
 And bid me touch the Spanish :  
 Too weak to brave the critic's scorn,  
 So shall it serve the weak to warn,  
 And quack impostors banish.  
 Those rampant " Minions of their breed,"  
 Too long from Ketch's halter freed,  
 Pursue their prancing courses ;  
 Gorg'd with their asinine repast,  
 O grant, they may devour at last  
 Themselves, like Duncan's horses !

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### IMPROMPTU.—TO SENILLA.

A PARODY.

Age could not wither her, nor custom stale  
 Her infinite variety.—ANT. and CLEOPATRA.

[From the same, July 24.]

**L**ET them say what of *baldness* they list,  
*Senilla*, convinc'd in my heart I  
 Deem no woman fit to be kiss'd  
 Till she's turn'd the corner of forty.

Then

Then she's steady as Chancellor sage,  
And, like him, *deep* advice she can give you;  
She's keen and resourceful as Page,  
And secret as Councillor Privy.

I must seek out a gift for my fair;  
My toupee I will send her with speed!  
But let me that plunder forbear—  
She will say, "'T was a barbarous deed.

"For he must be mad," she averr'd;  
"Who unwigs him, when no longer young:"  
And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness drop from her tongue.

Shall I send her my whiskers—Ah no!  
If my wig she refuses from love,  
She would equally feel for *below*  
What I sacrific'd for her *above*.

No, I'll send her veal-cutlets and sherry,  
By ——— who ties my cravat:  
The latter will make my love merry!  
The former will make my love fat!

Fat and old, thou art still dear to me;  
Thou exquisite elder, I'd rather  
Repose in the sunset of thee,  
Than bask in the noon of another!

T. T.

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### VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY WALTER SCOTT'S INVOCATION TO IRELAND.

IN THE "VISION OF DON RODERICK," ENDING

"Strike the bold harp, green Isle, the Hero is thy own."

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSOLATIONS OF ERIN," &c.

[From the same.]

**A**LAS, Border Minstrel, the summons is vain,  
For unstrung is the harp, and forgotten the strain,  
Which Erin once sung in her pride—  
And now robb'd of the glories that brighten'd her reign,  
To the heart-rending clank of a conqueror's chain,  
All tuneless she wanders the desolate plain  
With the blood of her patriots dy'd!

M 5

Thoug!



Though a halo of glory should circle her son,  
And Victory envy the laurels he won,

To her they are symbols of shame :  
For never can dignity beam on his brow,  
Till first he has plighted the profligate vow,  
To live as a foe to her fame !

Gone, gone are the days when the western gale  
Awoke every voice of the lake and the vale,  
With the harp and the lute and the lyre ;  
When Justice uplifted her adamant shield,  
And Valour and Freedom illumin'd the field  
With a sword and a plumage of fire !

And now, Border Minstrel, the bigot and slave  
Pollute the pure land of the free-born braye,  
The land of the sigh and the smile—  
Then accurs'd be the Irishman's heart that could sing;  
And wither'd the hand that would waken the string,  
Till the angel of Liberty wave her wild wing  
Again o'er the emerald isle.

## TO THE PROPRIETORS OF NEWSPAPERS AND OTHERS.

[From the British Press, July 25.]

TO BE SOLD;

THE stock, letter-press, &c. of a well-known  
ministerial paper.

Among these are comprised a quantity of articles  
ready worked up, on the Catholic question, tending  
to prove the danger of suffering people to think for  
themselves, in matters of religion.—Consisting of,  
first, the Necessity of a Religious War; the One-armed  
Hero; the Political Suicide; *Quem Deus vult perdere*;  
Pope and Pagan; the Mad Bull.

The above articles were fabricated expressly for this  
paper, and are supposed to be perfectly novel in their  
kind.

Owing to a failure in the house which ordered the  
above,

above, they have been left on hand, and may now be had at less than half price.

There is also a considerable quantity of unwrought stuff in support of the Orders in Council, which, from the same circumstance, will be sold cheap, there being no longer any demand for that article, but which, it is supposed, will suit the country dealers.

There is also a vast quantity of unwrought declamation and abuse, in the gross, which may be had at a small price, and be easily worked up, and applied as occasion serves; together with a large collection of anecdote and private history, easily applicable, by a slight perversion, to general questions.

With these will be sold, a valuable collection of indiscriminate epithets and original poetry, consisting of epigrams, impromptus, sonnets, witticisms, &c. The epigrams, owing to the manner in which the point is concealed, may, with very little more violence to the orthography and pronunciation, be applied to any thing else.

Also a large assortment of patterns for encomiums, and descriptions of parties, dinners, routs, &c. from a marchioness to a plain mistress, at different prices, and with different colours. With these will be sold the new method of chalking floors, to prevent accidents in dancing, or in executing difficult figures.

There is, besides, a great variety of printed forms for speeches at public dinners, with proper introductions and colours, according to the place and occasion, whether delivered at the London Tavern or Crown and Anchor, together with the proper beginnings and endings for speeches on particular occasions, with appropriate epithets; such as the worthy Alderman, the accomplished Hostess, the gallant General, &c. all in blank, with spaces for the names and prices, &c.

There is also a most valuable and *unique* collection of tail-pieces, roundings and mouldings of periods and  
 M 6 sentences,

sentences, with a vast variety of forms of inversion, carefully selected from Junius and others, with blanks for the ideas of different sizes.

The above article, it is supposed, will be particularly valuable to the Sunday papers.

### ON ONE OF THE WEEKLY LIBELLERS.

[From the Morning Post, July 28.]

**N**EAR the sick couch, while pitying angels spread  
A sacred halo round the Royal Head,  
The base apostate's prostituted page  
Libels his virtues, and insults his age \*;  
Aiming to strike that breast with coward hand,  
'That's mourn'd, below'd, and honour'd through the land!  
But vain the Jacobin's detested pen  
Attacks the greatest and the best of men.  
A people's love repels th' assassin's dart,  
'That wounding him would pierce a nation's heart!  
His praise shall live, by many a poet sung,  
When this wretch rots upon his native dung.

July 27, 1812.

ANTI-HYPOCRITE.

### THREE STICKS.

[From the same, July 29.]

**O**NE stick will serve a dog to beat,  
For forward puppies treatment meet;  
But Grey and Grenville quite agree  
That they could guide the state with *three*,  
And make Britannia, firm and hearty,  
Resist the rage of Buonaparte.  
O! wondrous potency of *three sticks*,  
'To baffle all the tyrant's tricks!  
And always will he dread the stroke,  
When dealt by *thistle, shamrock, oak*.

\* See a most base, false, infamous passage in his paper, for Saturday, July 18, 1812, page 90; beginning with these words: "I have three sons," &c. &c.—The remainder is too detestable to be quoted; but every good man in the empire, let him be attached to what party he will, must abhor the black hearted wretch who could pen such a paragraph!

## GREEN FENNEL.

IN THE STYLE OF MODERN SIMPLICITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 30.]

**Y**OUNG Tom had a best coat—a smart nankeen waist-coat—

A neat pair of black Spanish pumps ;  
He knows that his mother will make a great pother,  
If over the kennel he jumps.

'T was morning, 't was Sunday, and surely on one day  
A lad may give over his pranks ;  
He trudg'd off to chapel, devouring an apple,  
For which he gave grand-papa thanks.

He came to a kennel, choke-full of green fennel,  
The water it ran in a flood ;  
Says he, " Who'll discover it, now I'll jump over it"—  
Souse he went into the mud.

His mother she thump'd him, and Hannah she pump'd  
him ;

His Sunday clothes taking away ;  
And when, in the holydays, others had jolly days,  
Gave him no peg-top to play.

A trick that for fun is meant, brings its own punishment,  
Tommy is left in the lurch,  
Stripp'd of his Sunday clothes, sent in his Monday clothes,  
Crying, to afternoon church.

J.

## NEW BUILDINGS.

[From the same, July 31.]

**O**UR Ministers, wishing the world to be told  
That their plans must be useless, however well laid,  
Erect a new Mint when they've banish'd our gold,  
A Custom-house after they've ruin'd our trade.

Would ye build with some sense, ye extravagant elves,  
Abandon for once your own half-witted rules ;  
Be useful to us and provide for yourselves,  
By building a Bedlam for *Madmen and Fools* !

H.

THE



## THE WAR IN THE NORTH.

[From the British Press, July 31.]

'T IS said, the Bear and ragged staff  
 Was wont to make some people laugh ;  
 But now, unless they mind their eye,  
 I think he 'll make some people cry !

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WHEN treachery Frederic William's Councils sold,  
 And Prussian steel gave way to Gallic gold,  
 Then Buonaparte safely might presume,  
 Ere he was conquer'd, to pronounce his doom ;  
 But now, I trust, of him the fate he 'll share,  
 Who sold the skin before he caught the Bear !

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 NATIONAL THEATRE.

[From the same.]

LAST night the Performances at this Theatre closed for the season ; when one of the Managers came forward, and addressed the audience in a speech to the following effect :—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“ I am directed on the part of the Proprietors and Performers of this Theatre, to return you our most sincere and grateful thanks for the very great kindness and indulgence with which you have condescended to witness our humble endeavours to amuse you.

“ Since the last season the late principal Proprietor has, on account of his advanced age, altogether retired from taking any part in the management of the concerns of this Theatre, and his Son accordingly felt himself called upon to take a more active part than he had hitherto done ; but, as he was very little acquainted with the merits of the principal Performers of the Old Company, he hopes, if he has made any  
 improvident

improvident engagements, or been mistaken with respect to the allotment of characters, you will make some allowance.

“Owing to this circumstance, and also the unfortunate and sudden death of the late Stage Manager, which happened just as he was going upon the Stage, the business of this Theatre was thrown into a temporary embarrassment and confusion, which nothing but a well-grounded confidence in your indulgence, rather than our own abilities, could enable us to overcome.

“In consequence of this unexpected event, instead of bringing forward several new things, which were in a state of great forwardness and preparation, we have been obliged to substitute old pieces, before the performers had time to study the several parts allotted them.

“But one piece, called the Budget, or Britain's Tears, was found in so forward a state of preparation at his death, that the new Manager has ventured to bring it forward at the close of the season; and from the very deep interest with which it was witnessed, on its first representation in every part of the House, there being scarcely one of the audience who did not seem affected by it, except the parties in the private boxes, the Managers flatter themselves, that, as a Tragedy, it will be found equal in effect to any that has been brought forward at this Theatre. Sensible of his present arduous situation, the new Proprietor has caused overtures to be made to two very eminent performers, who had retired, to take the management; but owing to difficulties which arose with respect to a very old and celebrated actress, who is in possession of a certain cast of characters, under articles of long standing between her and the Proprietor, and of which it was the wish of these gentlemen to deprive her, these overtures have not been successful.

“But

“ But we are happy to say, that a treaty is now on foot with a very distinguished performer, who had lately retired in consequence of a little *fracas* in the Green-room, with a Gentleman from the Dublin Theatre; and we hope to be able to prevail upon him to accept of an engagement, before the commencement of the next season.

“ We have also lately endeavoured to strengthen ourselves by the addition of Mr. Jonathan, a very celebrated American performer; but owing to some misunderstanding about Orders, he has unfortunately accepted an engagement at the French Theatre, before our last proposals could reach him.

“ In consequence of late events, and the changes that have taken place in the management and ownership of this Theatre, the Managers think it necessary to be thus particular in their statement, and to exceed the usual limits of an address at the close of the season.

“ They beg leave to add, that, in consequence of complaints from various quarters, it has been their wish to increase, by every means in their power, the number of places; and in this respect, at least, they flatter themselves they have succeeded even beyond your wishes.

“ At the same time, as it does not seem to be the wish of the public to encourage Private Boxes, the Managers have adopted a plan which they hope will answer the same end; and this is, to extend the time allowed for keeping places till the end of the Farce, and to grant to Noblemen's families, and people of a certain rank, a Patentee's ticket, by which none but persons of a particular family shall be allowed to occupy a particular place; and by this arrangement they flatter themselves every inconvenience of intrusion by strangers, at half-price, will be prevented.

“ With a view to meet the wishes of the public,  
and

and to bring forward things appropriate to the times, two very favourite pieces, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Edward the Black Prince*, were put in rehearsal, and attempted to be brought out, with appropriate scenery, dresses, &c. ; but owing to an accident which the gentleman who was to perform the principal character lately experienced, they are now unavoidably postponed.

"The Managers beg leave to conclude with assuring you, that, notwithstanding these disappointments, they are determined to persevere in their endeavours to amuse you ; and they have been fortunate enough lately to engage some very great performers in the higher walks of light comedy and intrigue ; and they think it needless to add, that no expense will be spared."

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### THE EXPENDITURE.

[From the same, August 1.]

CRIES Pat, "What have we done last year?"—

"A hundred millions spent, my dear."—

"O! then we must have done great things."—

"Yes, we have subsidiz'd some Kings."—

"Then that is all we've done, it seems."—

"No, we have subsidiz'd their Queens."—

"But what's come of the rest, my honey?"—

"O! that is *Secret Service Money*."

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### BUONAPARTE'S COUNCIL OF WAR AT WILNA.

[From the same.]

CRIES Buonaparte, "If it's fine,

I think at Petersburg we'll dine,

Although the roads are very bad,

And horses scarcely to be had ;

And those damn'd Cossacks too, they say,

Are always coming in the way,

Which



Which makes it ugly work, 't is true,  
 So that I scarce know what to do.  
 Yet, if we stay much longer here,  
 They'll think that things look rather queer ;  
 And therefore something must be done ;  
 So we must either fight or run.  
 I was in hopes I should get on,  
 And drive the Russians 'cross the Don ;  
 But that damn'd fellow Doctorow  
 Has got away, the Lord knows how,  
 And led my light-horse such a dance,  
 I fear they'll ne'er get back to France.  
 And now he's join'd the Bear and Staff,  
 He's made the silly idiots laugh ;  
 And that old fellow, called Platow,  
 Won't let us push towards Moscow.  
 Besides, 't won't do to follow far  
 This Russian Bear, this cunning Czar ;  
 He'll get us in some corner snug,  
 And give us the fraternal hug—  
 A hug that will not overplease  
 Frenchmen, although they love to squeeze.  
 Then Bernadotte lies on my flank,  
 Ready to play some ugly prank ;  
 And there are some folks in my rear,  
 Whom, *entre nous*, I've cause to fear.  
 Well, if we cannot yet advance,  
 And don't like to retreat to France,  
 If we must stay at this vile Inn,  
 Let's strive to make a Bulletin.  
 Go, ask how many Russ are slain,  
 And if there's any Cossacks ta'en :  
 Three men, I know, were kill'd last night,  
 And one old woman died of fright ;  
 Two Cossacks taken with their bags,  
 One half-starv'd peasant, all in rags.  
 O ! this is not enough by half,  
 'T will only make the people laugh ;  
 We must have something more—but stay.  
 Suppose we all get up a play,

To please these simple easy souls,  
 And serve likewise to gull the Poles;  
 Talk something about restitution,  
 And give them a new Constitution:  
 'T will serve to make them laugh and merry,  
 And then 't will do for Brother Jerry;  
 For though he's but a half-fledg'd thing,  
 Yet he'll do for a Polish King.  
 However, I don't feel quite right,  
 To be oblig'd to stay all night  
 In such a nasty, dismal place—  
 It looks so very like disgrace.  
 I wish to God I'd stay'd at home,  
 And nurs'd the little King of Rome;  
 If I could hire a decent hack,  
 I'd try if I could not get back—  
 If once the Louvre I could see,  
 The Devil might hunt the Bear for me."

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ON MR. WELLESLEY POLE'S SHUTTING UP  
 WANSTEAD PARK.

[From the same, August 4.]

**L**ONG time to get this place I tarried,  
 My wife was *Long* before she married;  
 Her tenants bear me such good will,  
 They wish she had been *longer* still.

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ANOTHER.

**S**OLVE me this Riddle now, and don't guess wrong:  
 My wife was short of stature, yet was *Long*;  
 I cut her short when I made her my own,  
 And, notwithstanding, she is longer grown.  
 How's this? you'll say—'t is true, upon my soul;  
 She's grown so long, that she's a perfect *Pole*.

# ON MR. COATES'S CARRIAGE WITH BRASS COCKS ON THE HARNESS.

[From the same.]

MR. Coates was advis'd, when he built his new carriage,  
To leave room for the arms, in case of a marriage ;  
That the Heralds might give to each party their due,  
And emblazon a *Noodle* with his *Doodle-doo* !

# UPON A CERTAIN GREAT *DIVIDER* OF THE HOUSE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, August 5.]

INTO all sorts of subjects, both known and unknown,  
Mr. Orator Bubble goes, what you call, souse !  
And, unluckily, having no sense of his own,  
He is always for taking the *sense* of the *House*.

# UPON THE ACTIVITY OF THE IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

[From the same.]

LET none complain that Erin lies  
An uninform'd and bigot nation,  
While Saurin's fertile *file* supplies  
Such daily stores of *Information* !

# DISSIMILITUDES.

[From the same, August 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is no unequivocal proof of the spread of Christianity in this country (for we are a most *religious*, as well as a most *thinking* people), that every citizen who can obtain the delight of a suburban villa, is as anxious to *name* it, as to confer the rite of baptism upon "the image of the dear papa." Hence we have *Mount Prospect*, from whence we can see nothing but *waggons* and *stage-coaches*; and *Meadow Brook*, though

though there is not as much grass as would keep a goose from starving, nor *water* enough to drown a kitten. This discrepancy between the title and the reality is certainly unfortunate; yet does not the same dissimilitude but too frequently occur between the Christian name and the Christian? We have *Theophilus*, a Humist, who maligns Providence; and *Charity*, a domestic miser, who diets her servants on water-gruel. Many a *Job* is a family tyrant, and many a *Patience* an accomplished virago. There are reasons for all this; for an erudite modern philosopher observes, "*Every thing depends upon something else*:" but instead of hunting for them, I shall only mention two circumstances which gave rise to these reflections upon *calling names*. During a walk towards Hammersmith, I observed a decent-looking woman leaning against a door, whose dress bore the marks of severe ill treatment. I ventured to inquire the cause, and was told that her husband, who was a systematic drunkard, had turned her out of *Comfort Lodge*, and that she was only waiting till he fell asleep, to steal into the house and get to bed without awakening him. But it was at *Snugborough*, that in my own person I most sensibly felt the "emptiness of a home."—No sooner had I done dinner, and was getting into a pleasant, *digestive* humour, than the door opened, and my friend's five small children were *let loose at me*—they took possession of my back and knees, broke my watch-chain, and dirtied the tops of my boots. In the evening, an awkward boy, handing about the tea-tray (for we were not allowed the comfortable ungentility of approaching the table), emptied a plate of buttered muffins upon my breeches, which covered them with stains, and my cheeks with blushes. At supper my Host, who is a great connoisseur in spruce-beer, would open the bottle himself, and the contents of it, in consequence of some awkwardness, took my  
nose



nose in a tangent, and dispersed itself from that *punctum saliens* all over the table.—I had not been half an hour in bed, when my whole knowledge of *tactics* was called into play, to repel an army of bugs, who came down upon me in *column*, and *deployed* on my legs and stomach—the contest was long and bloody—but, though worsted, they made a *masterly retreat* across my shoulders and the nape of my neck, and regained their fastnesses in the bed-posts. Fatigued with this conflict, I was just sinking into forgetfulness, when a rumbling noise soon put to flight the approaches of repose—upon listening I found, to my inexpressible mortification, that the *best bed-room* was immediately over the *laundry*, and that my unlucky star had fixed my visit on *the eve of the great wash*, which was now about to commence:—to sleep was impossible—so, as the sun had just risen, I dressed myself, and determined to take a delightful excursion through the fields, which I contemplated from my window. But just as I was making my exit, my friend arrested me—we had no time to lose, he said, as he must be at the counting-house at ten, and had just time before breakfast *to walk me over his plantations*:—*walk over them we did*—for the trees, from being constantly powdered with dust, became stunted, and hardly reached higher than the mid-leg. We thence proceeded into the garden—there I broke my head entering the low door of what I took for a *pig-sty*, lined in the inside with cockle-shells, but which was, in fact, *the cottage par excellence*—in which, when the family were determined to be *superlatively rural*, they took tea and ate syllabubs. In our progress I narrowly escaped being caught in the *man-trap*, and with difficulty extricated myself from the embraces of a *porter-butt*, which my Host dignified with the title of a *Diogenes*, and, unluckily, seduced me to enter. I escaped *the Serpentine river*, and the *Chinese bridge*,  
which

which overarched it, by a whimsical piece of good fortune—a litigious neighbour had turned the stream into another direction, and left my friend's *winding ditch* perfectly *dry*, and, consequently, perfectly *un-visitabile*. At length we returned into the house, but experienced nothing from the Mistress but cross looks and short answers—we *had over-stayed the time*—the toast was cold, the tea slop, the bread stale, and the butter liquefied. I made a most uncomfortable meal, as you may well judge, and experienced no common rapture when my friend's gig was announced, in which I was quickly seated, and made a *solemn determination*, as I approached my really comfortable abode in the Metropolis, not again rashly to leave it for the delights of villas, which, but too often, disgrace, like many Christian offenders, the name imposed upon them at their baptism.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. T.

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### MR. LONG WELLESLEY'S DINNER.

[From the British Press, August 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

IF the following *whet before dinner* can be of use in stopping a folly now got beyond all bounds, it is much at your service.

RAISONABLE.

Long Wellesley, to his half-starv'd friends,

On Fashion's follies still refining,

His cards of invitation sends,

“*At ten at night that he is dining!*”

Once poorest of the Bond Street throng,

How much more late, (or I'm a sinner,)

Had he not married Tylney Long,

Had been the hours *before* his dinner!

Then

Then blessed be the nuptial state,  
Which makes young Gentlemen so clever ;  
For though we grieve to dine so late,  
'T is better dining—*late than never.*

ALONZO.

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IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you the following *Impromptu*, which was written by a Gentleman on hearing Mr. Surgeon Home called *Hume* by the company, the greater part of whom were Scotch.

To English ears for ever out of tune,  
The name of *Home* the Scotchman christens *Hume* ;  
To ask the cause of this we need not roam ;  
The Scotch, some think, say any thing but—*Home.*

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FROM THE FRENCH.

[Morning Chronicle, Aug. 8.]

WHILE Harry one day was abusing the sex,  
As things that in courtship but studied to vex,  
And in marriage but sought to enthral ;  
“ Never mind him,” says Kate ; “ ’t is a family whim—  
His father agreed so exactly with him,  
That he never would marry at all !”

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ON THE INTENDED NEW BATCH OF BARONETS.

[From the British Press, Aug. 10.]

FOR merits shown the Lord knows where,  
For services the Lord knows when,  
See the State Bakers now prepare  
A Batch of Baronets again.

In

In ancient times a Knight was made  
 For *Something Great* done in the *Field*;  
 And some fit *Motto* then display'd  
 His services upon his shield.

But now, in modern times, 't is said—  
 How are we chang'd, alas! 't is pity—  
 A Knight is generally made  
 For *Something Little* in the *City*.

What now would Drake and Raleigh say,  
 Who durst their country's foes encounter;  
 To see men knighted every day,  
 For services behind the *Counter*?

They'd say, "Pray who are these rascallions?  
 Whence do ye come, ye sorry wights?  
 You may be Ministers' Companions,  
 But not Companions for Knights."

### A BLACK LEG IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 11.]

**L**EGS of the *Turf*, due warning take,  
 Lest Dawson's fate pursue you;  
 For if his *trial* you should make,  
 The *Devil's Ditch* must *do you*!  
 No *snaffle* could pull up that man,  
 No *curb* his course could check,  
 Until the *race* of vice he ran,  
 And lost it by—a *neck*!

NmJ

### WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

ANACREONTIC.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 12.]

**H**ITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!  
 Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers,  
 Or (if sweeter that abode)  
 From the King's well-odour'd Road,  
 Where each little nursery bud  
 Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!



Hither come, and gently twine  
 Brightest herbs and flowers of thine  
 Into wreaths for those who rule us,  
 Those who rule, and (some say) fool us !  
 Flora sure will love to please  
 England's Household Deities !  
 First you must, then, willy-nilly,  
 Fetch me many an *Orange Lily* ;  
 Lilies of the darkest dye  
*Irish* Gifford can supply !  
 Choose me out the largest sprig,  
 And stick it in old El—n's wig !  
 Find me next a *Poppy* posey,  
 (Type of his harangues so dozy,)  
 Garland gaudy, dull and cool,  
 For the head of L-v-rp—l.  
 'T will console his brilliant brows  
 For that loss of laurel boughs  
 Which he suffer'd (what a pity !)  
 On the road to Paris' City.

Next our C-stl-r—gh to crown,  
 Bring me from the County Down  
 Wither'd *Shamrocks*, which have been  
 Gilded o'er to hide the green,  
 (Such as Sh-rry brought away  
 From Pall Mall last Patrick's day ;)  
 Stitch the garland through and through  
 With shabby threads of *every hue* ;  
 And as, my Goddess, *entre-nous*,  
 His Lordship loves (though best of men)  
 A little *torture* now and then,  
 Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens !  
 Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That 's enough—away—away—  
 Had I leisure, I could say  
 How the *oldest rose* that grows  
 Must be pluck'd to deck old R—e ;  
 How the Doctor's brow should smile  
 Crown'd with wreaths of *Chamomile*—  
 But time presses—to thy taste  
 I leave the rest ; so, pr'ythee, haste ;

Russia's Czar may meet his fate,  
All our wreaths may come too late \*.

R.

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EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Aug. 13.]

SAYS my doctor to me, "If you'll only confine  
Your potations, good Sir, to *one* bottle of wine,  
You will *lengthen your days*." So, with some little strife,  
I agreed to his plan; and, by Jove! he said true;  
For I drank but *one* bottle all yesterday through,  
And a day half so *long* I ne'er spent in my life!

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JEU D'ESPRIT,

Written, we understand, by a well-known Irish Poet, who  
having arrived just in Time to dress for Dinner, at a  
House in the Country, where some distinguished Per-  
sonages were assembled, was obliged to go away again,  
upon finding that his Servant had forgot to put a Pair of  
Breeches in his Portmanteau.

[From the same, Aug. 14.]

BETWEEN *Adam* and me the great difference is,  
Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,  
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,  
While for want of my breeches I'm banish'd from mine;

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ON THE NEW TAX UPON LEATHER.

[From the same.]

JOHN Bull us'd Frenchmen to abuse,  
And say that they wore wooden shoes;  
But John must now those words recall,  
For John will have no shoes at all.

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\* This shows, as do many other instances, that, in our days at least, poets are not always prophets.

## OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 15.]

MR. EDITOR,

I SHOULD be glad to know whether I have read, or have only *dreamed* that I read, an advertisement from the *new* managers of the *new* Theatre, offering a reward for the best *Address* to be sent in to them, in order to be spoken at the opening of this Theatre? It is usual on such revolutions, I mean on the accession of a new dramatic administration, to announce to the world many forthcoming *novelties*, as an allurement for public encouragement; and surely of all novelties, this advertisement, if it be really serious, is the newest and the most totally destitute of precedent, that ever was heard of. Was it ever known, in the whole history of the stage, from the time of Queen Elizabeth until the present, that dramatic genius was so low, so rare, so scarce, and so completely hid, that it was necessary for managers to *advertise* for the small portion of it necessary to compose a prologue? and not only to advertise for it, but to offer such a reward as may induce those who happen to possess it, to bring forth their concealed treasure? Have our dramatic writers been lately so shy and backward, that they must be fee'd to overcome their modesty? Are they hiding themselves in holes and corners, and must we at last offer a reward to any informers that will bring them, dead or alive, dull or sprightly, to Drury Lane Theatre, where they may be examined by a committee of *gentlemen*-managers, wholly *unconnected* with the Theatre, and therefore the *best possible* judges?

Really, Sir, this strikes me as one of the choicest novelties that have yet been brought forward for the amusement of the town; and I can fancy that if such a man as Samuel Foote had been alive, he would have considered this as fair game, and entertained his little audience

audience in the Haymarket with a choice *morceau*, under the title of “The *Advertisement*; or, the *Managers in Distress*.” I can easily conceive that such a *Register Office* for the encouragement of dramatic writers would have been a most fertile subject for his satirical pen, and perhaps convinced his brethren, the managers of the great houses, that dramatic genius is not to be advertised for, like a horse, a ready furnished house, or an agreeable companion in a post-chaise, with “a handsome reward to the bringers of good men!”

Why did not the projectors of this new mode of recruiting our dramatic forces apply to some of the *premium-societies* already established? Why, for example, did they not request their friend, the Duke of Norfolk, as President of the Society of *Arts*, to add another premium to the many held out by that excellent institution, somewhat in this manner, that “Drury Lane being now under the management of *gentlemen* wholly unconnected with dramatic matters, and conversant only in auditing accounts, and superintending the concerns of pounds, shillings, and pence; and whereas the said *gentlemen-managers* have not one word to say for themselves on opening their new concern, a handsome premium will be given to any person who will put words in their mouths, and enable them to make their best bow,” &c.

Yet, after all, one might overlook this new mode of bringing forward dramatic talents, since it concerns only so small a matter as a prologue, if it were not for the consideration that the same plan might be pursued in all other parts of the concern. If we cannot procure such a comparative trifle as an opening address, or prologue, without advertising for it, how are we to get at tragedies, comedies, and farces?—Is the advertising system to be pursued in these cases likewise; and not only our newspapers, but the dead



walls of public buildings, and even our errand-carts, to be decorated with large bills, expressing the distresses of the drama?—"Wanted, on or before October next, an excellent comedy, in five acts."—"Wanted, a deep and moving tragedy. Inquire at the Box Office, in Russell Street."—Or, "Wanted, before Christmas next, a spic and span new pantomime, full of most ingenious tricks, shifts, escapes, kicks, and tumbles. Any person having such a *thing* to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser, by a line (post paid), addressed to S. W. corner of Chiswell Street!"—If such invitations are to decorate our newspapers and our walls, what is to become of "servants of all work"—"quack medicines"—and "benevolent lenders of money?"

Well—when the candidates have sent in their trials of skill, and the successful writer is announced, it may be supposed that the important affair is decided, and the winner has nothing to do but receive his reward. But has it never entered into the heads of these judges of prologues, that there is an appeal from their decision? Are they so wholly *unconnected* with the concerns of a Theatre as never to have heard that it is *just possible*, or *barely probable*, that the opinions of the managers and the opinions of the public may be diametrically opposite? Nay, have they never heard that a drama, highly approved by the managers, and those infallible judges the tenants of the green-room, has been totally and finally condemned by the audience? and if this should happen to be the case with the premium prologue, will their *laureated* poet appear in the best possible plight; or will they have gained much by thus taking upon them to dictate to the public what they are to like? *That* public has of late given several proofs of a will of its own, and perhaps may not, after all, be very ready to submit to the new political arrangement  
of

of a *Cabinet Council* making laws, instead of bringing them before the *House* in the first instance. But I shall not enlarge on this curious topic, because, on every consideration, it seems a very doubtful point whether it deserves to be viewed in jest or in earnest. If the projectors of the advertising scheme are in earnest, their opinion of theatrical genius must be indeed very low, and their acquaintance with men of talents much less than would become persons who have embarked in such an undertaking: but if they are in jest, if they have advertised for a prologue, as certain gentlemen advertise for *wives*, merely that they may amuse themselves with the *answers* of *weak and foolish people*, I really think them a very facetious set, and perhaps, after a few more trials of wit, fully capable of writing their own addresses.

I am, Sir, yours,

A GRATIS PROLOGUE-WRITER.

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## EPIGRAMS ON THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 18.]

### ON THE LOSS OF THE FRENCH EAGLES.

THEIR colours being lost—with dreadful fright,  
The *French*, but *not their eagles*, took their flight.

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### ON THE TAKING OF GENERAL CARRIER PRISONER.

'T is odd, to the speedy receipt of this news  
There should ever have been any barrier;  
As Wellington might have despatch'd, did he choose,  
The accounts by the *General Carrier*.

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### ON THE CAPTIVITY OF GENERAL BONNET.

THIS vict'ry gain'd, one consequence upon it  
Is, France must bow—and bow without her *Bonnet*.

WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF MARMONT'S DESPATCHES.

Tho' Marmont, 't is own'd, shows great talents for flying,  
'T is likely he'll soon show much greater in *lying*—  
For if he should not, it with truth may be said,  
He'll not long have *credit* for *wearing a head*!

ON THE FRENCH LIGHT ARTILLERY.

FROM all the arms of France these bore the bell,  
They *ran* so *swiftly*—they *went off* so well.

ON THE SAME.

THE *flying artillery* was certainly right,  
As they outstripp'd the *Eagles themselves* in their flight.

ON THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA,

AND LOSS OF GENERAL BONNET.

[From the same, Aug. 19.]

IMMORTAL Shakspeare has in truth set down,  
“ *Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown* :”  
And Boney's head—you may depend upon it,  
Will *lie uneasy*, since he's lost his *Bonnet*.  
Chancery Lane, Aug. 18, 1812.

G. W. S.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID, THE NIGHT OF  
LORD YARMOUTH'S FETE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 19.]

“ I WANT the Court Guide,” said my Lady, “ to look  
If the house, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20.”—  
“ We have lost the *Court Guide*, Ma'am; but here's the  
*Red Book*,  
Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour Places* in  
plenty !”

R.

THE

## THE TWO JOSEPHS.

[From the British Press, Aug. 20.]

## ON KING JOSEPH'S LATE NARROW ESCAPE.

THE first Joseph fled from old Potiphar's wife,  
 The other ran hard to get off with his life;  
 But each gain'd his object, if I'm not mistaken,  
 For one sav'd his *virtue*, the other his *bacon*.

## ON GENERAL BONNET.

[From the same.]

KING Joseph, one night, when retiring to bed,  
 Call'd out for his *Bonnet de Nuit*, it is said;  
 But how great was his anger, to find that some chap  
 Had taken his *Bonnet*, and left a *Fool's Cap*!

## ANOTHER.

"THIS Spain," exclaims the Emperor Nap,  
 "Will prove a feather in my cap,  
 I may depend upon it."  
 But now how strangely things are plac'd!  
 Instead of cap with feather grac'd,  
 'Fore George he's lost his *Bonnet*!

FREDERIC.

## EPIGRAM

ON THE LORD MAYOR ILLUMINATING THE MANSION-  
HOUSE ON THE THIRD NIGHT.

[From the same, Aug. 24.]

THE "first city on earth" has a Mayor, good Lord!  
 Who, to light up his house, a few lamps can't afford!  
 The *mob*, as in pity, collected their pence,  
 And threw through his windows to *lighten* th' expense;  
 And on this strange event a plain truth comes to light,  
 That—it took two days *beating* to make the Mayor BRIGHT.

## ANOTHER.

THE *first* man in the city late facts have now shown,  
 Is the *last* who will—throw any light on the town.



“ LOST AND FOUND ! ”

[From the same.]

O’ER *Liffy*’s high tide as a boatman was rowing,  
The waves mountain-high and the winds loudly blowing,

A passenger cried—(by the hurricane tost,)—

“ O, shall we not, boatman! be all of us *lost* ? ”—

“ Botheration ! ” said Boat, “ be at *aise* on that matter ;

You ’ll be after being *found*, sure enough, at *low-water* ! ”

ALONZO.

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A LETTER FROM A PEACE-OFFICER IN ONE OF  
THE *DISTURBED* COUNTIES TO A NOBLE  
LORD.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 27.]

YOU’LL not wonder, my Lord, since his powers you  
increase,

That our justice no longer ’s a justice of peace ;

He ’s breaking our slumbers to make us be quiet—

A method quite *Irish* of quelling a riot.

Derry Down.

’T is a system, some say, fundamentally crazy,

Not to think of our peace till you ’ve made us unaisy :

But such ways you were bred to, or else I ’m a Turk ;—

State-tinkers, like others, will make themselves work.

For instance, when things in the navy were slack,

You embark’d a whole army for Flushing—and back :

There they took—the fog-fevers, but could not endure ’em—

So you shipp’d off a posse of doctors to cure ’em.

My maxim you ’ve learn’d, and once more pray fulfil it—

When a child cries, the nurse must be waken’d to still it ;

So come, my good Lord, and heal all our peace-breaches ;

You may make our quietus with *one* of your speeches.

DOGBERRY.

## ADVICE TO NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 28.]

TAKE two hundred brave "Lads" from Paris' gay scene,  
 Who a "cordon deserve"—that's a halter, I ween;  
 Let 'em fight fifteen thousand—ne'er stand for a score,  
 Let 'em kill 'em and eat 'em—then so many more.  
 By pursuing for some time this Bobadil plan,  
 You'll have no foe in Europe—I mean if you can.

## A COMPLAINT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

FROM your known readiness to advocate the cause of freedom, we hope to be favoured with an early opportunity of laying our grievances before the country through the extensive circulation of *your* excellent paper; although we have failed in *another*, whose columns are more generally appropriated to the humour of *The Times*, and is doubtless most profitable.

You must remember, that, about fifteen years ago, we were suspected of an intention to emigrate, or secrete ourselves from the public service; in consequence whereof a considerable number (which we have not the means of ascertaining) were ordered to be locked up in a certain public *depôt*, where it is supposed the greater part still remain state-prisoners. The country taking the alarm at this proceeding, a hue-and-cry immediately followed, and we were hunted down by individuals also; whereby a much *greater* number (we have reason to believe) were shut up in private houses; from whence many of us have obtained our liberty upon condition of *transportation*, through the interest of our friends abroad, who have always held us in the highest estimation, and therefore paid a considerable *premium* for our ransom.

Our *deluded* enemies, not satisfied with the above persecution, have since set a *price* upon our heads,

which, however, we think, will not tempt any one to expose us; and all this has arisen through the infatuated ambition of a certain handmaid, whom our family raised up to represent us *occasionally*; by whose insinuating and bewitching address we have been supplanted in the favour of our country, and sent into banishment, or immured in prisons.

We are therefore desirous that those pains and penalties may be removed, and our respective merits decided by our Peers in Parliament at this time assembled; or that we may be restored to the active service of our country, by recovering that *due* precedence (derived from our progenitor *Bullion*) which we have obtained in all *other* states through our own *intrinsic* value; and on those terms alone we are ready to be reconciled to this handmaid, by taking her again into our service and protection; for she cannot *long* support her consequence or credit in the absence of

*From one of our private Retreats.*

SPEECH.

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### THE DEARTH OF RAGS.

[From the same, Aug. 29.]

OUR paper manufacture flags  
 Most sadly, from a lack of *rags*,  
 And all the duncery of the land  
 Is now completely at a stand.  
 Of hot-press'd foolscap such the stint,  
 None but *rich* fools can *tire* in print!—  
 Of such a dearth no cause I see—  
 With Ireland our trade is *free*;  
 And on the globe no other nation  
 Has *ampler* funds for *exportation*.  
 While Spencer takes such special care  
 To pinch our bellies—backs to bare,  
 That England now, as well as France,  
 Has her *new æra* of finance;  
 And cuts almost as high a caper,  
 With a *depreciated paper*.

And

And do you really wish to know  
 Where all the rags, my good Sir, go?  
 "By telling me, command my thanks:  
 In the *sanctorum* of our Banks  
 You'll find them stow'd—thence *flounce and border*  
 Grow into *Henry Hase or order*!  
 (O what a name! the lucky dog!  
 For keeping people in a *fog*!  
 Through which we wander far and wide,  
 And Ministers are *magnified*.)"  
 "What, Sir! the vaults all cramm'd with *rags*,  
 Instead of *solid* money-bags!  
 Of guineas have we any chance?"—  
 "They're gone to *Portugal and France*!"—  
 "'Sblood, friend, what is't I hear you say?  
 The Bank is in a *ticklish* way—"  
 "Hush, my good Sir, and don't offend her,  
 She'll clap you in a *legal tender*!  
 Her offspring now, a *flimsy* hantling,  
 Like our *hard guinea*, won't bear *handling*:  
 Peevish, and stuff'd with *Treasury pap*,  
 'Tis mighty apt to scratch and slap.  
 Be wise then, and in time withdraw,  
 And dread *the vigour* of her *paw*—  
*Wear out your shirts*, like *patriot true*,  
 Your stockings and your cravats too,  
 And throw into the *public stock*  
 Your wife's *bonnet de nuit* and smock,  
 And little Miss and Master's frock—  
*Heap rag on rag*—on tatter tatter,  
 Stuff, fustian, calico—no matter—  
 Let boarding-schools undress their dolls,  
 And vest the fripp'ry in *consols*;  
 Tear, clip, shear, cabbage, borrow, steal—  
*You're working for the common weal*;  
 Strive for the Bank with *tooth and nail*—  
*Find her in rags*—she cannot fail—  
 'Tis *rags*, I beg his Lordship's pardon,  
 That fill the pockets of Lord Arden.—  
 'Tis *rags* support (great Pitt's creation)  
 The *universal Spanish nation*,

Who



Who don't hate Nap—nay, some obey him;  
 So cannot fight, *unless we pay 'em*;  
 Let all combine, a generous band,  
 To save this nearly sinking land.  
 Heaven bless 'em all—so warm, so *pure*,  
 Place, contract, pension, sinecure;  
 Long may they live *Threadneedle's* friend,  
 May *Thread* and *needle* never end.  
 They 're now *essential* to our *members*,  
 (Cow'ring o'er Magna Charta's embers,)  
 Cover'd, in this inclement weather,  
 With *rap* and tatters *tack'd* together;  
 And long live he, our weal who watches,  
*Spencer, spare* King “ of shreds and patches ;”  
 And Walcheren's Hero, agues stay,  
 That “ rag of honour,” *Castlereagh* !  
 And all the Lords with long and stiff wands,  
 And all the Dukes with all the ribands;  
 Gold sticks and pages of back stair,  
 And Marchionesses *round* and *square*,  
 And Chamberlain who spoils no sport,  
 And Vice, appendage of a Court.  
 Thus then my benediction ends,  
 Upon the RAG-AMUFFIN *friends*.

T. T.

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### A LETTER FROM JOHN BULL TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

[Aug. 29.]

**D**EAR friend, to the country I now am come down,  
 Quite sick of the hurry and bustle of town;  
 You remember I swore, but a few years ago,  
 That my face in vile London I never would show:  
 So I think that my reasons I ought to explain,  
 From the fear that my honour should suffer a stain.  
 You must know that the county in which I reside,  
 And, as sheriff, did once at the hangings preside,  
 Lately lost, by the death of Sir Roger Crackpate,  
 Their old member for managing matters of state;  
 So my tenants, good creatures, all thinking to please,  
 And yet, not considering my comfort and ease,  
 Took it into their heads, but I cannot tell how,  
 To elect me their member, and with a low bow,

I was told I must give over shooting the grouse,  
 And attend to my duty in Parliament House.  
 So to London I went, with a sad heavy heart,  
 And prepar'd (God forgive me !) for acting the part }  
 Of a statesman, well skill'd in political art :  
 Yet, for fear of exposing my weakness of pate,  
 And showing how little I knew of the state,  
 I thought, if I studied the papers with care, }  
 I might gain of political knowledge a share,  
 Quite sufficient to make me with credit appear. }  
 But I found that they all put my head in a pother ;  
 For one told me one thing, another another.  
 So at last, in despair, with a very long face, }  
 And without knowing either my business or place,  
 I accepted my seat with a very bad grace. }  
 Such speeches, and quarrels, and squabbles I heard,  
 For I took care myself not to utter one word ;  
 Yet the vote was the time when I found myself puzzled,  
 And sometimes I wish'd half the speakers were muzzled ;  
 For when on a subject my mind I'd made up,  
 And was waiting with patience to go home and sup,  
 There starts up a fellow with fine powder'd head,  
 And denies every word that another has said ;  
 What with raillery, argument, passion, and wit,  
 My head was at times nearly ready to split.  
 And though now I'm return'd to my peaceful old house,  
 Where every thing round me is still as a mouse,  
 If I wake in a morning, and hear an ass bray,  
 I am sure to believe it my Lord C——h :  
 If a crow in my orchard e'er raises her throat,  
 I hear my Lord L——l's musical note :  
 And whene'er my pigs squeak, and whene'er my cock crows,  
 I think of Lord B——t and honest George Rose :  
 In my walks round about, if I hear a child cry,  
 I cannot help thinking that E—n is nigh.  
 In short, they have really so batter'd my brain,  
 That I fear I shall ne'er have my senses again ;  
 And should their next sessions but turn out as bad,  
 I am perfectly sure I shall run raving mad.  
 And now, though of troubles my letter is full,  
 You needs must excuse it—it comes from—JOHN BULL.

## EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 31.]

SO simply in peace Alcibiades smil'd,  
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,  
That the emblem engrav'd on his seal was a *Child*,  
With a *Thunderbolt* plac'd in its innocent hand.

O Wellington ! long as such Ministers wield  
Your victorious arm, the same Emblem will do ;  
For, while they're in the council, and you in the field,  
We've the *Babies* in them, and the *Thunder* in you !

R.

NOSES AND EARS:

OR, A CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH.

(A TRAGEDY FOR COLD WEATHER.)

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 31.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Boney the Great* . . . . . An ill-looking little fellow, Ruler  
of the French.

*King of Naples* . . . . . His Errand-boy.

*Duke of Reggio*. . . . . Lacquey to Boney.

*Duke of Abrantes . . . .* Servant of All-work.

Prince Radzivil.... } Supernumeraries

*Prince Poniatowsky* } Supernumeraries.

*Maigre* . . . . . Cook and Bulletin-writer.

SONG—MAIGRE.—Tune—*Gee ho, Doblin.*

O DEAR, what a life do I lead—sad mishap,  
I'm Bulletin-writer to Emperor Nap;  
And forc'd, when we're beaten, to write a fine story,  
Of skill, wisdom, valour, and *coverings of glory*.

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

I one day a story made up, very droll,  
How a Lady cried out, "Wake, my boy, you're a Pole;"  
This pleas'd him, though faith it was done but to mock;  
Who believes it, thinks I, is no *Pole*, but a *Block*.

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

A tale

A tale next I made, sure the like ne'er was seen,  
How of *salt* we had taken a vast magazine;  
But here I found out it was high time to halt,  
We had *salt* to our *broth*, but *no broth* to our *salt*.

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

While bragging of *salt*, the foe *pepper'd* us well,  
As *well-season'd* scores to the devil may tell.  
Then boasting of powder, though scarcely an ounce  
We'd taken, all Europe was stunn'd with its *bounce*.

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

*Enter* BUONAPARTE, the KING of NAPLES, the DUKE of  
REGGIO, PRINCE PONIATOWSKY, PRINCE RADZIVIL.

BONEY.

What mighty deeds those Paris lads have done!  
How swift with all their glory have they run!

KING OF NAPLES.

Four fifths are only missing.

DUKE OF REGGIO.

That's no loss.

BONEY.

Go tell them, Murat, they deserve the cross.

MAIGRE (*Aside*).

That may be true; but very much I fear,  
Nor *cross*, nor *coin*, they'll easily get here:  
Though if blows, hunger, fierce heats, chilling frost,  
May go for *crosses*, they're already *cross'd*.

KING OF NAPLES.

Dread Sire, your orders I shall bear with pride.  
(*Apart.*)—In truth, the rascals should be crucified.—[*Exit.*

BONEY.

Remember, Maigre, of our troops to say,  
Two hundred, fifteen thousand beat to-day,  
Killed off three thousand, and took prisoners two;  
And coolly add, "But this is nothing new."

MAIGRE.

I will, Sir, lest the saucy English say,  
That "Much ado 'bout Nothing" is our play.

*Enter*



*Enter KING of NAPLES.*

Great King, for dinner while they suck'd their paws,  
I bore the Paris lads your kind applause.

BONEY.

What said they?

KING OF NAPLES.

Joy, Sir, shook their spindle shanks;  
They *could not speak*, their *bowels roar'd* their thanks.  
Their stomachs thunder forth their pride and zeal,  
And rumbling guts declare *how much they feel*;  
Since you of late, to keep their strength from flagging,  
Have wisely sav'd their jaws the *toil of wagging*.

BONEY.

Their feelings touch me—they shall have a *treat*;  
Let them be told *their King's about to eat*.  
But, Maigre, say, what must I dine upon?

MAIGRE.

Alas! my Lord, the horse-flesh all is gone.

BONEY.

Another horse kill.

MAIGRE.

Put this morn to flight,  
The cavalry were quickly out of sight;  
And if they ever gallop back again,  
For days, Sire, we may look for them in vain.

BONEY.

And have you nothing, then, my heart to glad?

MAIGRE.

Nothing to eat.

BONEY.

Hunger will drive me mad.  
Confusion! horror! furies and remorse!  
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

MAIGRE.

(*Aside.*)—He spouts it well, egad, without a book,  
But cannot please himself *as might a Cook*.

BONEY.

I will not starve—a pris'ner roast direct.

MAIGRE

MAIGRE.

I would, my Lord; but, ah! my zeal is check'd  
By fears that Russia soon may *rule the roast*,  
And, conquering, kill and eat up all our host.

BONEY.

No matter; these our troops must take their chance;  
If these are *dish'd*, I more can raise in France.

MAIGRE.

The Russians, though, have all escap'd together.

BONEY.

Death, and the devil!

MAIGRE.

But, Sire, ears of leather,  
And noses too, we boast a decent store,  
And hope, ere long, to have as many more.  
These, boil'd or fried, shall greet your royal maw,  
Unless your Majesty prefers them raw.

BONEY.

And have we nothing, nothing else to carve?

MAIGRE.

Nothing, my Lord; you these must eat, or starve.

BONEY.

Then some of these for dinner you must do.

MAIGRE.

Boil'd, Sir, or fried?

BONEY.

I'll have them *in a stew*.

MAIGRE.

Great Emperor, they quickly shall be dress'd,  
And *in a stew*, I think, you'll like them best.

BONEY

Make haste and cook them, Maigre—fly; but first,  
Say what we have to cool our raging thirst?

MAIGRE.

We have, Sire, what will slake it in a trice,  
Dainty *snow-balls*, rich *lolly-pops* of ice:  
These may be grasp'd just like a walking-stick;  
While each in turn enjoys a glorious lick.

[Exit.

BONEY.

BONEY.

Alas ! at such hard fare my heart 's cast down.

PONIATOWSKY.

'T will but exalt, dread Sire, your great renown.

BONEY.

Renown be d—'d ! would I renown could eat !  
O, that I now could barter fame for meat !

RADZIVIL.

Through your great labours Poland shall be free.

BONEY.

It's sons shall (*aside*), fellow, all be slaves to me.

PONIATOWSKY.

Look forward, then, to all your labours' fruits.

BONEY.

I do (*aside*), you scoundrel ; you shall clean my boots.

PONIATOWSKY.

And I and Radzivil will tell to fame,  
Where far and wide has spread great Boney's name.

DUET.—PONIATOWSKY and RADZIVIL.—  
Tune—*The Great Booby.*

PONIATOWSKY.

The Oder, the Elbe, Friedland, Jacoubovo,  
The Vistula, Marienwerder, and Thorn,  
Pulawy, Gumbinnen, Veluj, Ostrovo,  
The Niemen and Oula, have heard the French horn.

RADZIVIL.

To Soldass, Bobrunsk, Pultusk, Bechenkoviski,  
Roumchickhi, Eketanoul, Minsk, Igmoroni,  
The Vilia, Skouroule, Kowno, Tilsit, Pilwiski,  
Wehlau, Marienberg, and Ronekontoni,

Went great Boney.

PONIATOWSKY.

Smolensk, Rastinberg, Lublin, Khaloui, Glaubokoe,  
Nenetrooki, Ighoumen, Dockeehistie, Plock,  
Dunaberg, Lithuania, and great Golognino,  
And Warsaw and Elbing, have all felt the shock.

RADZIVIL.

RADZIVIL.

At Romanoff, Wilna, Babinavitch, Dissa,  
Volhynia, Silesia, Dronia, and the Pregel,  
The Dwina, Mozier, Rossiena, and Drissa,  
At Lemberg and Kamem was seen the French eagle  
Of great Boney.

PONIATOWSKY.

Witepsk, Polotsk, Samai, have had the same luck,  
As have Botschieskovo, Ousirath, though 't is odd;  
And Modlin, Zamose, Matterozo, Mihr, Sluck,  
Porietche, Mohilow, Pordener, Novogrod.

RADZIVIL.

The folks of Janitschy and Ouschetsk, good souls,  
And Orcha and Grodno, with joy it made drunk;  
They follow'd like Saxons, and Prussians, and Poles,  
And bold Wirtembergers, *with General Funk,*  
The great Boney.

*Enter DUKE of ABRANTES.*

DUKE OF ABRANTES.

O, dire reverse! O fatal, fatal day!

BONEY.

What now? Whence emanates this wild dismay?  
Tell me the worst.

DUKE OF ABRANTES.

I will, Sire—if I can:  
Our cavalry—are—slaughter'd, to a man.

BONEY.

Hell and the devil! Wretch, I'll hear no more:  
[Kicks him.] Let *that*, rapscaillon, help you tow'rd's the  
door.

PONIATOWSKY.

Nay, good my Lord.

BONEY.

Peace, fellow, hold your prate,  
Take that, and hence bear quick your empty pate.  
[Throwing a plate at him.]

KING



KING OF NAPLES.

Our friends, great Emp'ror, you mistake for foes.

BONEY.

You lie, base scoundrel ! and I 'll tweak your nose.

[Pulls MURAT's nose.

DUKE OF REGGIO.

Th' affair, my Lord, though not what could be wish'd—

BONEY.

Villain, be dumb ; or, d—n ye, you 'll be dish'd.

[Throwing a dish at him.

RADZIVIL.

Dread Sir, believe me, we mean no offence.

BONEY.

Fly, rascal, fly ! vile raggamuffin, hence !

[Spits in his face.

Reptiles, with me d' ye think you 're on a level ?

I 'll kick ye all together to the Devil !

Be gone, or one by one I 'll lay you flat ;

Take that, and that, and that, and that, and that.

[Here he attacks all of them, striking and kicking each that comes in his way, till they run off.

Damnation ! am I to be foil'd again,

And balk'd in Russia, as I was in Spain ?

Rage, and wild fury, all my bosom seize,

And, d—n me, there they riot as they please.

I cannot, dare not once again advance :

O, that I safely could sneak back to France !

Enter PONIATOWSKY, RADZIVIL, KING of NAPLES, &c.

BONEY.

What ! dare you haunt me still ?—Why, how now, fool !

[To RADZIVIL.

RADZIVIL.

We hop'd by this, my Lord, your ire would cool,

And we have news——

BONEY.

——Ha ! have I understood ?

News did you say ?—speak out then—is it good ?

RADZIVIL.

Ah ! no, Sir ; Fortune is a fickle dame.

BONEY.

BONEY.

Curse your fine speeches ; don't make me your game.

PONIATOWSKY.

The fact is, Sire, we now have to relate  
A new disaster,—a disaster great ;  
To-night we sleep not on a bed of roses,  
For, ah ! the foe has taken *all our noses*.

BONEY.

Our noses !—What, our stock ?—you do but scoff :  
They could not, dare not, *cut our noses off*.  
Come ye to make of Buonaparte your fun ?

KING OF NAPLES.

Ah, no ! but this indeed the foe have done.

BONEY.

I'm faint, I'm sick. O shame ! O sad disgrace !  
Without a *nose*, how shall I *show my face* ?

DUKE OF REGGIO.

Be calm ; such things your notice are beneath ;  
For who will dare *your nose* throw in *your teeth* ?

MAIGRE.

That thought, as he's not din'd, I fear will choke him.  
Speak to him, King of Naples ; do now *Joke him*.

KING OF NAPLES.

*Joachim* will forthwith try what he can do :—  
Great Emp'ror, do not be *in such a stew*.

BONEY.

*A stew* !—ah ! I was on *a stew* to dine ;  
I'm in no *stew*, I'm rather *in a line*.

MAIGRE.

*A line*, dread Sir, may yet *exalt* your name,  
And put *a finish* to your *well-earn'd fame*.

RADZIVIL.

But we have more to tell.

BONEY. ~

——Speak ! ease my fears,

RADZIVIL.

My heart will break—my Lord, we've lost—*our ears*.

BONEY.

BONEY.

Our ears! our ears! Base tyke, thou said'st not so.

KING OF NAPLES.

He did, by jingo!

BONEY.

Then all hope's laid low;  
Since in this awful hour it comes to pass,  
That I, *without my ears*, look like an ass.

SONG—BONEY. Tune—*Robin Adair*.

What made my host so gay?

Boney had ears.

What us'd they all to say?

Boney *has* ears.

What made our hearts so bold?

What made us scorn the cold?

O! I shall ne'er forget

Boney had ears.

But now are gone away

All Boney's ears;

And they can only say

Boney *had* ears.

Yet still our hearts shall swell,

For what we lov'd so well,

O! we shall ne'er forget

Boney *had* ears.

[*An Alarm sounded.*]

KING OF NAPLES.

Behold, my Lord, the Russians storm our camp.

BONEY.

Then, *entre nous*, 't is now high time to tramp.

DUKE OF ABRANTES.

We cannot venture out, the air's so keen,

'T will bite off real noses, we have seen.

BONEY.

No matter, Sir; by all the powers above,  
Junot shan't stop me; no, by G-d, nor Jove;  
Nor hell, nor earth, our swift career shall stop,  
We'll run like *heroes*—till our noses drop.

Come,

Come, then, this way—all expedition make;  
Who lags the *hindmost*, let the Devil take.

[*Exeunt, closely pursued by the Russians—Re-enter BONEY, and his Soldiers, still pursued—Their ears and noses falling off.*]

BONEY.

Alas! our noses now are wholly gone,  
What must we hang our spectacles upon?  
How sing *Te Deum*, if we off can shuffle,  
When, 'stead of singing, we can only *snuffle*?

[*Exeunt BONEY and his Soldiers, still pursued. The Music alternately playing, "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," and "Pity our Fall."*]

## WONDERS! WONDERS!

[From the same, Sept. 1.]

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN  
THE FRENCH ARMY TO HIS FRIEND AT PARIS.

“THE Emperor is indefatigable; his exertions are more than mortal; indeed, it is not understood whether he is a man or a devil. *Munchausen* is eclipsed. Eating, drinking, sleeping, and the other common propensities of life, are almost beneath his imperial notice; and it is supposed, if it wasn't for hunger, thirst, weariness, &c. he would not even condescend to partake of such mean gratifications. The Emperor informs us, that the Duke of Ragusa has so completely defeated Lord Wellington, that nothing but a momentary indecision of Marmont's, occasioned by a shell bursting near him, prevented the total destruction of the enemy; and we celebrated the victory with appropriate enthusiasm. A whimsical circumstance occurred in reading the orders for celebrating the victory of Salamanca at the head of the army; the officer who read it made a trifling *faux pas*, and instead of “*Victory of the French*,” said “*Defeat of the French*.” The Emperor, with his



characteristic mildness, merely knocked him down, and, in consequence of his ill state of health, gave him permission to retire from the army by easy steps to his native village. It is the intention of the Emperor, after he has annihilated the Russians, to disband all his army, excepting 200 *lads of Paris*, with whom he means to perform a crusade for the advancement of religion, whether the Christian or Mahometan is not at present known; though some say religion will be but a secondary consideration, his prime object being a conquest of the world. We had a glorious affair with the Russians yesterday, and killed 127,000, wounded double the number, and our prisoners are incalculable; our loss, as usual, was trifling—one trumpeter's horse killed, the wheel of a baggage-waggon wounded, and some *provisions missing*. We took 20 Generals (whose names I have not learned), 42 standards, 100 pieces of cannon, and an immensity of magazines, particularly one filled with gingerbread nuts (which proved very acceptable), valued at 14 millions. The Emperor never exhibited more magnanimity than in the present campaign; so certain is he of effecting, through *his Destinies*, the purpose upon which his imperial mind has resolved, that notwithstanding so rapid was our advance, driving every thing before us, and overwhelming all opposition, and that the Russians were within one hour 42 seconds and a half (by the imperial stop-watch) of annihilation; in consequence of some of the *invincible* army complaining of the *mulligrubs* (a nervous affection peculiar to this campaign, owing to the heat and the cold, and, in fact, all weathers, moderate or immoderate), the Emperor permitted them to go into *quarters for refreshment*; and despatched a park of artillery to a *posterior position very remote from that of the army*, for the purpose, no doubt, of preventing the enemy from running that way out of his own country,

country, while the glorious Napoleon proceeds to St. Petersburg, in which city he has determined to dine, September 31. The Emperor of all the Russias is to attend behind his chair; and it is for this purpose that he is so careful to prevent Alexander's escape."

## ON THE LATE OVERTURES TO MR. C——G.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 1.]

REPULSION to Attraction cried,  
 "Why do you draw me thus aside?"  
 To force Repulsion into play,  
 And make it pull the other way—  
 The moment our resistance ceases,  
 The world, that moment, falls to pieces.  
 Thus in a nation parties view;  
 Some this, and others that, pursue;  
 The quarrel has a good effect;  
 For if these cheat us, those detect.  
 But should they leagues of friendship strike,  
 Why then they'd *all be rogues alike*.

## EPIGRAM,

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH BY GÉNÉRAL PLATOW.

[From the Satirist, Sept. 2.]

FRANCE Platow met with haughty boast,  
 Platow soon beat their vaunting host;  
 And, gazing on their heaps of slain,  
 "Says Platow, Why should man be vain?"

S. Y.

## THE NEW EPIC.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 2.]

IT is said, that a certain far-famed lady who volunteers a Birth-day Ode every quarter-day, and makes our gracious Sovereign be born again four times in the  
 O 2 year,

year, has transferred her powers of regeneration to his illustrious successor, whom she hails as "the new-risen Sun," upon every 12th day of August. This lady, whose works have made the name of Rosa Matilda as immortal as the works themselves, has, it is said, been lately occupied in giving the last touches to an Epic Poem, in twenty-four books, upon the Solar System. This great work she has generously proffered to dedicate *gratis* to His R—l H—ss the P. R., an honour which, report says, has been most graciously declined. We have not seen Colonel M'Mahon's letter on this occasion, but there are some extracts from the poem which have been recited at some of the leading *conversazioni*, and which seemed to have deserved a better fate. Our limits will not admit of more at present than a brief and hurried outline of this invaluable performance. The first twenty books are taken up in revolving round the orbit of each successive planet, till the muse gets almost dizzy, describing, as she goes along, the state of the arts and sciences, trade and manufacture, taxes, national debt, and staple commodities of each planet, &c. &c.; together with the amount of the specie and paper currency in each, &c.—to the latest period same can be made up, &c.—But the four concluding books comprise the cream of the work—in these the poet contrives to offer up her incense to the present Administration, by allegorizing some of the leading Members of the Cabinet under that planet most characteristic of each. For instance, she puts Lord E—n above the clouds, as the planet Saturn, whose movements are so admirably emblematical of His Lordship's progress from the first hearing to the final adjudication; the planet taking almost the same period of thirty odd years to complete its revolution, which His Lordship generally requires to revolve through an equity suit; His Lordship holding an opinion (as sound a one as ever



ever came from the Bench), that the surest way to avoid making a wrong decision, is never to make any decision at all:—Saturn's ring, too, is equally appropriate, as symbolical of the eternity of most Chancery causes. In an inferior orbit revolves Lord Sidmouth as Jupiter, with his four satellites; we are informed, in a note, that through a good night-glass the phases of the nearest satellite bear a striking and broad resemblance to brother Bragge.—Here the Poet, after some exquisite lines, descriptive of the pustulous and *exanthematous* spots and eruptions which so beautifully diversify the disk of this planet, is led into an episodical eulogium upon the small-pox, which she considers as the true test to try the constitution; contending, that whatever party is afflicted by it, it furnishes, in the event of his ultimate recovery, the most conclusive proof it may be taken again. She then, with her usual vivacity of allusion, adverts to a well-known astronomical discovery, and shows how admirably adapted the Sidmouth moons are to ascertain the exact bearing of different places, and to prove uncontestably that light is not instantaneous. Lord Yarmouth is next advanced to a place among the heavenly bodies, as the planet Mars; which, when seen clearly at night, always presents, even to the naked eye, a red, fiery, and truculent aspect. She congratulates His Lordship upon his late appointment, and devotes some fine verses of sterling merit to an eulogy upon tin. She then tells us, that, on hearing that His Lordship had resigned the Household, and had taken the Stannaries, she was about to remove him farther from the Sun, and make him one of the Jovian satellites, because tin is called Jupiter by the chemists: but the red whiskers and an eye like Mars, decided her. Before she leaves His Lordship, she reminds us that the Greek for tin is derived from a Greek word signifying *meretrix*; and adds, *videtur enim argentum nec est.*



Were it possible to account for the occasional curvettings of a poet's fancy, we might be tempted to ask, what strange associations could have suggested to this lady's imagination, so far-fetched an etymology?—The Marquis of Camden, who has been made a Marquis pretty much about the same time with Lord Wellington, in order to show what *various* roads there are to honours in this country, has been most judiciously selected by this poet to represent *the Earth*; of which, whether in the Council or in the Senate, His Lordship is, for a thousand earthly reasons, an admirable *fac-simile*—we wish him health and many days to personify the excess of the equatorial over the polar diameter. Lord Castlereagh, on account, we presume, of his known affinity to *the Marquis*, is selected to shine as the chaste, the mild, the placid, smooth-faced Moon, changing so constantly, and each time with such an air of graceful self-composure, as if conscious that his variety was charming; appearing one of the largest and most luminous bodies in the heavens, though incontestably the most insignificant opaque speck in our system—all that issues from him mere *moonshine*; and notwithstanding the lucid show of his bright and polished surface, yet presenting, upon a closer inspection, a deceitful disk, rough with projections, and dark with many cavities, whose shadows fall within them; to say nothing of his lunar influence on the brain, by which a whole people have been moon-struck with a madness, nothing, it was said, but stripes could cure. She describes His Lordship's eclipses and obscurations in a strain of splendid poetry, and compares him, while speaking, to one of those comets, that, after appearing for a time, launch out into the regions of indefinite space, where it is impossible to trace them.

[See p. 301.]

## THE INNOCENT CANNIBALS.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

[From the same, Sept. 3.]

IT is decreed by Him beyond the sky,  
 Jew, Pagan, Turk, and Christian too, must die;  
 Though they sojourn in England or Jamaic',  
 They must, at last, of all on earth leave take.

So Moses, a rich Jew in Spanish Town,  
 Stretch'd on his death-bed, in a dying groan  
 Desir'd those near, that, by some bark or other,

His body might to London jog

For burial in the Synagogue,

Pack'd tidy up, and consign'd to his brother.

Now to these folks it did occur,

The squeamish Skipper might demur;

Might swear "no stinking body should

Pollute his vessel, *damn its blood!*"

With other horrid oaths, a Baker's dozen,

"He would not ship it, if it was his cousin!"

Therefore, to contravene this crisis,

They cut the carcass into slices,

And pack'd them in a barrel full of brine;

(Just as a butcherman in Cork

Puts up in pickle lumps of pork,

For sailors' eating, barrels up the swine:)

And to prevent the squeamish thief

From boggling at the bill of lading,

Prescribed by the laws of trading,

They painted on the barrel, "*Prime Jew's beef*"

For Jacob Verp, *Old Jewry, number nine.*"

But it fell out through Fortune's sport,

(For Fortune is a fickle slut,)

Their passage *long*, provisions *short*,

The sailors to their shifts were put,

And, quite impatient so to fare ill,

Fell foul of what was in the barrel;

Interring him, by forc'd anticipation,

A Member of the Circumcised Nation,

Knowing no more, while gulping down their grog,  
 Than Pope of Rome, that keeps St. Peter's keys,  
 That they were bilking of his burial-fees  
 The High Priest of a Hebrew Synagogue!

The ship arriv'd in river Thames,  
 Comes Jacob Verp, with bill of lading,  
 And, on the wharf, his barrel claims,  
 As was his right, by rules of trading.

The Captain then, in manner mild and sweet,  
 Explain'd to Jacob why he us'd the meat;  
 Confess'd "his hungry crew and he,  
 Compell'd by dire necessity,  
 Seeing from famine no relief,  
 Were forc'd to trench upon the Beef;"  
 Then money from his pocket drew  
 To reimburse the gaping Jew;  
 When, to this Skipper's horrible surprise,  
 Jacob, with rivers running from both eyes,  
 Exclaim'd (wild-staring one way and then t'other),  
 "Goot Gaat Almighty, Shaer, you have devour'd my  
 Brother!"

PAUL PINDAR.

### SIR HOME POPHAM'S EXPLOITS.

[From the British Press, Sept. 3.]

**P**RAY what did Sir Home Popham do?  
 He's kill'd, they say, a man or two!  
 Did Sir Home Popham do no more?  
 Yes, he's wounded three or four!  
 Now, is this all you say he's done?  
 No, he besides has spik'd a gun;  
 And this is all? Indeed, 't is true,  
 But is not half he said he'd do.

## THE LADS OF PARIS!—A NEW SONG.

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 5.]

**T**ARGANTUA \* was a glutton bold,  
 As lives in song or ballad :  
 He, after dinner, once devour'd  
 Six Pilgrims in a salad !

But, while a simpleton like this

A single soul is munching,

A *Lad of Paris* will eat up

A *Reg'ment* for his luncheon !

So sharp his appetite, we 're told,

(Nor can it be confuted,)

By way of *Sandwich*, he'll gulp down

Ten Cossacks spur'd and booted !

And though a leg of mutton serves

A hungry *London* sinner ;

Your *Paris Lads*, 't is said, require

An *Army* for their dinner !

And this is all I have to wish,

That, spite of their long swords, Sir,

These *Paris Lads*, for their next dish,

Be forc'd to *eat their words*, Sir.

Q.

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

**I** WAS, some time ago, intrusted with the publication of a Work, entitled, "*Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion*," and the printing of it is, at present, very far advanced ; but, perceiving that the great Quarto Leviathan of Poetry is about to make another plunge in the ocean, I know how dangerous it is for *small fry* to come in

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\* See the story related in Rabelais, "in choice French."



contact with him, and shall, therefore, reserve my Work for some more halcyon season. In the mean time I shall, now and then, give the public a *prelibation* of its merits, through the medium of your very respectable Journal. As it is done by persons of the *very first fashion*, you may depend upon its containing nothing offensive to the higher powers: indeed, I know the character of your Journal too well, to suppose that it would admit any allusions of that nature into its columns.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

BIBLIOPOLA TRYPHON.

### HORACE, ODE 11. LIB. 2.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. P. ESQ.

- (1) COME, Y-rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains  
About what your old croney,  
The Emperor Boney,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;
- (2) Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in  
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!
- Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
- (3) For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,  
And then people get fat,  
And infirm, and—all that,
- (4) And a Wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,  
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

- (1) Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes  
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria  
Divisus objecto remittas  
Quærere.
- (2) Nec trepides in usum  
Poscentis ævi pauca:
- (3) ———Fugit retro  
Levis juvenas et decor.
- (4) Pellente lascivos amores  
Canitie.

(5) Thy

(5) Thy whiskers, too, Y-rm—th!—alas! even they,  
 Though so rosy they burn,  
 Too quickly must turn  
 (What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to  
 Grey.

(6) Then why, my Lord Warden! O why should you  
 fidget  
 Your mind about matters you don't understand?  
 Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,  
 Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your*  
*hand!*"

Think, think how much better  
 Than scribbling a letter,  
 (Which both you and I  
 Should avoid, by the by,)

(7) How much pleasanter 't is to sit under the bust  
 Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a  
 new one;

While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me, just  
 As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

(8) To crown us, Lord Warden!  
 In C-mb-rl-nd's garden

Grows plenty of *monk's-hood*, in venomous sprigs;  
 While Otto of Roses,  
 Refreshing all noses,

Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs:

(5) —neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet  
 Vultu.

(6) —quid æternis *minorem*  
 Consiliis animum fatigas?

(7) Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hæc  
 Pinu jacentes sic temere——.

(8) —rosâ  
 Canos odorati capillos  
 Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo  
 Potamus uncti?

- (9) What youth of our Household will cool our Noyau  
 In that streamlet delicious  
 That down 'midst the dishes  
 All full of gold fishes  
 Romantic doth flow?—
- (10) Or who will repair  
 Unto M———— Sq—e,  
 And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?  
 Go—bid her haste hither,
- (11) And let her bring with her  
 The newest No-Popery Pamphlet that 's going—
- (12) O! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,  
 All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,  
 In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses for May!

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EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post, Sept. 8.]

**D**ON Joseph and Marmont were fill'd with desires  
 To place my Lord Wellington "'twixt their two fires;"  
 But after much wonderful racket and rout,  
 When His Lordship appear'd both their fires *went out*;  
 No artillery roar'd, through their *lines* not a *puff*;  
 But though cannon was silent, King Joseph—*went off*.

---

ANOTHER.

**T**HE Paris Lads, 't is understood,  
 Have shoes, but then they are of wood;  
 Let 's hope the Russians won't refuse  
 To match with *wooden legs* their shoes.

G.

- 
- (9) ————Quis puer ocys  
 Restinguet ardentis Falerni  
 Pocula *prætereunte lymphâ*?
- (10) Quis———— eliciet domo  
 Lyden?
- (11) ——Eburna dic age cum lyra (quasi *liar-a*)  
 Maturet.
- (12) ——Incomptam Lacænæ  
 More comam religata nodum.

## THE NEW EPIC.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 12.]

“ A genius universal as HER theme.”

WE resume \* our observations upon this wonderful Poem. Venus, the next in order and the most splendid of all the planets, finds an appropriate representative in a venerable lady—all astronomers know that this planet’s appearance is of a yellowish white, and that she is most admired in her evening declination, when hastening after the setting sun, from whom in reality she borrows her brilliancy. Rosa Matilda, who seems to be at least as good an astronomer as she is a poet, tells us that the memorable transit of Venus over the Sun’s disk in 1761 (when a pretty Quakeress was said to be enamoured of a youthful modest swain), was nothing compared with the transit of 1811-12. We suspect that this learned Lady has fallen into a vulgar error, and confounded this beautiful planet with one of those large black spots that are seen occasionally to pass over the Sun’s body, and which only serve to prove the Sun’s *revolution* round its own axis. We remember in April 1795, every one was delighted with the sight of Venus in conjunction; but shortly after the Sun was observed to recede more and more from her every day, and to become, as it were, *apparently* retrograde—since when that planet seems in opposition, and has lost much of her brilliancy, though she still emits a mild melancholy lustre—consequently we presume, there could have been no transit; the Poet, however, is positive, and contends that at two o’clock, P. M. every day, for several stated months, through a glass well stained, Venus might be seen from the Royal Observatory, reposing on the right limb of the Sun’s

\* See p. 294.



disk. This we cannot credit, because such extraordinary phenomena could not have occurred, without a fundamental violation of all those laws which have hitherto upheld the solar system, which have regulated the motions of the different planets, their respective distances from the centre, and confined them within their proper orbits.

We are next introduced to Mercury, by which brilliant little world the discriminating author would represent to her readers the luminous and active genius of Mr. Canning: in her estimate of this planet, she shows her powers for *making observations*. She tells us, that his eccentricity is greater and more variable than that of all the other planets. Passing from astronomy to mythology, she informs us that Mercury was the Pagan god of eloquence and thieves, alluding, we presume, to Mr. Canning's *imposing* powers in debate; and also the mercurial art with which he has occasionally transferred other people's property into the Anti-jacobin poetry. The evasive brilliancy of this gentleman's humour in some of his speeches, which makes us laugh without precisely knowing what it is we laugh at, is happily alluded to in the following lines:—

His wit, like *Mercury*, so coy, so bright,  
Slides slippery smooth athwart the dazzled sight.  
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill—  
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still.

The address to the P—— R——, in the opening of the twenty-fourth book, cannot fail to strike the most ordinary reader. She imagines His R—l H——ss as “one new waked from sleep,” leaning negligently, in undress, at his bed-room window, on a fine morning in July, when there happens to be a fine morning in that month:—

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Thy garters streaming, and thy hose unbound,

Look'st

Look'st from thy chamber-window like a man,  
The like of whom we ne'er shall see again.

The first and last line of these four had the merit of reminding us of Milton and Shakspeare; but we are assured, and we righteously believe it, that this lady never read either of those poets. Rosa Matilda could, we venture to say, derive nothing from either or both. In a subsequent passage, after assisting His R—l H—ss's valet in putting on every article of dress, &c. she contemplates him full dressed, and makes an admirable use of an interesting and affecting little incident; she supposes (and the moderation of her supposition shows what a temperate use she makes of the poet's license), she supposes the P— R— to blow his nose, and then breaks out—

Lo! his fair hand! consolidated snow!  
High rears his handkerchief his nose to blow.  
What rival views of emulating snows—  
*The hand, the handkerchief, that blows the nose;*  
*Is that more white than this, or this than that,*  
Or either whiter than his white cravat?

From the purity of His R—l H—ss's linen the transition to the purity of his manners, &c. &c. is natural and easy. In speaking of his amiable yet manly temper, she tells us in a very original way, that His R—l H—ss, like some others, when pleased, is satisfied, and is vexed when he is angry. She goes to the river Nile for a simile:

When smooth, as smooth as summer's snowy smile;  
When rough, as rough as the rough crocodile.

The repetition in the above distich evinces great art; besides, as such a poet may *want* words (though never ideas), it is prudent in her to economize in time, by making a single word do the duty of three or four. The Poet then proceeds to make another supposition, it is twofold; firstly, that the P— R— is looking  
at

at her, and secondly, that she is looking at the P——  
R——:

Come then, voluptuous deity of love !  
Let me the soul-dissolving rapture prove ;  
Make me conceive that I his visage see,  
And that his heav'n-born eye is fix'd on me.

The apostrophe to Love, to *quicken her conception*, is quite natural, independent of its merit as a classical allusion to the *Lucina fer opem* of Terence. She has not told us which of the eyes of His R——l H——ss she wishes to be thus employed, but we suspect her Pittite prejudices furnished her with this superlative epithet ; not that we object to the epithet of *Heaven-born*, as applied to Mr. Pitt ; we only wish, for his sake and that of others, that it had pleased Providence to have confined him, for the last thirty years, to *the place of his nativity*. The Lady then runs into a very fine and feeling strain of poetry, which we would quote to our readers, only that we do not understand it ; there are some very tender passages about “ platonic lust ” and “ sentimental sensuality,” the omnipotence of *nature*, the eternal aspirations of deathless desire, the boundless palpitations of careering passion, and the everlasting invincibility of *the heart*. She then grows warmer, with her eye (perhaps both eyes) on the P—— R——t's face :

That face, more glorious than a mid-day sun,  
Causeth all things to grow—that it doth look upon.

It is exquisitely artful in the Poet to make this last verse *grow* into an Alexandrine ; besides, if it be true, it insinuates an unanswerable reason why His R——l H——ss should be unwilling to look the difficulties of the present awful crisis in the face. She then sums up the glories of his countenance in the following arithmetical verses, containing a sort of poetical sum in addition :—



From every look a thousand beauties glance ;  
 In every smile a thousand cupids dance ;  
 A thousand dimples in their proper places,  
 Make a *sum total* of four thousand graces.

To show the variety and versatility of her powers, she passes from eulogy to invective, and leaves the reader at a loss whether more to admire the coy delicacy of her praise, or the composed elegance, the polished acrimony of her censure: for instance, she thus opens the flood-gates of her indignation upon the unfortunate Whigs:

Rail on, ye rugged raggamuffins, rail !  
 Ye dirty lees of Whitbread's dirtier ale ;  
 No language can be hyperbolical,  
 To sketch a set so diabolical ;  
 Thieves, cut-throats, robbers, rascals, all the crew !  
 And wh—s they *would be*, were they women too.

Here, in the high fermentation of her wrath, sex itself is forgotten, and Lords Grey and Grenville are suddenly metamorphosed into a pair of flaunting Cyprians. But she is not done with them yet :

Vile, vicious, vulgar villains, great and small,  
 ——I was going to say—Damn—t—n seize you all !

This figure (whose hard name we now forget) of saying what you have just said, you will not deny, is here happily exemplified—the simple abrupt passion in “ I was going to say,” is above all praise. She then turns from them to the P—— R——, to whom she again abuses them in somewhat a profounder strain of vituperation. She says to His R——l H——s:

They're like the mud you tread beneath your feet,  
 Your pretty, pretty feet, so dainty small and sweet;  
 But thou art like a nosegay in full blow,  
 Cull'd for the village holyday—*all show* !  
 Made of lilies, hyacinths, and roses,  
 All sorts and kinds of Covent Garden posies.

We have no room for further extracts.



## ODE,

IN ANSWER TO CERTAIN FRIVOLOUS CALUMNIES AND  
PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE PRINCE REGENT  
BY THE G—YS AND G—NV—LLES.

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 12.]

**I**F to be fat's a crying sin,  
If to grow whiskers on a chin  
A damping clause entail,  
How lost are all the G—nv—lle race,  
How broadly-bottomed their disgrace,  
How damn'd poor L—d—d—le!

With these, comparison is weak,  
For T—ple's form, and M—tl—d's cheek,  
O'er Nature's limits leap;  
No prototype in man we see,  
And apt alone their simile,  
A porpoise, and an ape!

But if by fat and whiskers, they  
Travestied royalty portray,  
They've just forgot a simple matter,  
(Pairing Hyperion with a Satyr.)  
Though ev'ry man of flesh and bone is,  
Yet meagre G—y is not Adonis;  
And T—ple, though as fat as bacon,  
Ne'er for a Prince can be mistaken;  
And let these frog-like patriots strain,  
There's one thing they will never gain—  
“Not gain!” cries massive T—p—le; “name it.”  
“Not gain!” cries L—d—d—le, “Gode d—n it!”  
The painter, who should blend extremes,  
Incongruous as a maniac's dreams;  
A horse's neck, a human head,  
And o'er the rugged monster spread  
The plumage of the bird of Jove;  
A fish-tail to the queen of love;  
May make us smile, my Lords, as you do,  
(For Horace has an eye to you two;)  
Snile, not with pleasure, but disgust,  
At combinations so accurst.  
What then, though; like the daw, array'd  
In borrow'd plumes yourselves display'd,      You

You strive, when on your dunghill rear'd,  
 To imitate *the Royal Bird!*  
 This diff'rence learn, which Nature draws,  
 (And fix'd, you know, are Nature's laws,)  
 You may wear whiskers, so may he;  
 Fatter, nay, thrice as fat may be;  
 Still, still to him there doth belong  
 What *still ye lack*—and lack it long  
 May *you*, good Lords—you guess perchance—  
 I mean—the Regent's countenance.

PUBLIUS.

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### PARODY OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[From the British Press, Sept. 14.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;  
 Now to the Lords, see Jenky take his way,  
 And leaves the House of Commons unto me.  
 Now comes the dreadful business of the night,  
 And all the House a solemn stillness holds;  
 While Abbot counts to see there's forty quite,  
 And pens my muttons in the Treasury folds.  
 Save where yon figure struts so tall and thin,  
 And calls out "*Order!*" with importance big,  
 Lest any one presume to laugh or grin,  
 Nor pay due reverence to the Speaker's wig:  
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The Marchioness doth to the moon complain  
 Of such as wand'ring near the R-g-nt's bower,  
 Molest her *ancient solitary* reign.  
 See on the right hand of the Speaker's chair,  
 The Treasury members crowded in a heap;  
 Each occupies the place comes to his share,  
 And studies only how that place to keep.  
 The state of Europe or their country's woes,  
 A *drowning contest* as G—— R—— has said,  
 Shall ne'er disturb the pensioners' repose,  
 Nor break the slumbers of their downy bed.

For

For them, at eve, the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 And Treasury cooks the sumptuous feast prepare—  
 Some sycophant shall hail their quick return,  
 And strive, by flattery, that feast to share.

Oft did they to the Opposition yield;  
 Their spirit oft have Grey and Grenville broke;  
 How lately were they driven from the field,  
 And forc'd the fatal *Orders* to revoke.

Let not the Marquis mock their useless toil,  
 Their silly projects and their idle schemes;  
 Nor Gr-nv-ll-e hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 Of my Lord L-v-rp—l and B-th-rst's dreams.

The boast of C-stler—gh, his love of power,  
 With all that he, with all his colleagues gave—  
 Serve but to hasten on the fatal hour  
 When Wisdom's self shall not have power to save.

Nor you, that scoff, impute to these the blame,  
 If Princes will such men to office raise—  
 To sink alike their glory and their fame  
 In titled pageantry and empty praise.

Haply on yon neglected bench is plac'd  
 Some patriot might save a sinking land;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have grac'd,  
 If Princes would their services command.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
 Forbade to bow with meanness to the throne,  
 And to their interests sacrifice mankind.

Full many a country gentleman and squire,  
 The hinder seats and those back benches bear;  
 Full many a one who represents a shire,  
 There wastes his sweetness on the desert air.

Some city member, with his meal oppress,  
 May there, perhaps, in sleep digest his food;  
 Some mute inglorious alderman may rest,  
 Some grocer guiltless of his country's good.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of no more contracts to despise,  
 To scatter treasures with a liberal hand,  
 Are things that citizens but seldom prize.

Far from the Livery's ignoble strife

Why did their wishes ever learn to stray ;

Why, fitted for the humbler walks of life,

Did they not still behind the counter stay ?

For knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;

Fair Science smil'd not on their early age,

Nor Genius gave an impulse to the soul.

The councils of their country to guide,

To quench their blushes, and conceal their shame ;

To gratify their luxury and pride,

Is left to others that—the Muse won't name.

But yet their names to rescue from neglect,

Some vain attempt each morning you espy,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless measure deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their merits, in the M——g P——t,

The place of honest eulogy supply,

With many an idle tale, and many a boast,

And many a silly speech, and many a lie.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

A place or pension ever yet resign'd,

Quitted the Court, like C——ng, as they say,

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some tried hack, at parting, he relies,

Some well-tim'd paragraph his case requires ;

E'en in retirement we hear his cries,

E'en in our paper linger his desires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,

Dost in these lines their character relate,

If chance by Sheridan hereafter led,

Some future C——g shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary pensioner may say,

Oft have we seen him at th' approach of eve,

Bending with hasty steps his course this way,

To make a speech would even us deceive.

There underneath the House of Commons clock,

That rears its vile old-fashion'd head so high,

How often would he his late colleagues mock—

And at that distance catch the Speaker's eye !

From



From seat to seat, as if in pain or scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove ;  
 And, out of office, seem like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
 One eve I miss'd him in his usual seat,  
 Beneath the clock, far from the Speaker's chair ;  
 Another came, but yet we didn't meet,  
 We search'd the Lobby, but he was not there.  
 The next with C-stler—gh, close side by side,  
 Upon the Treasury Bench we saw him sit,  
 In all the pomp of ministerial pride :  
 Here, read the history in this old Gazette :

---

Here rests at last, and gives a loose to mirth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame well known ;  
 For Sherry frown'd not on his humble birth ;  
 And, when he spoke, Pitt mark'd him for his own.  
 Large were his wishes, and his friend sincere,  
 Pitt did a recompense as largely send ;  
 He gave the Cath'lics all he had—a tear ;  
 He gain'd from Princes all he wish'd—his end.  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his talents from their new abode ;  
 There let him on the Treasury Bench repose,  
 And point to future patriots the road.

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### THE POLITICS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 14.]

**T**HERE is no Englishman that does not know by *hereditary* feeling, that on the integrity of justice, the immaculate purity of juries, and the *liberty of the press*, his happiness and his security as a freeman vitally exist. In these sad days of *seat-selling* and *German incorporation*, we may sometimes feel a little languor upon these subjects ; but instead of the *Treasury gin-bottle*, let us at such moments apply to our Shakspeare for spirit and for resolution. What is Henry the

the Fourth made to say?—It was his fate to have a son, who, in the early part of his life, associated with vagabonds and loose women, plunged into debt, and borrowed from his dependants; in short, *ran completely out of the course*, and gave himself up to a series of follies that must have degraded his future life into a voracity for veal-cutlets and the anxieties of a whisker, had not Providence implanted that *redeeming* spirit which walked with him through his excesses, and brought him out uninjured. What does Henry the Fourth say of the upright magistrate who punished this royal offender?—

“Happy am I that have a man so bold,  
That *dares do justice* on my proper son.”

“*Happy am I!*”—Ever anxious for the welfare of my countrymen, I do most devoutly trust that these *three words* may sink deeply into the memories, and thence be filtered into the hearts, of our present and all future rulers. As long as they are *happy* that justice takes her course, the felicity of the nation is ensured; as it will be most *fatally* endangered whenever they open their ears to the whispers of *casuistry*; or the still more dangerous insinuations of *despotism*. There are men, who from native cruelty, or bad *Irish* habits of whipping and half-hanging, might counsel a *summary* mode of proceeding, or (I have been in vain looking for an *old English phrase* to express it) *a vigour beyond the law*. Whenever such vipers approach their ear (creatures more suited to the *eunuch department* in a seraglio, than to the privilege of ministering to the understanding of a monarch), I would have them turn to this passage, and read it at least ten times over; nay, hang it about their necks as a philtre against the conjurations of those sorcerers, who, like the magicians and Moses, can counterfeit a genuine miracle, animate an immensity of *Treasury vermin*, send an army of  
tax-

tax-gatherers, *like locusts*, through the land, and convert the waters of *a marsh* into *a sea of British blood*.

So far for the direct and *due* use and exercise of *justice*. We have a King's word for the value of its integrity;—we have a King's authority too, for the mischiefs that flow from its *abuse* and its degradation—an old King, who from having long sat on a throne—that unhappy eminence from whence a sovereign sees and savours the collective exhalations of human depravity), knew all the farce and fallacy of life, and felt nearly poisoned with the sacrifices which the hauntings of a court offer up daily on the altar of selfishness. What does Lear say?—and even madness could not efface the indelible records of a practised experience,—

“Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all :—plate sin with gold,  
*And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;*  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.”

This is a fine picture, and, in all its keeping and colouring, fresh and vivid at this day as it was in the olden time. “The law's delay,” and the various ways of ruining a man, even by a *successful* suit in Chancery, were never better known or more extensively practised than at the present period; nor did chicane, swindling, jobbing, malpractice, bribery, and corruption, ever produce more vigorous shoots than at this hour; when education is at its acme of perfection, honour professed even in Parliament, Dr. Bell teaching the Church Catechism in sand, and Herbert Marsh publishing the bans of marriage between the Bible and the Prayer-book.

The beginning of this fine speech of Lear, from which the preceding four lines are extracted, is also highly illustrative of that detestation of cruelty which is one of Shakspeare's striking characteristics, and applies forcibly to 1812, when Authority seems to have put



put on her sternest aspect, and penal laws rise as fast as mushrooms upon the dunghill of erroneous policy.

“Thou rascal beadle, *hold thy bloody hand*;  
Why dost thou lash that whore?”

This was uttered centuries ago, in mitigation of a *prostitute's* punishment; yet, till within a few months, that a *free press* unknotted the cat-o'-nine-tails, the backs of our soldiers were scored with the thong; while the surgeon, with his finger on the pulse, and his eye gauging agony, was bound to the horrid task of arresting torture, only when life ebbed to its extinction! Thanks to the independent men who raised their voices against such disgusting barbarism, the practice is declining, and will soon be annihilated, and military discipline will no longer be founded on the *infliction*, but on the *fear*, of disgrace.

Just as these observations upon *cruelty* and the *penal laws* had dropped from my pen, I put my hand on some detached comments, by celebrated characters (which I shall, to vary my subject, introduce now and then), and picked out a few, very applicable to these painful but important topics, elicited by varying opinions on a line in “Measure for Measure,”

“You must rise and be hanged.”

“I cannot understand whence the new lights have proceeded that dazzled like meteors, and like them have misled the present generation of philanthropists. It is clear from this passage that they are not derived from our forefathers. In those good times people were hanged without all the ado and stir that prevails now-a-days. Of this the line in the text is a decisive proof. *Barnardine* is called to be hanged with as little ceremony as he would be called to breakfast. Shakspeare drew all his characters from life, and his Executioner amongst the rest; and we see, from the familiarity of



his talk, that this excellent custom was laudably prevalent at that period——.

“ I have always thought, and the concurrent authorities of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Ryder have confirmed me in the opinion, that sanguinary penal laws, not merely contribute to the preservation of a people, but are particularly calculated to render them *humane*. We see how lightly Shakspeare treats the subject in the address to this malefactor, whom, from a careful perusal of the passage, consideration of the context and consultation of all the authorities, I have no hesitation in pronouncing a *stocking-weaver*. The *Bernards*, or *Barnyerds*, or, as some read it, *Barnyards*, were for a long period settled at Broome, in Nottinghamshire; and this unhappy individual was in all probability condemned for *frame-breaking*. Indeed Shakspeare abounds in direct and remote allusions to *frames*—a subject probably as rife and as interesting in his time as it is at present. In ‘*Much Ado about Nothing*,’ the insurgents are particularly pointed at,—

“ Whose spirits toil in *frame* of villanies.”

And in the Second Part of Henry the Sixth, we may infer, that the offence was considered *treasonable*:

“ By *wicked* means to *frame* our Sovereign’s fall !”

“ To my *Ode to Draco*, which I intend introducing into my next edition of ‘*The Battles, &c.*’ I have subjoined a few notes, which will, I apprehend, throw much *new light* upon this subject, and particularly upon the state and condition of our nightly watch, which has been hitherto involved in very considerable *obscurity*.—J. W. C.”

T. T.

THE

## THE NEW EPIC.

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 15.]

A CONTEMPORARY Print having given some garbled extracts, and those from the most exceptionable parts of this poem, we feel it a literary duty, to rescue the supposed *limping* Author from a part of the public odium which has been thus unfairly drawn upon his production, by making a few selections, which will demonstrate his *political impartiality* at least, though they should not be found more worthy of his muse.

At page 47, the Poet thus opens a free descant on the growing vices of *Opposition*, and their contagious effect on the morals of their most distinguished *female* adherents:

“ To raise a crew well suited to the times,  
And inundate a realm with novel crimes,  
Vice with undaunted stride now takes the field,  
While Falsehood bears her deadly lance and shield,  
Bids pamper'd Profligacy sound to arms,  
And, in the hope of aid from female charms,  
Calls Women forth in *Opposition* strife,  
Who'll, for a savage *party*, d—n themselves for life !”

Afterwards he philosophically describes the progress of the sexual passions, till, in their wild career, they become converted from the *Loves*, into the *Lusts*, of *Opposition*.

“ Whether through Night's dark labyrinths they stray,  
Or sport their brazen frontlets at noon-day,  
Whether the wanton leer of \*\*\*\* invites,  
Or \*\*\*\*\*'s Dame prepares the luscious rites,  
Sated by Lust, a sullen gloom succeeds,  
When brooding Malice multiplies her deeds,  
And envy, hatred, jealousy, conspire  
With mingled flames to set their souls on fire !  
No reason, then, is able to restore 'em,  
No virtuous character can stand before 'em !

Say, Muse indignant—say, what human law,  
Or earthly power, can keep such jades in awe?"

We would willingly apologize for the coarse *bathos* of the last line, which the good taste of the Author, in his next edition, will probably correct.

The *Temple of Lust* is next described with a still bolder hand :

" In yonder dell her baneful Temple stands,  
Erected quick by Fashion's plastic hands.  
Priapian portals point the luscious way,  
And give to yielding doors their sportive play :  
In bas-relief here amorous Cupids twine,  
And Swains alternate turn from Love to Wine.  
Culls! Pimps! and Peeresses! the bliss partake,  
And congregate for wild disorder's sake.  
Here the ennobled \*\*\*\*\* still plies,  
In hopes to taste what impotence denies !

" Cradled and rear'd in Hatred's better school,  
In scenes like these I ne'er could play the fool.  
For what would love with such a frozen elf,  
Who never yet could deign to love himself?"

Lady \*\*\*\*\*, the High Priestess of the Temple, is next portrayed ; but we should hope not correctly from life : the obdurate lingerings after vicious habits, however, even in the fair sex, are thus touched with a masterly pencil—

" White, not with innocence, she now appears,  
*Salacious* through—but not by brine of tears :  
By mean contrition scorns to be forgiven,  
Too proud for a repentant road to Heaven :  
Like Lot's frail wife, who for this damning fault  
Of looking back on *Lust*, became a rock of Salt !"

There is a poignant severity in the following lines, which we charitably pass by. To these succeeds a retrospect of the *Deluge*, most fancifully conceived, in which the Poet, in a happy vein of pleasantry, describes *drowning* as too mild a punishment for *All the Talents*, " their wives and concubines," for their own political

political suicide; quaintly adding, that nothing short of the fate of Nebuchadnezzar can expiate their folly, in setting up the brazen image of Lord Grenville, and sacrilegiously expecting that all men should bow down, and worship it! This closes with a whimsical apostrophe in admiration of such men as the Earls C—d-n, W—tm—l—d, and Mulg—ve, escaping out of the fiery furnace which *Opposition* had prepared for them and their Cabinet brethren, “three times hotter than it was wont to be heated!” The Poet seems fond of displaying his *scriptural* knowledge, which it will be seen he does here with a felicitous taste. He must be a Cynic indeed who cannot enjoy the marvellous escape of these same *Ministerialists* by the spirit of Lord Eld-n, “that walked through the fire to their relief!”

Who 'scap'd from out their red-hot oven we know,  
Like Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego,  
Unsing'd in raiment, as in flesh and bone,  
With hearts as safe, because they're made of stone!

[We shall give farther occasional extracts from this fashionable and interesting Epic Poem.]

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### ODE OF HORACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

*PER* bearer you have a second sample of the New Translation of Horace by several Persons of Fashion\*. More another time.

Yours, as before,

BIBLIOP. TRYPHON.

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\* See p. 297.



## HORACE, ODE 22. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELDON.

- (1) THE man who keeps a conscience pure,  
 (If not his own, at least his Prince's,)  
 Through toil and danger walks secure,  
 Looks big and black, and never winces !
- (2) No want has he of sword or dagger,  
 Cock'd hat or whiskers of Geramb ;  
 Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,  
 He does not care one single d-mn !
- (3) Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,  
 Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,  
 'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,  
 No matter, 't is all one to him.
- (4) For instance, I, one evening late,  
 Upon a gay vacation sally,  
 Singing the praise of Church and State,  
 Got (God knows how) to Cranbourn Alley.

When

- (1) Integer vitæ scelerisque purus  
 (2) Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,  
 Nec veneratis gravidâ sagittis  
 Fusce, pharetrâ :  
 (3) Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,  
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
 Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "*quæ loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes*" thus—  
 "The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French ;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

- (4) Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis  
 Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome), there is something particularly neat in sup-  
 posing

When lo! an Irish Papist darted  
 Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—  
 I did but frown, and off he started,  
 Scar'd at me e'en without my wig!

- (5) Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog  
 Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,  
 Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,  
 Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!
- (6) O, place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,  
 The ragged, hang-dog Kings of Tara;  
 Or place me where B-b M-rt-n rules  
 The houseless wilds of Connemara;
- (7) Of Church and State I'll sing my fill,  
 Though e'en B-b M-rt-n's self should grumble;  
 Sweet Church and State! that stand up still
- (8) Like Jack and Jill, upon a hill,  
 But ne'er, like Jack and Jill, to tumble!

posing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "*curis expeditis*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*"), and the felicitous idea of his being "*inermis*," when "*without his wig*," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

- (5) Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis,  
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
 Arida nutrix.

- (6) Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:  
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque  
 Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said B-b M-rt-n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "*malus Jupiter*" of him.

- (7) Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulcè loquentem.

(8) There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "*standing and falling together*," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State, in this ingenious little Allegory.

Jack fell down,  
 And broke his *Crown*,  
 And Jill came tumbling after!

## EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

[From the British Press, Sept. 18.]

THE following unhappy case of Suicide is said to have taken place on the day when it was determined to distract the attention and divert the strength and resources of Great Britain to an attempt for the recovery of Hanover, in conjunction with Monsieur Bernadotte, one of Buonaparte's old Captains:—

Yesterday a Coroner's Inquest was held at the Britannia Arms, in Downing Street, on the body of an elderly female, of an athletic make, but emaciated appearance, who was found dead in Hanover Square. As the circumstances of this case are very peculiar, we shall give them, together with the evidence before the Coroner, at full length.

The deceased, it seems, had been observed to wander about that spot in a melancholy and dejected state, for some time past.

Dr. Hawkesbury, on being sent for, attended immediately. He ordered the body to be stripped and laid on its back, and proceeded to apply singed feathers and paper to the nostrils, and caused a great quantity of air to be injected, by means of Dr. Vansittart's pipe, to set the lungs again into play, and tried various other methods of artificial breathing.

At the same time, one of his assistants was employed in removing, with a sponge, the frothy matter which had collected in great quantities about the mouth; another applied Thieves vinegar to the nostrils of the deceased; and a third endeavoured, by a partial pressure on the chest, to assist the circulation.

Dr. Vansittart, who had been called in on the occasion, opened a vein in the foot of the deceased, but no blood would come. He then attempted to bleed her in various other places, but without success; and  
after



after persevering, for upwards of six hours, in all the methods prescribed by the Humane Society, they were unable to restore the circulation, which it seems had been too long suspended.

From the evidence of Dr. Castlereagh, who had attended the deceased for some time as the family apothecary, it appeared, that although she had originally a very fine constitution, yet it had been much impaired, and that latterly she had laboured under a great depression of spirits, and difficulty of breathing, owing to a complaint in her chest. He said, he had tried all manner of medicines, and among others, the Jesuit Drops, the Union Cordial, and the American Spruce, which latter drink seemed at one time to do her good; but, at a consultation, at which the late Dr. Perceval, and other eminent physicians, assisted, Orders had been given to discontinue this, and to put her upon an alterative diet, since which she grew rapidly worse; in consequence of which, with the advice of Doctor Brougham, a celebrated Manchester physician, who had been sent for express on the appearance of some alarming symptoms, he had countermanded these Orders, but unfortunately too late. The deceased evinced evident signs of derangement, so much so, that it had been thought advisable to gag her at times, and put on the strait waistcoat.

From the examination of some of the relatives of the deceased, they seemed to be of opinion, that her melancholy and lowness of spirits, and fits of insanity, arose chiefly from distress and embarrassed circumstances. They said, she had formerly a very good estate, which at the time of her death was mortgaged for its utmost value: that being unable to pay the interest, she had recourse to loans and annuities, by which her affairs became gradually worse; and that some persons whom she had intrusted with the collecting of her rents, had lately gone off without



accounting, considerably in her debt. But the chief thing to which they attributed her distress of mind was the condition of a House in Westminster, which belonged to her, and on which she principally depended for support. This she had let to some dishonest tenants upon a seven years' lease, who would neither repair it, though it was in a very sad state, nor pay her any rent: that they refused to perform any of the covenants in the lease, and defied all her attempts to turn them out. This, they observed, fretted her more than any thing; and to it, and the great quantity of quack medicines which she was constantly in the habit of taking, they attributed that despair and unhappy state of mind which had led her to commit this rash act.

The Coroner, under all these circumstances, left it to the Jury to determine whether the deceased was in possession of her senses at the time, or whether there was not sufficient evidence before them of distress to warrant them in supposing it had affected her intellects.

The Jury, after consulting a few minutes, returned a verdict of *Lunacy* in the deceased, occasioned partly by distress of mind, and partly by the unskilful treatment of those who attended her.

On searching the pockets of the deceased, nothing was found in them but an old worn out cap, full of holes, two or three bad halfpence, a wild incoherent scheme for paying off the national debt, and a letter from an old lady in Threadneedle Street, informing her, that she could no longer render her any assistance.

## TOTAL ECLIPSE OF ALL CONJURORS!!!

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 2.]

## THEATRE, WHITEHALL.

BY Permission of a besotted Nation—Every Evening till the opening of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, where he is engaged to perform a principal character,

## THE SIEUR CASTLERÉ

will have the honour to bring forward his wonderful *Deceptions and Magical Illusions*, through dexterity of hand and the surprising *science of management*.

He will also perform his most surprising *anti-peristaltic art of resuscitation*—he will fall on the floor of the House, kick for several minutes in a *strong fit of incapacity*, and suffer a complete *political dissolution*, when, by a slight injection of secret influence, he will start up in the full possession of *all his powers*, to the great wonder and admiration of the Treasury Bench.

Two gentlemen shall stand eight yards asunder, on different sides of the House, each putting a card under his foot, *No* written on one card, and *Ay* on the other; yet by virtue of a *magic promise* he will command the two cards to *change places*, although the Members stand with their whole weight upon them.

He will also command a majority to *rise, stand and jump one by one*, so as to excite the laughter of the whole audience. Any young Member shall choose a card from any part of the pack, and write on it a string of *patriotic and constitutional principles*, and shuffle it in again, afterwards lay them on the floor with his hat over them; when, by the *real art of place-making*, he will blow *every record* off the aforesaid card, and command the name of *the appointment* the Member is to fill to be written upon it.

The Sieur Castleré will also, on one of his nights,

DROWN one half of an army, and give the AGUE to the other.

He will, moreover, discover the *exact price* of any Member in company, which proves that there are possible means of discovering future events.

He will also exhibit several very interesting ARITHMETICAL CALCULATIONS; he will give an exact estimate of the *National Debt*, reveal in how many *centuries* the *Sinking Fund* will operate its *extinction*, prophesy the eventual depreciation of the paper money, and change, by the power of his *anti-constitutional wand*, a thirty shilling note into a GUINEA.

His *chartomantic deceptions* are too numerous to attempt to describe—suffice it to say, that most of them are the product of his *own invention*, and never attempted by any one *but himself*.

In conclusion, he will also exhibit such an *active art of GUNNERY*, that it is useless for any man to attempt it but himself. Mr. C. may, if he thinks proper, mark a lead ball, LOAD the PISTOL, and fire at the FIRST Conjuror in the WORLD, and he will, positively without deception, catch the *identical ball* upon the point of a dilemma; with a variety of incontestable operations, too numerous to insert in the limits of a hand-bill.

The Sieur Castleré, in addition to his sophistical and other diabolical performances, has engaged an ingenious artist of the name of Croker, who will finish the evening's entertainment with three select scenes from the

### OMBRES CHINOISES.

#### FIRST SCENE.

An American War; or, Arrogant Impolicy Rewarded.

#### SECOND SCENE.

The Genius of Great Britain, supported by Lord Wellington, his helmet surmounted by the Shamrock, the  
the

the emblem of his country, to which he has done such immortal credit, beating a drum in the ears of Spain, who is lying snoring in a recumbent posture, with the incubus of bigotry on her breast, a bag of relics on one side, and racks and fagots on the other.

## THIRD SCENE.

Ireland, with her Catholic and Protestant sons joining hands under the influence of reason and unanimity, in progress to the *Temple of Emancipation*. Grattan riding upon D——n, tame and muzzled at the head of the procession, and G——d and M'——y drawing two jingles with *six insides* each—the *Independent Jury* who acquitted Dr. Sheridan.

T. T.

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 GENERAL ELECTION.

[From the General Evening Post, Oct. 6.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS many of the *worthy* and *independent* Candidates for seats in Parliament profess that they “want words” to address their equally *worthy* and *independent* Constituents, I have sent you a model for compositions of this kind, which may be applied in all cases, “without loss of time, or hinderance of business,” they only altering the words “Freeholders,” or “Electors,” or “Livery,” or by whatever other name the said constituents are known.

I am, Sir, yours,

A MODELLER.

*To the Worthy and Independent Electors of —.*

GENTLEMEN,—A Dissolution of Parliament having taken place, I beg leave to solicit your votes, being highly desirous of representing you in Parliament. I flatter myself, Gentlemen, that my conduct is fully known,



known, and has been approved by you ; and I assure you of my firm determination to support the line of conduct which shall be most agreeable to you, as soon as I know what that is, reserving only to myself the privilege of attending to my own interest in all cases where it may happen to clash with yours.

GENTLEMEN,—I have had the honour of cajoling you on former occasions with the watch-word of the day, whatever it may be—Parliamentary Reform—Catholic Emancipation—No Popery—Economy—Peace, &c.; and I shall continue to do the same, because it is of more importance to me to keep you in good-humour, than to undeceive you in any of these points. A seat in Parliament is necessary to me on many accounts. Having long neglected my business to turn politician, I foresee the time at no great distance, when a snug security for my person will be an object of some importance. In order to obtain this, I shall pay no regard to your instructions, as you call them, farther than they may be agreeable to my interest, which is the only object I have in view. Should we agree in opinion, it will be very fortunate; but if we happen to differ, I must then insist on acting agreeably to the dictates of my *conscience*, and “*seeing things in a different light.*”

I acknowledge my obligations to the Gentlemen of my Committee. They are dupes as well as yourselves, and although not above eight or ten in number, their meetings amount to a *most numerous and respectable assemblage*; where, although few words pass, I shall put into the Papers some most *animated, impressive, brilliant, and luminous* harangues, with a suitable proportion of *acclamations and bursts of universal applause.*

I have only to add, Gentlemen, that if I have the honour of being elected your Representative, I shall most faithfully fulfil your wishes—if consistent with  
my

my own ; and most carefully watch over your rights and privileges—as far as they are consistent with the object I have in view. I only ask, in return, that you will give me full credit for every mode of deception I may practise to gratify your prejudices and passions ; and I shall, as, in duty bound, laugh in my sleeve at your gullibility, and subscribe myself,

Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble servant,

HUMPHRY HUMBUGH.

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ODE OF HORACE TRANSLATED.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 6.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN consequence of the sensation produced by Lord Eld-n's translation from Horace (see p. 318), I am induced to send you another from the same Anti-Romanist School—"Cedite *Romani* scriptores!"

Yours, &c.

BIBLIOP. TRYPHON.

HORACE, ODE 20. LIB. 1.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE RIGHT HON. DOCTOR  
P-TR-CK DU-G-N-N, AND ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE  
OF R-CHM-ND.

If Your Grace has a mind to be gay,  
(And we know you're the devil at that,)  
You will come take a drop of *sweet pea* \*  
With your own Privy-Counsellor Pat.

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\* Vile potabis modicis Sabinum  
Cantharis.

*Sweet Pea* is the poetical term for whiskey in Ireland.

I bought

I bought it of Judy Malone,  
 (By my soul 't would n't sicken a midge,)  
 And 't was bottled that evening, oh hone †!  
 When the galleries gave such a groan  
*"For the lift side of Bally Bough Bridge."*  
 Och! tunder-an'-ouns!  
 How the Romanists groan'd!  
 Till rocky Dunleary,  
 And wild Glennagary,  
 Responsively moan'd  
 To the Jacobin sounds!

The murmur was heard over Dublin's sweet Bay †,  
 And appall'd in his packet the brave Captain Goddard,  
 Nay, e'en the old asinine echoes of *Bray*,  
 Tho' so far from the Playhouse, were actually bother'd!  
 Then take no more trouble,  
 But come, taste the whiskey §;  
 Though *beads* o'er it bubble,  
 So Popish and frisky,

Och! faith 't is so tempting, whate'er you may think of it,  
 Spite of the *beads* even Eldon would drink of it!

† Gracâ quod ego ipse testâ  
 Conditum levi, *datus in theatro*  
*Cum tibi plausus,*  
 Care Mæcenas eques.

The allusion here to "the lift side of Bally Bough Bridge," requires explanation. There is a little village so situated in the vicinity of Dublin, called RICHMOND; and the first time His Grace honoured the Theatre with his presence, after W. P-le's celebrated Crusade against the Catholic Committee, the galleries took this delicate method of intimating their displeasure, and "a groan for the lift side of Bally Bough Bridge" resounded through the house.

‡ ———— ut paterni  
 Fluminis ripæ, simul et *jocosa*  
 Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanî  
 Montis imago.

*Bray* is a village ten miles from Dublin.

§ Cæcubum et prælo domiram Caleno  
 Tu bibes uvam.

The bubble on the surface of the whiskey, by which its strength is proved, is called the *béad*.—"What would you do with a glass of whiskey, if you had it?" said an Englishman to a Dunleary boatman.—"Faith, Sir, I think I'd make a Protestant of it."—"How, pray?"—"Why, I'd take the *beads* off it, your honour!"

Claret's

Claret's but sour, and champagne is but ropish;  
 Besides, troth, I've neither to give you astore ||!  
 But whiskey's the thing, be it ever so Popish,  
 To lay a right Noble Duke flat on the floor!

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MR. SADLER'S VOYAGE IN AIR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 14.]

WE are happy to inform the numerous friends of Mr. Sadler, that he arrived safely in Dublin a few days since, after undergoing many *hair-breadth 'scapes*, in his attempt to cross the Channel, which he intends making the subject of a "Memoir," to be published as soon as his leisure shall permit him to arrange it. In the mean time we are enabled to give a few curious extracts from "Observations" made during the recent aëronautic expedition from Dublin, and furnished by a *learned Pig*, whom Mr. Sadler brought up with him (having declined, as we understand, the company of the late Irish Secretary), as a *compagnon de voyage*.

"Threw out several reams of the Morning Post, which I had brought over with me as *ballast*; rose rapidly into the current of election promises—very strong and oppressive—felt nearly stifled; suppose from observation it may continue in its present direction about four-and-thirty days longer; then will probably stagnate, or perhaps run into the contrary direction of *bribery*, that had been *disclaimed*, and of corruption, that had been *protested* against.

"Met with several *castles in the air*, one occupied by a projector who meditated the payment of the *National Debt*. He had a large *sponge* tied to his girdle,

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|| ————— Mea nec Falernæ  
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani  
 Pocula colles.

"*Astore*" is an Irish term of endearment: thus, "Molly Astore."  
 but



but I was moving forward too rapidly to ask him what he was going to do with it. In another, a visionary had established an inn for the entertainment of *guineas*, but the place seemed totally *deserted*; the doors studded with *battered three-shilling tokens*, and the windows patched with *Bank-notes*. Several boys in the yard were amusing themselves with *flying kites*, and in running heedlessly along, looking back upon the objects of their pastime, fell into the large pond of *insolvency*, where they perished. In a third, a tall thin *scraggy* figure with a *squeaking* voice, was preposterously trying to conciliate an *American*, by dragging him neck and heels into the *hold of a tender*, and endeavouring to make an *Irishman* laugh by tickling his ribs with a cat-o'-nine-tails, then kicking him on the breech, and finally pulling away a plate of beef he was going to devour, and a glass of whiskey he was on the point of drinking, and substituting in their place, *salt, potatoes, and water*. In a fourth, an *Irish absentee* had taken up his residence, and employed himself in planning the *amelioration* of Ireland by *rack rents* and *jobbing*. In a fifth, a chemist had planted his apparatus, and was reducing *Bank-notes* to their *minimum* of value, and found them reducible to the hundred and twenty-sixth part of half a farthing.

“At this period opened the valve, and descended nearer the earth; had a bow from the *Liberty of the Press*, who was running away as fast as he could from a grim fellow called *Ex Officio*; he mentioned his intention of *rusticating* for a short time in the suburbs of Elysium, where he expected a visit from his particular friends, *Ilabeas Corpus* and *the Trial by Jury*.

“I then threw out a great deal of sand (some of which I am sorry to find got into the eyes of the P. R. whose sight was before so severely affected as not to be

be able to distinguish his most intimate friends), and mounted quite out of the view of the world, into the clear atmosphere of *common sense*. There I saw wonderful things!—the necessity of REFORM and CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, freed from the haze which the breath of *parasites* and *jobbers* had collected about them, appeared in *large capitals*, and as clear as the sun at noon-day. I peeped through a *microscope* at *Lord Castlereagh's Talents*, which I was told were stuck upon the *point of a needle*, but could discover nothing, though *the highest magnifying power* was applied. I was shown *the pair of scales*, in a glass case, in which *Lord Eldon weighs probabilities and ascertains doubts*. They had grown a little rusty from *disuse*, and were about to be sent to be polished and regulated *against next Term*. A thick fume out of the mouth of a *pint bottle* I ascertained to be Mr. Vansittart's *Plans of Finance*, in a state of rapid *evaporation*. His Resolutions on the *Bullion Report* *subject* being the *lightest* part of the fume, rose first, and were soon *lost* in the surrounding air. In the distance I observed *the House of Commons*, undergoing a very *radical* repair, owing to the removal of several *rotten* planks and rafters, and the substitution of *sound* timbers in their place. Other things I saw, but have not time or opportunity at present to detail them. When I have reduced my ideas into some order, after an excursion that would have puzzled Lord Sidmouth himself, I shall soon furnish some further and very interesting communications from the upper regions.”

—Mr. Sadler's *Aërial Voyage*.

## A PARODY.

[From the same, Oct. 15.]

'T WAS where the fam'd Home Circuit is begun,  
By Themis' lofty Son,

Aloft in awful state  
The ermin'd Justice sate,  
On magisterial throne :

Sage Counsellors were plac'd around ;  
Their brows with curls ambrosial bound,  
(So should Desert in Law be crown'd.)

The smirking Sheriff, by his side,  
Stood with his wand extended wide,  
In pomp of wealth, and Office pride.

Worthy, worthy, worthy pair ;  
None but a Judge,  
None but a Judge,  
None but a Judge deserves such care.

The Crier was plac'd on high  
Amid the long-rob'd quire :  
To touch the cash, his fingers fly,  
The crumpled notes his purse supply,  
And earthly joys inspire.

The first cause was Crim. Con.  
Who left his tearful Mate alone,  
(His base desertion to bemoan :)  
A Devil's fiery form belied the man,  
Skulking through paths obscure he ran,  
When he to wavering Virtue prest,  
And as he gain'd her timid breast,  
With hollow promise, and persuasion fair,  
He left the image of himself, Remorse and fell Despair:  
The list'ning crowd admire the verdict found,  
O honest Jurymen ! they shout around ;  
O honest Jurymen ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With well-pleas'd ears,  
The Judge too hears,  
Affects to nod,  
Commends the rod  
That Vice triumphant fears.

A Case of Libel then the Marshal loudly call'd,  
Of libel still, for Freedom senseless bawl'd—

The Author in persona comes,  
No creeping fear his soul benumbs,  
But with a purple grace  
He shows his dauntless-face ;  
Now call the Jury o'er—He comes—He comes.

“ Freedom ever fair and young,  
Magna Charta did ordain ;  
Freedom's blessings are a treasure,  
Liberty's the Briton's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Liberty for ever reign !”

Fir'd at the sound, the Judge grew vain,  
Tried all his Libels o'er again ;  
And thrice he baffled all the Whigs, and sentenc'd thrice  
Tom Paine—

The Sheriff saw his choler rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,  
And ere the Jury he address'd—  
He whisper'd caution to his breast :

He chose a likely theme,  
His passion to redeem :

He spoke of Cobbett—rude of mind,  
By too severe a fate,

For “ flog 'em, flog 'em, flog 'em, flog 'em ! !”  
Driv'n from his Bottley 'State,  
In Newgate fast confin'd ;

His purse well drain'd, deserted too

By all but Burdett and a few ;

At tavern feasts expos'd he stands,

His tongue, alas ! unequal to his hands.

With downcast looks, the Chief judicial sate,  
Revolving in his musing soul

Some names of note long since gone by,

A Camden's fame!—a sigh he stole ;

A Jeff'ries !—then a deeper sigh.

The cunning Shrieve now smil'd to see,  
How Law and Politics agree ;



Their kindred bias he describ'd ;  
 For power inflames the mind with pride.

Softly sweet in cheerful measures,  
 He turn'd his thoughts to jovial pleasures.  
 Law, he said, was toil and trouble ;  
 A Jury but an empty bubble ;  
 Still inquiring, never ending,  
 Doubting still, the Crown defeating ;  
 If to dine you are intending,

Be dinner serv'd, while it's worth eating :

A fine fat haunch shall be beside thee ;

Take the fare that I provide thee :

The rabble here may stretch their hungry jaws ;

Let us but eat—the Devil take the cause.

The Judge, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the men,

And bit his pen,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with thirst and hunger overcome,

“ Bring me the verdict, Sir !” he said, and left the room.

Now sound the trumpets once again,

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark ! hark ! the sudden scream

Has rais'd up his head :

He awakes from a dream,

And, in sentences dread,

Protest ! protest ! he furious cries,

See the Jacobins rise ;

Hear the speeches they make,

How the Senate they shake,

And the triumph that sits in their eyes :

Behold the factious band,

Each a Bill in his hand !

These are groundless complaints—I've often nonsuited,

Yet still again mooted,

With vigour recruited ;

You'll vengeance rue

From the Catholic crew.

Behold

Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they claim to be first in the state,  
And menace our Protestant temples with fate;  
While Princes applaud in contempt of their sires;  
But *Ex-officios* are left to repress their desires;

Duigenan leads the way,  
To guide us in the fray,  
And, like another Calvin, rekindles holy fires.

Not long ago,  
Ere Wisdom's stream was heard to flow,  
And Virtue's voice was mute;  
Intolerance, detested brute,  
With sounding lies,  
Could swell the soul to rage, and deeds of foul emprise;  
At length a brighter era's come—  
May it avert the empire's doom!  
To abler men commit our land;  
Enlarge its Ruler's narrow bounds,  
And add some strength to solemn sounds,  
From patriot worth long prov'd, and honour's firmest  
band.  
May base intriguers yield the prize,  
Nor more excite the Crown  
To raise its minions to the skies,  
To pull the nation down.

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HORACE: A PARODY.

[From the same, Oct. 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

HEREWITH you have a version of Horace's short  
ode, "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*" The  
gentleman would willingly have put his name to it,  
but—for reasons—in short, you know the Secretary  
of the department "writes himself," and our modest  
clerk did not like to interfere—*verbum sap.*

Yours, as usual,

BIBLIOP. TRYPHON.

HORACE,

## HORACE, LIB. 1. ODE 38.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY A CLERK OF THE TREASURY.

\*Go, boy, tell the cook that I hate all nicknackeries,  
 Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gimcrackeries—  
 Six by the Horse Guards!—old Georgy is late—  
 But come, lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,  
 †Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,  
 At *which* of his places old R-se is delaying.  
 The curse of the clerks on the *preaching* old sinner, he  
 Never again ought to share the good dinner he  
 Got (with his music to boot) from poor Ch-nn-ry.  
 ‡Come—none of your kickshaws—a beef-steak will do,  
 And to that if you'll add a potatoe or two,  
 ||With a cool pint of port, that is not *very* new,  
 I shall dine, boy, as well as some Princes that we know,  
 Who toast their *Marchesas* in strong *Mareschino*.

The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which we can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hopes of finding some *political Roses* to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion, “*Melitensi rosâ fartum*,” which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* bed of roses, like Lord Castlereagh’s. The learned clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if “*Rosa munda*” mean “a

\* *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;  
 Displicent nexa philyrâ coronæ.*

† *Mitte sectari, Rosa quo locorum  
 Sera moretur.*

‡ *Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
 Sedulus euro.*

|| —me sub *arcta*  
 Vite bibentem.

“*Arcta*” here means a small coffee-house pint.

Rose with clean hands," it may be found to be applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. This naturally leads him to the "*Rosa purgata*" mentioned by Spartianus; and he then dwells at some length upon the "*Rosa aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by *the Pope*, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old Rose*," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the poet, "*consenuisse rosas.*" The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses that is quite edifying.



## THE LAMENTATIONS OF DR. B—— :

## AN HEROIC POEM.

OCCASIONED BY A RECENT OCCURRENCE AT DRURY LANE  
THEATRE.

" ————— *Manet al. â mente repostum  
Judicium.*"—VIRG.

[From the same, Oct. 22.]

WHERE many a classic greets th' admiring eyes,  
And books o'er books in thick succession rise;  
Where scarce a window lends its glimm'ring ray,  
To light the gloom of darkness into day;  
Where many a three-cock'd hat adorns the door,  
And many an inkspot foul besmears the floor,  
Fix'd as a monument, in pensive mood,  
High o'er his desk, the mighty Crito stood.

Thou sapient goddess, whose propitious fire  
Grub Street, and Grub Street authors, can inspire;  
Thou by whose aid, o'er potent cups of ale,  
Light-headed bards poetic fumes inhale;  
Sing, heav'nly Muse, or say—what thought profound,  
What magic spell, the Reverend Doctor bound?

Say, did he wander on the Phrygian plain,  
And vanquish Ilium with his floating brain;  
Or, in some dream of meditation lost,  
With great Æneas tread the Stygian coast:



Or did he ruminate on mightier things,  
 The fate of empires lost, the fall of kings;  
 On eagle's wings, a second Newton soar  
 To new-created spheres, and worlds unknown before?

Ah, no!—not high-born Homer's classic themes,  
 Not Mantua's song, not Newton's airy schemes,  
 Not kingdoms lost, nor kingly fates are there,  
 To warp his lately placid brow with care.

Far other thoughts the lab'ring chief possess'd,  
 Far other thoughts his anxious soul oppress'd.  
 So Juno look'd, when, from Mount Ida driven,  
 Upwards she sought the starry gates of heaven;  
 So Juno look'd, when, for her slighted charms,  
 Mycænæ saw her hardy sons in arms—  
 So look'd the bard, when he o'er Conway's flood,  
 With hagard eyes, a streaming meteor stood;  
 So look'd the bard, when, with a prophet's fire  
 And prophet's hand, he swept his mournful lyre.

Thrice he essay'd, but thrice in vain, to speak;  
 From his clos'd lips no quivering accents break;  
 Thrice bit his lips, and then—"Alas!" he cries,  
 "Alas, alas!" the vaulted roof replies;  
 "Alas, alas!" through London's streets rebounds,  
 "Alas, alas!" on Drury's top resounds.

"Is it for this I've fum'd my life away,  
 Toil'd half the night, and all the livelong day?  
 Is it for this I've ransack'd every page  
 From dogg'rel Butler to the present age;  
 Dress'd other's thoughts anew, and call'd them mine,  
 Here poach'd a sentiment, and there a line;  
 Now beat my brains, now thoughtful gnaw'd my pen,  
 Curs'd my unlucky stars, and thought again!  
 Thus to behold my honours snatch'd away,  
 'Due to the toils of many a well-fought day';  
 Thus to behold my laurels idly spread,  
 O shame to justice! round another's head?

"Say, what is wealth or titled sound to me,  
 A Doctor I at least, though noble he?  
 Vile stupid fools! prefer an empty name,  
 Our country, liberties, and rights, the same,

A name

A name that yields as far in worth to *mine*,  
As ours, great Shakspeare, when compar'd to thine.

“ And must these arts o’er merit’s due prevail,  
Must future ages blush to tell the tale?  
It shall not be—for here, great Jove, I swear,  
By this full-bodied bush of flowing hair;  
Yes, by this wig, which never more shall view  
The parent head where once its honours grew—  
England shall be my judge, each Briton know  
The source of all my wrongs, of all my woe!  
On Drury’s walls a second flame shall rise,  
A second torch rekindle dread surprise;  
On Drury’s head a second thunder roll,  
To shake yon guilty critics to the soul;  
Pit, boxes, gall’ries, stage, to chaos fall,  
Scenes, actors, candlesnuffers, perish all.”

Thus having spoke, he seiz’d his hat and cane,  
And brush’d with hasty steps to Drury Lane.

Lambeth, Oct. 17, 1812.

P. M.

## PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS,

BY DR. PLAGIARY,

HALF STOLEN, WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, TO BE SPOKEN  
IN AN INARTICULATE VOICE, BY MASTER —, AT THE  
OPENING OF THE NEXT NEW THEATRE.

[Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation,  
thus, “—”]

[From the same, Oct. 23.]

“ **W**HEN energizing objects men pursue,”  
Then Lord knows what—is writ by Lord knows  
who;

“ A modest Monologue you here survey,”  
Hiss’d from the theatre the “ other day ;”  
As if Sir *Fretful* wrote “ the slumb’rous” verse,  
And gave his son “ the rubbish” to rehearse.  
“ Yet at the thing you’d never be amaz’d,”  
Knew you the rumpus which the author rais’d;  
“ Nor even here your smiles would be repress,”  
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best,

“Flame! fire! and flame!” (words borrow’d from Lucretius,)

“Dread metaphors which open wounds” like issues!

“And sleeping hangs awake—and but away,”

(Confound me if I know what next to say.)

“Lo! Hope, reviving, re-expands her wings,”

And Master G—— recites what Doctor B—by sings!—

“If mighty things with small we may compare,”

(Translated from the Grammar for the Fair!)

Dramatic “Spirit drives a conquering car,”

And burn’d poor Moscow like a tub of “tar.”

“This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,”

To furnish melo-drames for Drury Lane;

“Another Marlborough points to Blenheim’s story,”

And George and I will dramatize it for ye.

“In arts and sciences our isle hath shone,”

(This deep discovery is mine alone.)

“O British Poesy! whose powers inspire”

My verse, (or I’m a fool, and Fame’s a liar,)

“Thee we invoke—your sister arts implore,”

With “smiles,” and “lyres,” and “pencils,” and much more.

“These if we win, the Graces too we gain;”

Disgraces too! “inseparable train!”

“Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid,”

(You all know what I mean, unless you’re stupid;)

“Harmonious throng,” that I have kept in petto,

Now to produce in “a divine Sestetto!”

“While Poesy,” with these delightful doxies,

“Sustains her part” in all the “upper” boxes!

“Thus lifted gloriously you’ll soar along,”

Borne in the vast balloon of B—by’s song;

“Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play,”

(For this last line George had a holiday)

“Old Drury never, never soar’d so high,”

So says the Manager, and so says I;

“But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;”

Is this the poem which the public lost?

“True, true, that lowers at once our mounting pride,”

But lo! the papers print what you deride,

“’Tis ours to look on you—you hold the prize,”

’Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise! A double

"A double blessing your rewards impart,"  
 I wish I had them then with all my heart.  
 "Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"  
 My son and I both beg for your applause,  
 "When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"  
 My next subscription list shall say how much you give!"

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### ELECTION HUM.

[From the Public Ledger, Oct. 24.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent from Wood Street is right in conjecturing that I could be at no very great loss to account for the differences found between *vivâ voce* opinions and *regular votes*; and I am happy to find that the judgment of one, who seems himself to have been an attentive observer, coincides with mine. This is not the only instance in which those gentlemen who contend for parliamentary and other reforms and changes, prove decidedly that they rest for support, not upon their constituents, *duly qualified*, but upon mobs, either hired for the purpose, or attracted by that species of oratory which is most agreeable to men of irregular passions and weak understandings; and as, on such occasions, sufficient care is taken that *no other speeches* shall be *heard*, we are not to wonder that the tumultuous clamour of such auditors is palmed upon the world as the *sense* of the electors. The moment, however, a poll is resorted to, fenced by oaths, and those other restrictions mentioned by your correspondent, the bubble bursts, and the real sense of the constituents is taken, which, whether right or wrong, voluntary or influenced, is still the sense of that assembly, or body of electors; and it is an absolute insult to *popular rights*, to appeal from that to the sense of a *minority*; and boast of triumphs as ridiculous as those of the candidates for the borough of Garra.



It is wonderful with what unblushing complacency our disappointed candidates contrive to frame excuses for their defeat. I have sometimes thought of compiling a set of rules, which may be suitable on all such occasions; and although I have not had leisure to put them into the best possible form, and may probably omit some necessary particulars, yet as the late elections are pretty fresh in memory, I know not but I may be able to prescribe a little comfort to future disappointed gentlemen.

In the first place then, on the *first meeting*, I would advise them to fill the hustings, whether in London, Brentford, Covent Garden, or any where else, with as many persons as can be collected, whose only qualification should be, that *they have no business there*. I should then advise them to make a long speech, abusing Ministers, whoever they may happen to be; and particularly deal out their personalities against the other candidates. By this means a show of hands, on the first day, will be the infallible consequence.

*Second day*.—You are, instead of the *top*, at the *bottom* of the list. This comes of these cursed oaths and polls. Well—be not disheartened, but flatly declare that your friends were obstructed in their way to the hustings, by an immense troop of *ministerial constables*, every man of whom has a guinea a day extraordinary for this service, and five shillings more for every punch in the guts which he bestows on one of your friends.

*Third day*.—Still lower. By way of variety, as you cannot touch upon the constables again, try the effect of a *ministerial mob*, armed with bludgeons, clasp-knives, and every other murderous weapon, and who are hired by “a weak and wicked Administration” to murder every honest and independent voter. A few affidavits on this score may not be amiss, and you may have them at little more than the price of the oath, which is twelve-pence.

*Fourth*

*Fourth day.*—Still lower on the poll; and as *no hope* remains, declare that you have the most *perfect confidence* in your success; that five, six, or seven (you need not be particular as to the number) thousand voters have not yet polled, and beg they will come up to-morrow, and come early and breakfast with you, and go all in a body. A finer picture you cannot present to the imagination, than your five thousand unpolled voters—swallowing tea and toast, and afterwards—whatever you may say to them—and digesting both alike.

*Fifth day.*—Not ten in your favour. Still, however, talk of the five thousand *invisibles*, and assure them and yourself of success, if they *will but come!*

*Sixth day.*—Worse and worse. Now, as you have exhausted the ministerial *constables* and the ministerial *mob*, you must go to the never-failing topic, ministerial *influence*. Begin your speech, therefore, with the India House, a conversation you had with one of the warehouse porters, who told you a shocking story for the ears of your “worthy and independent hearers;” as how one of the Directors said to him, that, if he voted for you, the said Director would put him behind the fire, strip his wife and children naked, and turn them into the streets. From thence you may pass to the bloodthirsty Commissioners of Excise and Customs, all of whose officers and clerks, to be sure, must be electors, although you know that not one in twenty is—then dash into the Bank, and give a melancholy picture of the clanking chains with which the Directors have tied their clerks neck and heels, for fear they should vote for you. After that step over to the Post Office, and declare that you know the man who knows the man, that saw the Secretary threatening a letter-carrier, that if he voted for you he would—and he swore “by G—— he would,” make him and his family feed upon dead and mis-sent letters for a month.

A speech with all these beauties cannot fail to have its effect, especially if you conclude with asserting that ministerial influence has now done its worst; they can poll no more; and now is the time for your five thousand "men in buckram" to come forward, and strike them dumb, dead, and d—d at once.

*Seventh and last day.*—As bad as ever—and the poll declared. Now comes your triumph, and you may assert, that, although you have not succeeded—you *never thought you should*—you *never said you should*—you had at best but *very faint hopes*—you would not have come forward if a *majority* of the electors had not invited you; you wished for nothing but to give them peace and plenty—it was *their* business, not *yours*; and as a reward for the kindness of those who have voted for you, give them a long address, proving that the places and incomes of three or four noble-men, mentioned by *name*, if divided among your friends, would amount to 3*s.* 6*d.* per man, if they had only the virtue to do themselves justice, as has been done in a neighbouring nation, namely, either by making them fly the country, or, which is safer, by knocking them on the head. And having laid down this consoling doctrine, request them to go home in a *peaceable* and *orderly* manner!

I am, Sir, yours,

MAZARINE.

## ON DOCTOR BUSBY'S CALLING HIS ADDRESS "A MONOLOGUE."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 26.]

THE name Busby gave to his hodge-podge of rhyme  
Plainly proves, though a doctor, he's also a dunce:—  
In a Monologue, *one person* speaks at a time,  
At the spouting of his, *hundreds* held forth at once.  
*Suffolk, Oct. 17.*

J. P.

## AN ELECTION BLUNDER,

AT DOWNPATRICK.

[From the same, Oct. 28.]

A CANDIDATE in full career  
 Of promises, and bows, and *beer*,  
 Palming each greasy raggamuffin,  
 His public and his private merits puffing,  
 And not omitting subterfuge or a trick,  
 To hum *the electors of Downpatrick*;  
 Was of *finesse* displaying all his riches,  
 When up comes, smirking, *Mr. Stitch*,  
 (Who once had cover'd C——r's breech,)  
 With, "Servant kindly, Sir, *I made your breeches*."

Quick to his bosom C——r flew,  
 (Forgetting quite, though an old stager,  
 Poor *Stitch*)—Dear *Major Bridges*, how d'ye do?  
 It's quite an age since I have seen you, *Major*!  
 I'm very glad to see you, 'pon my soul!  
 I know how strong you are—*upon the poll*!  
 You'll come at five, and ply a knife and fork,  
 And drink the Army—and the *Duke of York*—  
 (I help'd him when the curs began to bark  
 About the brimstone—*Mary Clarke*).  
 I love the army! but the *navy* more—  
 My services to them are not forgotten;  
 You know that I *promoted* three or four,  
 Years after they were dead and rotten!

Old *Stitch*, amaz'd at these mysterious speeches,  
 Still bowing, cried—"Good Sir, *I made your breeches*,  
*Five years ago, when you were 'lectioneering*."  
 The folk laugh'd out—and so, to stop their jeering,  
 C——r, instead of *Major Bridges*' vote,  
 Slipp'd into *Stitch's* hand a *thirty shillings Bank of Ireland*  
*note!* T.



## PROPOSALS FOR A NEW THEATRE.

[From the General Evening Post, Oct. 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE a plan for erecting a new *national Theatre*, which I think has become absolutely necessary from the increased and increasing size of the town; and the following is the mode on which I propose to raise and conduct it:

First, I intend to have a committee of eleven honourable and independent gentlemen, who know nothing of the stage, and therefore can have no improper partialities.

Second, I propose to conduct the whole according to act of Parliament; and that none shall be admitted who cannot *write* their name; by which I shall be sure of having an enlightened and literary audience.

Third, All persons, on their admittance, shall have their deeds examined (for which six attornies shall always be kept in waiting), that they may enter the house *legally*; and as this matter will take up some time at each door, the company are requested to attend at *four o'clock in the afternoon*, that the examination of deeds may be finished before the play begins.

DRAMATICUS.

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 IMPROMPTU

BY A PERFORMER AT NEW DRURY, WHOSE ALLOWANCE  
OF HALF A CANDLE WAS BURNED OUT BEFORE HE HAD  
FINISHED DRESSING.

[From the same, Oct. 29.]

ONCE *Fiat lux* resounded here,  
(A thought I deeply sigh at;)  
Which now our Managers severe  
Have chang'd to "*Umbra fiat.*"

N.

A PARODY.

## A PARODY.

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 29.]

MR. EDITOR,

AFTER the meritorious exertions of Doctor Busby to rescue his rejected Address from oblivion, I really feel it a duty to publish one which the great contriver of the Theatre himself, *it is said*, intended to have spoken on the opening night; but which he was prevented from doing by his *consummate diffidence*. As the case is, though not a new one, at least a hard one, I enclose it to you as I received it, and am,

Sir, your humble Servant,

COCLICUS INDICUS.

## ADDRESS (A PARODY),

*To be spoken by the Author, dressed in the Garb of a Brewer's Porter, armed with a Spigot, &c.*

"The Drama's Laws, the Drayman gives."

My name is W——d. Upon Hertford's Hills  
My father kept his house; a brewer rich,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his wealth,  
And keep his only son, myself, at school;  
For I had heard of speeches, and I long'd  
To follow in the House some noisy chief,  
And Bedford granted what my sire denied.

This House which opes to-night, large as my brewhouse,  
Had not yet rais'd its head, when on its site  
A band of Irish bricklayers, from the street,  
Rush'd like mad dogs upon the ruin'd walls,  
Wheeling the bricks and stones; the Renters fled  
For Sheridan and Peake; whilst I alone,  
With bended quill and book full of subscribers,  
Hover'd about the ruins, and well mark'd  
The road they went \*;—then hasted to some friend,  
Whom with a list of fifty wealthy men  
I met advancing. Then the chair I took,

---

\* This alludes to sundry barrows full of materials, which, in the early part of last year, were observed to make progress out of the ruins every day.

And soon o'erturn'd the *delt-encumber'd* foe ;  
 We talk'd and argu'd : ere a pound was paid,  
 A promise from my tongue upset the chief,  
 Who had that day the *box* which now I have !  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 A brewer's vulgar life ; and having read  
 That our old King had summon'd his good towns-  
 To send new members up to Abbott's side ;  
 I went to Bedford, and behind me left  
 A chosen Lord to follow in my steps—  
 Yon bald-head bigot who *forsook his master*.

(*Pointing to Lord H——'s box.*)

Journeying with that intent, I've 'scap'd the Tower,  
 And, pride-directed, come this night to hear  
 The rabble shouts that greet my brazen name.

### THE TWO BUSBYS.

"Use every man according to his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?"  
 HAMLET.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

ERST, Doctor Busby the terrific *Virga*  
 Applied with vigour to each urchin's *Terga*.  
 Now, tit for tat ! ) let every urchin come,  
 And tickle up the modern Busby's b——.

Oct. 23, 1812.

BIRCH.

### THE SQUIRE AND HIS DOGS: A FABLE.

[From the Morning Herald, Nov. 3.]

IN *Wales*, sweet pretty principality,  
 A man there dwelt, whose partiality  
 For dogs was quite proverbial grown ;  
 With richest food he kindly fattened them,  
 And on their pretty heads he patted them.  
 A staunch Philocynoster known,  
 Who, when the rising sun appear'd,  
 The vale delighted, or the village cheer'd,  
 Would over meadows, hills, and rocks,  
 Hunt his own pack, and follow up the Fox.  
 Time, as the poet sings, "doth swiftly fly,"  
 And faith the poet sings no lie ;

Then

Then time brings death,  
Who stops the breath.  
Of men,  
And then  
We fall,—e'en so poor dogs must die.  
So did our Cambrian Squire's—his pack  
Of much amendment had a lack ;  
For the old hound  
Who staunch was found,  
In sport or labour often tried,  
Lick'd the fond hand that gave them meat,  
Then laid him at his master's feet,  
And, faithful as he serv'd him, died !—  
When this fine animal was dead,  
The pack went loose—without a head,  
No steady purpose in their run,  
No brushes taken—nothing done ;  
At length an opportunity occur'd  
To call them forth ;  
But 't was a sorry sight, I've heard,  
To see the pack  
So ruin'd, and the breed so crost,  
The spirit of the creatures lost,  
So mix'd with Greys, and White and Black,  
That they were nothing worth ;  
A broad-back'd pug would take the lead  
In all their runs,  
And a tall mangey *Grey*-hound hunt  
Full in the front,  
Who must be fed—on hot *cross* buns !  
A *dancing* dog in *Petty*-coats had mingled,  
Whose pretty bells and collar jingled,  
With many others who might follow,  
Staunch dogs at a view holla ;  
But who, from the nature of the breed,  
Could never by themselves succeed.  
They had been hunted for a year,  
And what they did will best appear  
In Whitelocke's Sporting Calendar.  
So having seen the dogs, the Squire fix'd,  
That with his father's pack, when mix'd,

They'd



They 'd hunt together, and be found  
The best in all the country round ;  
But they (for dogs can speak) said—"What !  
Join with the others—that we 'll not—  
What is 't to us that they are good ?  
They must be fed—must share our food.  
We 'll teach our Master not to flout us :  
Odds, hounds—he cannot do without us."  
Now on the first subscription day  
They had the vanity to stay  
Close by the kennel-door—but O !  
What griefs are dogs still doom'd to know !—  
The old Squire's pack appear'd in view,  
With collars gilt and ribands blue ;  
They gaily chas'd the flying game,  
And well maintain'd a well-earn'd fame.—  
Now did malicious envy seize the race,  
To find another pack were in their place,  
And when the Squire next went his rounds,  
The leader of his fav'rite hounds  
Flew at his throat, and all the pack,  
Some at *his face*, some on his back,  
So rag'd, so tore, made such a rout,  
That he was forc'd to turn them out,  
And said, as they were skulking off,  
"Ye foolish pack, ye vainly scoff,  
Ye might have *shar'd* the kennel's fare ;  
For all or nothing ye declare :  
You 've nothing got—ye vainly grin,  
You never more can here come in ;  
Ye need not linger, need not wait,"  
He said, and shut the kennel gate ;  
To do it caus'd his heart much grief,  
But one reflection gave relief,—  
That dogs who snap at hands that feed,  
Are *very dirty dogs* indeed !

PUBLIUS.

THE

## THE PREMIER AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

AN ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE, VERSIFIED.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 5.]

ONCE on a time, and that not long ago,  
(The story's true I vow,)

A certain *Minister*

Went with his friend down to a Cornish borough,  
Resolv'd, by methods fair (or *sinister*),

To add in Parliament to his majority :

But, as it happen'd, to his sorrow,

A rival candidate had got priority ;

Old Time by forelock he had caught,

And as his purse was long, the voters greedy,

So wisely he distributed the *ready*,

And with his pound-notes parted,

That many *independent* votes he'd bought

Before the *Treasury* member started.

Never was known a contest more severe

At Gatton, Midhurst, or at Wareham,

Saint Germans, Rye, or Haslemere,

Or e'en at *populous* Old Sarum.

The votes were *ev'n*, the hour advanc'd

For shutting books, when (so it chanc'd)

The only *freeman* left appear'd in view,

In size a thumper.

The wily May'r at distance had discern'd him,

And knew him for a "right good man and true:"

He came—and gave the Premier's friend a plumper—

The poll was clos'd, so *Mister* May'r return'd him.

The Minister, o'erjoy'd at this conclusion,

Sent for the lout, call'd him his friend, his brother,

And as one good turn, sure, deserves another,

Heap'd on him promises in vast profusion.

"What can I do to show my gratitude ?

Whate'er you ask is yours—a place—a pension—

You've done your country (that is, *me*) such good,

By heav'n I promise you whate'er you mention."

"An' please your Lordship's Worship," bowing low,

The Farmer said, "you do confuse me zo,

Your

Your Honour's koinddness to me 's quite distrezzing—  
I want no place nor pension, Zur, not I—

But zin' you are so prezzing,  
I've a young lad, who, thof' he's zumnut shy,  
Can read and wroite, and zam a little bit—  
I do azzure you, Zur, he's got a head.

A little place i' th' Custom House, Excize, or—  
Just what your Worship's goodness shall think fit—  
*Dick Gauge* is now grown old; when he be dead,  
Zuppose you make my zon the *Zupervixor*."

"Enough," replied the Peer, "I will, depend on 't—  
When *Gauge* is gone, post you forthwith to town,  
Tell *me* the news, I'll get the bus'ness done;  
So, there's an end on 't."

"Ay, but," says Clod, "you great volk, they do zay,  
In *Lunnun* town be never to be zeen:

Zuppose, when I ha' journey'd all thick way,  
And reach'd your houze, they should no' let me *in*."

"Poh! poh!" the Statesman quick replied, "no more—  
Sleeping or waking—*be it night or day*,  
You're always sure to find me in the way;—

Damme," (for Lords can swear,) "knock at the door;  
Take no denial, onward boldly venture,  
Nay, though I'm in my *bed-room*, enter—  
Say but the fellow's dead, (I tell no lies, man,)  
By G—— your son shall then be made *exciseman*."

This said, the Ploughman and the Statesman parted ;

A coach and four

Was at the door,

And in the latter darted:

Smack went the whip, away he shot ;

To London quick his course he bent,

His mind on other things intent—

The Farmer, Son, Mayor, Borough—all forgot.

Some weeks elaps'd—the Premier fail'd

To satisfy the nation,

He had not made a single *hit*,

And, truth to say, (though vile *intrigue* prevail'd,

Never was poor devil so unfit

For such a station !

One little secret darling project still,  
 In spite of Opposition's brawl,  
 He trusted would his warmest hopes fulfil,  
 And settle all.

A treaty long had been upon the *tapis*  
 With ———— ; fram'd with skill so happy,  
     It could not fail;  
 Nor Whitworth, nor Cornwallis, nor Fitzharris,  
 Manag'd so well at *Amiens* or *Paris*,  
     Nor Lauderdale.

And now the *telegraph* at Dover  
 Announc'd the courier had brought over  
     The long-expected *Ultimatum*  
     *Signatum atque sigillatum*;  
 And that, besides, he'd learnt, along the coast,  
 (But here he reckon'd, Sirs, without his host,)  
 That *Bony*, who so oft had died before,  
 Was dead again, and *certes* now no more.

The messenger expecting in the night,  
 Home went th' exulting Peer; but ere he did  
     To bed betake him,  
 Gave charge that, come what hour the courier might,  
 His valet instantly (whate'er betid)  
     Should step and wake him.

The clock struck three—the watchman went his round,  
 When suddenly the knocker of the door  
 Amaz'd the welkin with its thund'ring roar,  
 Sure ne'er was heard so loud and deep a sound:  
 Up jump'd the porter, *in* the stranger walk'd,  
 The folding-doors flew open—on he stalk'd,  
 Nor stopp'd till he had reach'd the Premier's bed,  
 Who from the pillow starting up his head,  
     Cried, "IS HE DEAD?"

"He is, an' please your Grace," replied the boor.  
 "When did he die?"

"Yesterday morning, Zur, at half past four—  
 He's dead indeed!"

And zin you'd scorn, you zaid, to tell a lie,  
 I hopes you 'll let my zon zucceed."

"Succeed



"Succeed an Emperor!" with wild surprise,  
Exclaim'd the Minister, and rubb'd his eyes—

"Sure the man's drunk,"  
And in the bed he popp'd himself upright,  
Then down again he sunk,  
Astonish'd quite.

But soon once more the curtains backward flew,  
And round the Peer his starting eyeballs threw.

"Succeed an *Emperor*!—did I hear aright?"

"An *Emperor*, oh! fie, Zur,—  
No Emperor, *Dick Gauge*! why, Lord, you know  
(And here Giles made a bow,  
With most obsequious knee;)   
Your Worship knows right well that he  
Was only *Zupervixor*."

The truth now flash'd—the bell the lordling rung  
With fury, which beside his bedstead hung.

"Here Robert, Thomas!"—mad with rage and shame,  
He loudly call'd—the frighten'd servants came—

"Here, show this clown the outside of my door,  
And *never* let me see his *damn'd* face more."  
Next morn the *great man* hied to Downing Street,  
But only fresh discomfiture to meet;  
For though the messenger, indeed, was come,  
He found the news *per telegraph a hum*—  
——— refus'd to *ratify* the *treaty*,  
And Nap was still alive in Moscow's ancient city.  
3d Nov. 1812.

MUM.

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### THE RETORT COURTEOUS:

A RECENT ANECDOTE.

[From the British Press, Nov. 7.]

LAST spring Mr. Skeffington called at a friend's house; and, notwithstanding he distinctly heard his voice within, was informed by the servant that his master was out. On the following day, this gentleman went to pay a visit to Mr. Skeffington; who, when the door was opened, cried out himself, "I am not at home."—"What," said his friend,  
"do

“do you think that I don’t know your voice?”—  
 “You are very deficient in correct breeding,” replied  
 Mr. Skeffington; “for when your *servant* said that  
 you were not at home, *I believed HIM*; and now *you*  
*will not believe ME, though I tell you so MYSELF.*”

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EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 12.]

**T**HE King of Rome *can walk alone*—  
 A Paragon of Kings!  
 How many tenants of a Throne  
 Are still in *leading-strings*!

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

[From the same, Nov. 13.]

**T**HE Committee for managing the affairs of St.  
 St-ph-n, being desirous of signalizing the open-  
 ing of the New House, on the 24th of this month, by  
 the best of all possible Occasional Addresses, do hereby  
 invite all the Poets of Great Britain (including those  
 of the Treasury, Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. down to  
 Rosa Matilda and Mr. Fitzgerald), to send in as soon  
 as possible contributions of that nature; to the end,  
 that the best and most appropriate may be selected  
 from the number.

N. B. The Committee trust, that no Poets with a  
 grain of sense will be *taken in* by the above invitation,  
 which is merely meant as an innocent, and, they hope,  
 even laudable *hoax*, to try the wits and tempers of  
 such he and she Poets as the above-named; the Com-  
 mittee having already determined that the following  
 Address shall be spoken:—

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, TO BE SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,  
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation !  
Excuse the materials, the rotten and bad,  
They 're the best that for money just now could be had ;  
And if *echo* the charms of such houses should be,  
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.  
As for actors, we 've got the old Company yet,  
The same motley, rum, tragi-comical set :  
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,  
It is truly surprising how well they can play :  
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,  
And sung *Erin go Bragh* for the galleries first,  
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,  
Chang'd his note, of a sudden, to *God save the King* ;)  
Still wise as he 's blooming, and fat as he 's clever,  
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,  
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,  
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death !

You remember last season, when things went perverse on, }  
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,) }  
One Mr. V—ns—tt—t, a good sort of person,  
Who 's also employ'd for this season to play,  
In " Raising the Wind," and " the Devil to Pay."  
We expect, too—at least, we 've been plotting and plan-  
ning—

To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—nn—ng ;  
And, as at the Circus there 's nothing attracts,  
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,  
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—ph—m,  
Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—ng should stop 'em,  
Who knows but we 'll have to announce in the papers,  
" Grand fight—second time—with additional capers?"

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,  
There is plenty of each in this House to be had ;  
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,  
For a dead hand at tragedy always was he ;

And

And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,  
 Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up,  
 His powers poor Ireland will never forget,  
 And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,  
 Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,  
 Y-rm—th and Cum are the best we can find,  
 To transact all that trickery business behind.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,  
 A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,  
 May be had of the Manager, Pat C-stl-r—gh. }

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### EPIGRAM.

THE EARL AND THE MARQUIS.

[From the same, Nov. 18.]

OUR Regent has been pleas'd of late,  
 For *different* service done the State,  
 To make the *same requital*;  
 Whilst Wellesley beats our foes in Spain,  
 Old H-frew—d trucks his votes—to gain  
 Addition to his Title!

Thus *Venal wealth*, and *Honest fame*,  
 Can each add lustre to a name,  
 And Rivalry should vanish!!  
 For both the Noble Lords may say,  
 They owe, [*but in a different way*,]  
 Their Honours—to the SPANISH!!!

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### VIGILANT MINISTERS.

[From the same, Nov. 19.]

LORD C———gh went post to Dover:  
 And thus being as 't were *half seas over*,  
 Up sprung beneath the Peer's inspection  
 A mushroom *Paris insurrection*.  
 Observe the sequel—such fatality  
 For ever marks his *vigorous quality*—  
*Paris* and *Walcheren* still go round!  
*Generals* are hang'd and *armies* drown'd—

And,



And, were I sworn upon the matter,  
 I'd say, did he become a *Hatter*,  
 Such CURSE upon his measures treads,  
*Men would appear without their heads.*

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### THE ART OF FORGETTING.

[From the same, Nov. 21.]

MR. EDITOR,

PROFESSOR Von Feinagle having entered upon a course of Lectures in Dublin on *Mnemonics*, or *the art of remembering*, you will much oblige me by giving insertion to a Prospectus of my intended series of Prelections on *Anti-mnemonics*, or *the art of forgetting*,—by so doing you will much oblige your humble servant,

THE CHEVALIER DE SANS SOUVENIR,  
 ci-devant *Comte des Oubliettes*, and successor to  
 that celebrated Philosopher, *Professor Von Stiflethinck'n*.

Syllabus of the Public Experiments on the new System of *Anti-mnemonics*, to the perfectionation of which the Chevalier has devoted the last fifty years of a long life; fully verifying, from the toils he has encountered and surmounted in the pursuit, the assertion of Pope,—

“Of all the lessons taught to mortals yet,  
 ’Tis sure *the hardest science*—to FORGET.”

#### EXPERIMENT I.

*The Chevalier* will produce before the company *one of the Members* just returned to Parliament, and whom he shall have instructed not *one quarter of an hour*; he will present to him fifty of those *Constituents*, with whom but a week since he was on the most familiar terms; when, to the astonishment of all present, it will be found that he does not remember the face of *one of them*, nor retains the slightest remembrance of the  
*pledges*

*pledges* he gave, or the *promises* he uttered, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the above-mentioned fifty *promisees* to recall them to his recollection.

## EXPERIMENT 2.

The Chevalier will present to the company an elderly Widow Lady, of demure aspect and sedate appearance; she shall have a smelling-bottle in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, which she shall respectively apply to her nose and eyes, and exhibit every other accustomed symptom of grief; when, by virtue of ten minutes' influence of the *anti-mnemonic* system, she shall furl her flag of sorrow, pocket her bottle of disconsolation, dance a favourite Irish jig, box the ears of her *seven* children by her *first* husband, and loudly declare the impossibility of managing a large family without the aid of a second.

## EXPERIMENT 3.

*A certain Viscount* has graciously promised to be present at the first exhibition, and to permit the efficacy of the art to be tried upon his *recollection*. Twelve Members of Parliament have likewise consented to attend, and severally to ask him twelve questions upon various topics of *foreign and domestic Policy—Unions—Swamps—Catamarans—Cat-o'-nine-tails—Beds of Roses—Triangles—Italian Music—The Penal Code—The Orders in Council—and, the Emancipation of the Catholics*;—by all which interrogatories, amounting to 144, he shall evidently appear quite unmoved; nay, during the whole time he shall smile, and preserve the most inviolable self-complacency.

## EXPERIMENT 4.

Many elderly persons having, since the Chevalier's arrival, complained to him of the intolerable tenacity of the memories of their children and dependants, who actually exhibit symptoms of impatience at the fiftieth or sixtieth repetition of the same story, and audaciously

ciously either *yawn* or anticipate the *dénouement*, to the great mortification of the narrator; now the *Chevalier* invites any one of the said respectable characters to his exhibition, accompanied by seven or eight of his most *refractory family hearers*; and he engages, that after but ten minutes' instruction, they shall listen, not merely composedly, but with *something like* curiosity, to the most *threadbare* tales, laugh in all the *proper* places, and exhibit every other symptom of being entertained and gratified.

#### EXPERIMENT 5.

A venerable Pluralist shall be brought forward for examination, and shall be asked, What promises he made at his ordination?—or whether he made any?—which of his *three* livings he last visited?—from what well-known author he transcribed his last sermon?—with how many persons amongst his several flocks he was acquainted? Not one of which interrogatories he shall be able to answer.

#### EXPERIMENT 6.

*The Chevalier* will next present to the public a Lady of cold affections and morbid vanity, inoculated with the love of the great, possessed of a little smartness, which the superficial might mistake for wit, and deeply versed in what is termed knowledge of the world. She shall in early life have given the most unequivocal promise of her affections to an unpractised heart, that trusted her with all the unlimited credulity of confiding love—pledges shall have been mutualized, and those solemn assurances reciprocated, which indissolubly bind the faithful, and can only be violated by the unprincipled,—yet by the influence of this miraculous science, she shall forget her vows, deny her attachment, and finally marry another person; and when the parties afterwards meet, no feeling shall  
arise

arise in her mind but a kind of awkward flutter, not in his but the most contemptuous indifference.

## EXPERIMENT 7.

An eminent Lawyer shall also be produced in testimony of this wonderful art, who will be found to be proof even against a *Refresher*; and this is supposed, with *one illustrious exception*, to be the *ne plus ultra* of *anti-mnemonic* influence. If circumstances did not imperiously prevent, the Chevalier could produce this *Exalted Individual*, and triumphantly display him as one of the singular prodigies of the *anti-mnemonic* system. It is asserted by a celebrated *cranioscopist*, Dr. Gall, that *early friendships* make the deepest impression upon the human brain, and are with the greatest difficulty effaced—that they linger there, the last and most tenacious inmates, when other recollections have been weakened by years or absorbed in selfishness. The triumph over a radicated feeling like this was reserved for that science which can pervade the cottage as well as the palace, and while it steeps *the peasant's* mind in balmy forgetfulness, can equally relieve *the Prince* from the pangs of reminiscence.

*The Chevalier sans Souvenir*, having thus far developed his plan, will not for the present enter into further details. To the *Irish Nation*, whose characteristic it is to FORGIVE, he begs leave particularly to recommend his system, which will also enable them to FORGET their manifold wrongs and injuries, and only to remember, that *an united* are ever a *happy* and a *prosperous* people; that to *Religious and Political opinions perfect freedom* should be given, if we wish to be happy at home or formidable abroad; that all irritating retrospect should merge in *the love of country*; and that our endeavours should zealously and exclusively be directed to *the Reform* of internal abuses, and *the extension* of public liberty; that so the glo-



rious fabric of our Constitution may be enabled to resist the aggression to which it is exposed, and to survive the storm which has made shipwreck of other Governments.

T. T.

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TO S——L WH—TBR——D, ESQ.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 26.]

WHEN *Brewers* turn *Managers*, what effects follow?  
 'Tis up with our *Porter*, and down with *Apollo*!

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THE BITER BIT.

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 3.]

NAP sallied forth, his friends declare,  
 To go and hunt the Russian Bear;  
 But now—so strange is Fortune's whim,—  
 The *Bear*, we see, is *hunting him*!

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OLD AND NEW DRURY.

[From the same.]

WHEN Sheridan's genius pervaded the dome,  
 His partner, *Apollo*, was always *at home*:  
 But since Wh——d has taken the Stage into keeping,  
 If *Apollo*'s a partner, it must be one *sleeping*.

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ON LORD C———H

DECLARING THAT HE AND HIS COLLEAGUES DID NOT  
 WISH TO HANG ON LORD WELLINGTON'S NECK IN  
 THEIR CLAIMS ON PUBLIC APPROBATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 8.]

“NOT on Wellington's neck, if I may,  
 Though great, I confess, his renown,  
 I'll hang,” says the pert C———h;  
 “Then hang,” cries John Bull, “by thy own!”

EPIGRAM,

## EPIGRAM,

ON THE LATE CREATION OF BARONETS,

[From the British Press, Dec. 9.]

WARRIOR or Doctor equal shows  
 His hand of bloody red—  
 One stain'd in gore of bleeding foes,  
 And one of patients bled.

G. B.

## INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

BUONAPARTE TO TALLEYRAND.

"And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, I'll do."—SHAKESPEARE.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 11.]

DEAR Tal, rout, ruin, and disaster,  
 Close at his heels pursue thy Master;  
 Fortune, though only shy of late,  
 Now leaves Napoleon to his fate.

'Tis true, I boasted of her favour,  
 And vaunted that I could enslave her;  
 But the curs'd jade yet makes me feel  
 That she can turn her spinning-wheel.

At first she jilted me in Spain,  
 And here she's at her tricks again.

Towards the Russian frontier, I,  
 The great Napoleon, seem'd to fly;  
 Issued a sounding proclamation  
 To reinstate the Polish nation;  
 Contemptuous call'd the Czar a fool,  
 Threaten'd to kick him from his stool.

I promis'd to myself, I fear,  
 The skin ere I had caught the bear.  
 The Russ, who a fierce bear in war is,  
 Has clapper-claw'd my Lads of Paris,  
 And hugg'd them so they dare not dash on;  
 For though in Paris 't was the fashion  
 To practise much the hug fraternal,  
 These northern hugs are hugs infernal.

To brave the conquering arms of France,  
 Fearless the beasts enrag'd advance;  
 For every inch of ground they fight,  
 And growl and grumble, scratch and bite.

Ah, why for glory leave my home,  
 Through Hyperborean wilds to roam?  
 Alas! these snow-clad realms afford  
 "Nought but the soldier and his sword."

No treachery here—no Macks betray,  
 The sword alone can win our way.

A hero, 'Tal, should ne'er stand still,  
 Must mount, or tumble down the hill.  
*Cover'd with glory* still must be,  
 Or else no more a hero he.

A comet, when in perihelion,  
 Is view'd with wonder—in aphelion,  
 Its waning lustre draws no eyes;  
 Unheeded into space it flies,  
 To mourn in realms of frost and night,  
 The genial warmth and cheering light  
 Of that bright sun, amid whose rays  
 He pass'd a few short fleeting days.

Tal, thou hast seen how boys at play,  
 With soap-suds, and a tube of clay,  
 Blow bubbles—such a one was I:  
 Glittering beneath a summer's sky,  
 In the gay robes of Iris dress'd,  
 To all my glory stood confess'd;  
 When, lo! my greatness meets cessation,  
 I burst at length through mere inflation—  
 My glories, borne upon the wind,  
 Fly off, nor leave a wreck behind!  
 The dazzling sphere, dissolv'd in rain,  
 Sinks to its native suds again.

Lost is my fame, and quench'd my fire;  
 My name no more shall awe inspire,  
 Save that, borne down to future times,  
 Remember'd only for its crimes,  
 Nurses shall scare their little ones,  
 Crying Raw-head and Bloody-bones;

And

And Bug-a-hoo, and Buonaparte,  
Shall only awe the infant heart.

By day these thoughts my bosom thrill,  
I'm mad—I'm sick at heart—I'm ill ;  
At night, around my restless bed,  
Dire visions float with murder red ;  
'T is then, 't is then I feel the qualm,  
And conscience brings no healing balm,  
D'Enghien, Pichegru, Wright, and Palm, }  
Incessant thunder in my ear,  
Murder ! and all my senses scare.

O friend, thy wretched Master feels  
Pains of the damn'd—no sleep then seals  
His burning eyelids—balmy sleep  
Flies from an Emperor's couch, to creep  
And nestle by that happier wretch  
Who can, with blood unstain'd, outstretch  
His limbs, by honest labour worn,  
On the cold earth, and sleep till morn.

As winter and the en'my strengthen,  
The *Lads of Paris* faces lengthen ;  
I tell them that the weather's fine,  
But still they shiver and repine ;  
Their glory does not keep them warm,  
Nor shield them from the Cossack's arm.

I talk of victory in retreat,  
And swear we conquer when we're beat,  
Make almanacks like Vincent Wing,  
And 'mid the *winter* cry '*t is spring*.  
All will not do—the watery eye,  
And nose so blue, give me the lie.

I find, Tal, 't is in vain to toil,  
No laurels grow in this curs'd soil,  
As barren as th' Egyptian sands,  
Where once I toil'd with empty hands ;  
And when I found it would not do,  
(Still to my system ever true,)  
I *ratted*—or, as some would say,  
I stole a march—or stole away.

Now,



Now, Tal, to thee I speak my mind,  
To rat again I'm half inclin'd,  
Although I leave my tail behind. }

October 19, 1812. OWEN AP HOEL.

LETTER FROM THE KING OF ROME TO  
BUONAPARTE.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 17]

DEAR Daddy, when  
Will all your men  
Come back again to France?  
And when will you,  
And Murat, too,  
To Petersburg advance?  
When Moscow fell,  
We thought all well,  
And since you were the winner,  
Mamma and I  
Resolv'd to try  
To take with you a dinner.  
All in a trice,  
'T was plann'd so nice,  
Mamma said, "We'll through Emlin;  
How glad he'll be  
*Tous deux* to see  
Together at the Kremlin!"  
But now, they say,  
You've run away—  
That is, I mean retreated;  
I want to know  
What made you go  
So far to get defeated?  
Your troops, no doubt,  
Though forc'd to scout,  
Are cover'd o'er with glory;  
But, ah! they add,  
And here, too, Dad,  
To this another story.

Glory

Glory alone  
 Is not their own,  
 'T is said ; for, as they go,  
 Full half your host,  
 Destroy'd by frost,  
*Earth covers and the snow.*

The English folks  
 Are full of jokes,  
 And say, that, as they wish'd,  
 The Northern blast  
 O'erpowers you fast,  
 And soon you must be *dish'd.*

But if 't is true  
 The foe pursue,  
 And cut you up like pork,  
 Though cold it be,  
 'T is clear to me,  
 At least you have *warm work.*

*"The Chronicle"*  
 Did not do well  
 To say, you would succeed ;  
 It owns it knew  
 No more than you—  
*"The Post"* you ought to read.

The *mills* we sent,  
 Tow'rd's Russia went,  
 But some would bet a shilling,  
 If you're alive,  
 When they arrive,  
 You will not want a *mill*ing.

If you can't fight,  
 Pray, Daddy, write  
 A bulletin or two,  
 Or 't will be said,  
 That you are dead,  
 And Hell has got her due.

When you come back,  
 Just say what track

It is you mean to march ;  
 You may expect  
 That we 'll erect  
     A grand *triumphal* arch.  
 And I must ask,  
 Ere ends my task,  
     With love of *Tuum & Meum*,  
 If, when bells ring,  
 We ought to sing  
     "*Profundis*," or "*Te Deum*."

I, THE KING OF ROME.

### THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

*To the Tune of Jack and Gill.*

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 19.]

    NAP and Joe  
     From France did go,  
 To fill the world with slaughter ;  
     Joe fell down,  
     And crack'd his *crown*,  
 And Nap came tumbling after !

### TWENTY-NINTH FRENCH BULLETIN ANTICIPATED.

[From the same, Dec. 22.]

*Staroy Borislou, Nov. 19.*

THE winter is now completely set in. The army is in excellent spirits, though night bivouacking on the ground does not agree with them well. Some of the Lads of Paris, who were formerly mechanics, have constructed very neat bedsteads of ice, which are found of great service. The *sheets* furnished in these parts are beautifully *white*. The army is well supplied with most of the necessaries of life. Snow, in particular, is so abundant, that every one gets as much as he wants for nothing. A scarcity of shoes is felt ; but these are things the soldiers of Napoleon the Great do not stand upon. On

On the 17th, a cloud of Cossacks attacked the Prince of Eckmuhl. The enemy was defeated, and our brave fellows took possession of a forest in their rear, with little difficulty, with the exception of 9170 men, who marched towards Moscow, in order to intercept the Russian supplies: the Prince of Eckmuhl covered himself with glory, all of which he carried with him to Liadi, on which place he made a movement alone. The weight of his glory was so great, that he judged it prudent to leave his marshal's baton behind.

On the following day the Duke of Elchingen covered himself also with glory, all of which, together with a wound, he carried across the Dnieper. The Russian Gen. Millaradovitch was completely defeated, his whole army sabred, and he himself was glad to consent, on a flag of truce being sent to him at midnight, to allow 12,000 of our soldiers to join their comrades on the way to Moscow.

What the Emperor's next movement will be is not known. Some think he will go to Galicia, on a visit to his father-in-law; others imagine he will imitate Charles XII. of Sweden, by paying his compliments to the Ottoman Porte. Perhaps he will quit his army, as he did in Egypt, to prepare for the reception of his soldiers at Paris. Whatever this father of his soldiers may decide upon, there is no doubt of its being exactly what could be wished; and as he knows his life is dearer to every man in the army than his own, his parental anxiety will doubtless consult the feelings of his soldiers, by endeavouring, in the first instance, to provide for his own safety.

The weather is beautiful—the roads superb—the snow enchantingly white—the ice refreshingly cool—the hail remarkably soft—the Emperor's health excellent—his condition delightful!



## WHAT CONSTITUTES A LONDON BANKER?

A SATIRE.

[From the European Magazine, for December 1812.]

**W**HAT constitutes a London Banker?—say,  
 Is it the frequent goings to the play?  
 Is it to be at *Folly's* beck and call?  
 To visit ev'ry masquerade and ball?  
 Is it at operas (to hear Ma'am Cat)  
 To be each night—with dashing spruce cock'd hat?  
 Is it to be oft dress'd in diff'rent suits,  
 And wearing *Hoby's three-pound-ten half-boots*?  
 Is it to be at coffee-houses seen,  
 Quite *hand-in-glove* with *fighting Billy G*—?  
 Is it to ride and gallop to and fro,  
 On Sunday morn, with *bloods*, in *Rotten Row*?  
 Is it in choosing most with those to dine,  
 Who ne'er sit down till seven—eight—or nine?  
 Is it in *cards* to take a great delight,  
 And play at *guinea-points* the livelong night?  
 Is it each morn, with nervous-aching head,  
 To wake—and find yourself in *some strange bed*?  
 Is it, if seated at the desk all day,  
 To yawn and stretch o'er some new-publish'd play;  
 Condemning each just critique in the "*Times*,"  
 Applauding *nonsense*—and *Lord B—n's rhymes*?  
 Is it a most uncommon *dunce* to be  
 At aught like bus'ness—or the *rule of three*:  
 Not e'en to know of stocks the daily price,  
 Or what event would make them have a rise?  
 Is it to *pettish humours* to give vent?  
 To treat each clerk with thorough mark'd contempt?  
 Is it to be ill-temper'd, *proud*, and *vain*—  
 To have a head *but ill supplied with brain*?  
 Is it, in short (as finishing the whole),  
 To be a downright disagreeable soul?  
 Are these a Banker's qualities? I ask:  
 If so—I've one just fitted for the task.

Dec. 1812.

CHECK.

REASON

*not sufficient*

## REASON FOR THICK ANCLES.

[From the British Press, Dec. 23.]

"HARRY, I cannot think," says Dick,  
"What makes my ancles grow so thick?"—  
"You do not recollect," says Harry,  
"How great a *calf* they have to carry!"

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## ON THE NEWLY IMPROVED MORALITY OF THE C—T OF K—S B—H.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 24.]

MR. B—h-m, be advis'd, learn wisdom in time,  
I'll give you a lesson, and 't is but a short one;  
None but fools ever think that adult'ry's a crime,—  
'T is no *crime*, Mr. B—h-m, 't is "*a venial misfortune!*"  
JESUITICUS.

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## LIBEL AND ADULTERY.

[From the same, Dec. 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time ago I had the "misfortune" "to inter-  
common" with another man in his wife; and a  
"malignant and atrocious" printer has published "a  
foul and poisonous" account of it. If I resort to  
"the protection of the law," to liberate me from  
"the dominion of libellers," will not he be "ame-  
nable to it in a highly penal degree?"

*Petticoat Lane.*

JOHN LUCKLESS.

P. S. Just to "vacillate a new idea in vacuo;" I  
am cognizant that my misfortune may, under cir-  
cumstances, sink into a "venial error;" but may it  
not also "become wholly divested of criminality,"  
and be classed with lighter sorts of negligence, im-  
proper use of cattle or goods, or taking irregular dis-  
tresses?

EPIGRAM.

## EPIGRAM.

*"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."*

[From the same, Dec. 29.]

"CURS'D be the wretch," proclaims the LAW OF LIFE,  
 "Whoever violates his neighbour's wife,"  
 The seventh commandment, thunder'd from on high,  
 In God's dread voice, forbids Adultery;  
 The hallow'd code, promulgated from heaven,  
 Declares the sin can never be forgiven;  
 But, in God's edict finding out a flaw,  
*"It may be venial"*—says another LAW.

## SONNET ON AN OYSTER.

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF ALL THE MODERN  
 SONNETEERS.

[From the British Press.]

*"An Oyster may be cross'd in love."*

"AN Oyster may be cross'd in love," 't is true:  
 Oysters, like German tragedies, no doubt,  
 Though dull they seem to superficial view,  
 Have soul and sense—if you can find it out.  
 Oysters are doom'd 'twixt two hard walls to dwell;  
 Yet mangre that an Oyster is no fool,  
 He knows *what's what*, though shut within a shell,  
 Just like young ladies in a boarding-school.  
 Indeed, this likeness strikes in all its features;  
 Oysters are useless, kept in shell restriction;  
 Ladies are useless, while confin'd, sweet creatures!  
 Beneath a staunch Duenna's jurisdiction.  
 But if, with freedom fir'd, they quit their cloister,  
 Then, Gentlemen, look sharp, and snap your Oyster.

A. H.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

American

Telegraph

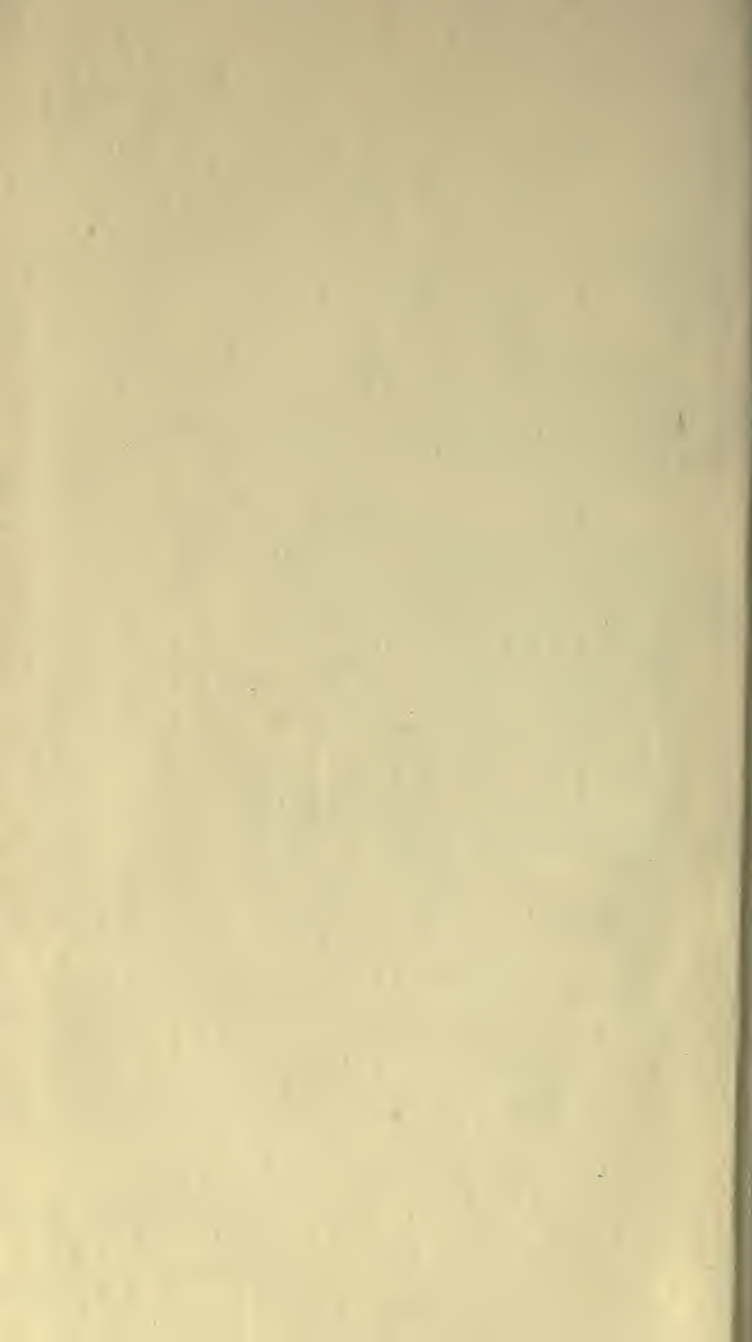
134

Richmond, Ireland p. 150



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